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January 29, 1938

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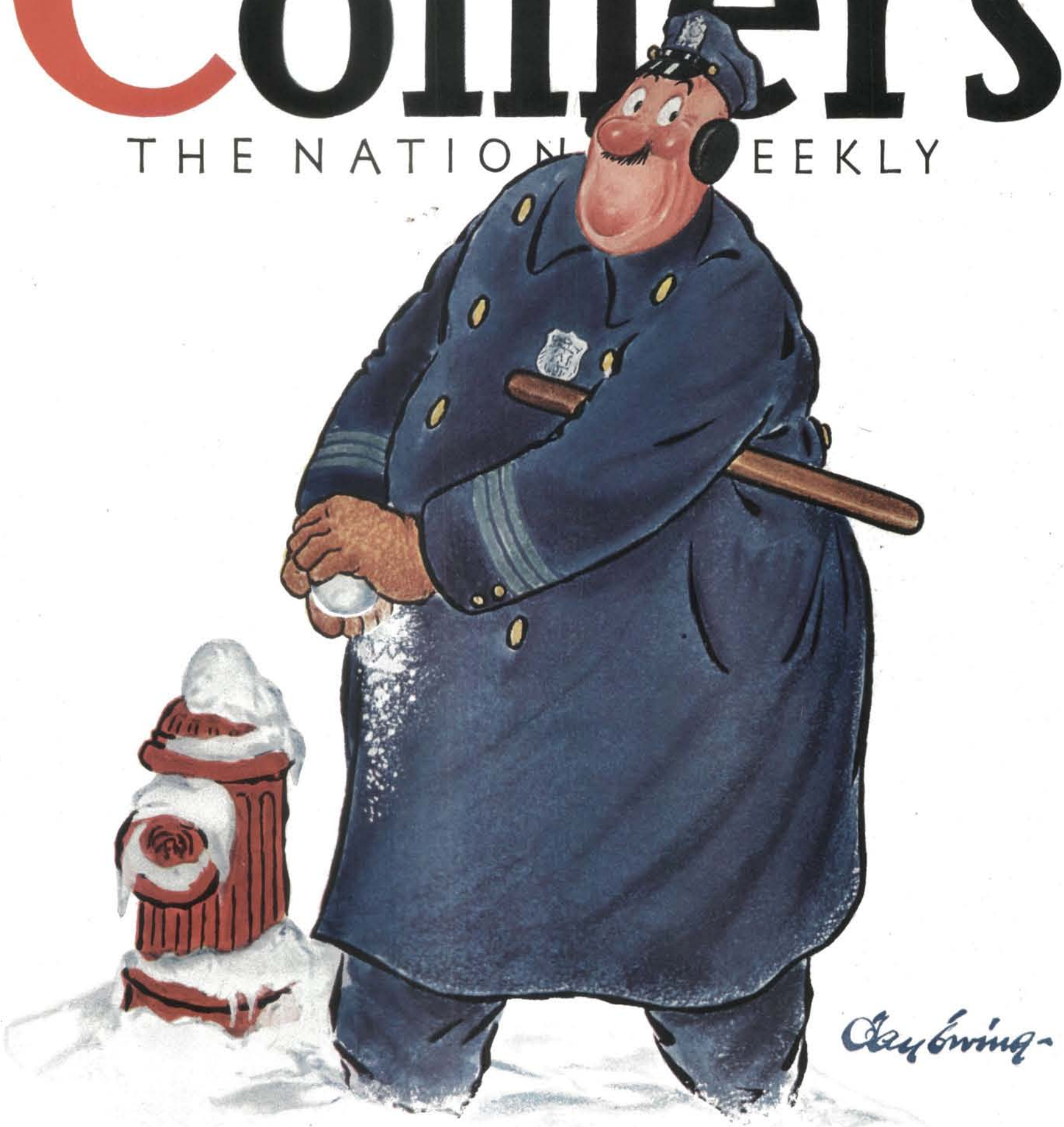
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Jay Irving

WASHING WALL STREET'S FACE

an interview with William O. Doug

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JAN. 29, 1938

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PRESENTING THE 1938 LINE OF

FORD V-8 TRUCKS

INCLUDING A NEW *One-Tonner*

FORD OFFERS WIDE RANGE • FAMOUS V-8 ENGINE BRINGS NEW ECONOMY TO LOADS IN ONE-TON RANGE

THE Ford Motor Company has built more than four million trucks. With this great background of experience, it means something to say that the 1938 Ford V-8 Trucks are the finest Ford has ever built.

Here is the widest range of types and sizes in all Ford history. The big 134-inch and 157-inch wheelbase Ford V-8 Trucks are designed to do the work of heavier, more expensive units—and do it faster, at lower cost. An entirely new line of 122-inch wheelbase one-ton trucks has been added to bridge the gap between the larger trucks and the new 112-inch wheelbase commercial cars. For practically every hauling and delivery requirement there is now a unit that gives the high Ford standard of dependability and economy!

The 1938 line of trucks and commercial cars are all newly styled. They have an impressive new front end, a sturdy new grill, new headlamps, massive full-skirted fenders. Their smart, modern appearance is a definite asset to any business.

Other important advances for 1938 are a new 134-inch wheelbase in the big truck line . . . a new frame width for both the 134-inch and 157-inch wheelbase units . . . 7.50—20 dual tire and wheel equipment available at extra cost . . . improved brakes . . . stronger construction in vital parts.

The new one-tonners and the commercial cars offer a choice of the 85 or 60 horsepower V-8 engine.

Your Ford dealer invites you to see the new line—and to make an "on-the-job" test with your own loads and your driver.

LOW FIRST COST IS ONLY THE START OF FORD ECONOMY

FORD'S SEVENTH YEAR OF V-8 SUCCESS

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Fitting them to the world's work is a man-size job

FOR a thing so important to modern life, an electric motor is an amazingly simple device. Just a few pieces of steel and iron, wound with coils of wire. Any bright boy can follow instructions and make one that will run.

Yet the most romantic story ever told could be written about the electric motor. It runs practically every mechanical device in use today. It turns the wheels of industry—carries people to work from the suburbs to the topmost floors of tall buildings. The daily lives—even the livelihood—of most of us depend in some way upon it.

The job of fitting electric motors to the world's work is an exacting one. What makes it complicated is that every task, to be done efficiently, requires a certain kind of motor. Westinghouse, for example, offers over 20,000 different types, sizes and ratings. If none of these is exactly what is needed, a special model will be built to order.

The electric motor is "bread and butter" to Westinghouse—and to just about everyone else. Fully conscious of its responsibility, Westinghouse research continues each year to seek improvement in motor design — so that the world's work may be done better, faster, and at less cost.

Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity

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WHEN Japanese airplanes let go a load of bombs on the U. S. gunboat Panay, Jim Marshall was on deck and carried away with him in several serious wounds firsthand evidence of the militarism of Japan. Next week he writes about the most likely obstacles to the grandiose ambitions nourished in Tokyo—the armies of Soviet Russia.

THERE was little doubt in the advertising agency for which Sylvester Trout worked that the boy was a genius—with insanity not far off. Sylvester's trouble was that he could not resist his own copy. Sure as shooting he would dash out and buy whatever he was writing about. And when the agency undertook to advertise five cars at once— "Sort of Psychic" is by Robert T. Colwell.

ELMER DAVIS writes the Short Short Story. Ruth Seinfel, Sax Rohmer, Kyle Crichton, Octavus Roy Cohen, Freling Foster, Jonathan Latimer and others supply the rest. And only one week to wait!

important interview with William O. Douglas. Page 12

DENVER LINDLEY

He Has the Stage. Orson Welles, a veteran of twenty-two. Page 14

JACK MILEY

Two-Ton Tony. No one ever knocked down Galento. Page 18

FRANK BUCK with FERRIN FRASER

Bird in Hand. On the trail of the great black cockatoo. Page 38

●

FRELING FOSTER

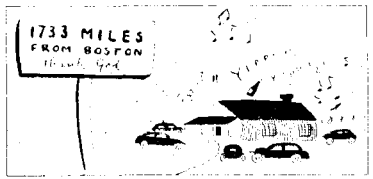
Keep Up with the World. How to be teacher's pet. Page 6

EDITORIAL

Mind Readers Wanted. Page 58

COVER JAY IRVING

read the sign: The 1733 Club—1733 Miles from Boston. And someone had added in crayon: "Thank God."



WE CAN see Mrs. B. T. Grayver of Boston, Massachusetts, bridling a bit at that. The "great trouble with this country," says Mrs. Grayver, is that "our federal laws are made in a traditionless atmosphere—at least traditionless in the true American sense. The capital of this nation should be in Boston, which has preserved longest and most jealously the ways of the founders."

MR. JOHN McLAUGHRY of Tulsa, Oklahoma, would like to know whether "a fatal shooting of a man for certain causes is a capital offense in all states?"

went to Adolf Hitler for his outstanding success in establishing a permanent peace and good feeling throughout the world. He sent it back, the modest fellow, two handfuls of the best specks missing."

WE AREN'T up on our shooting as much as we probably should be. Not up, that is, like Mr. Frank C. Miller of Livermore, Colorado. Mr. Miller informs us that he used to do quite a bit of shooting. He says it's nonsense for us to say that anyone can toss a penny in the air and shoot it twice as it descends. "When you hit the penny first time," says Mr. Miller, with what we call reason, "goodby, penny. Even an iron washer is hard to find after you've hit it first time. Four years ago," continues Mr. Miller, "I shot a piece of chalk from an assistant's mouth at 25 feet with the sights of the rifle covered and gripping the rifle with just one hand and at the same instant with a revolver broke an egg at 12 feet resting on a vase."

USED his feet to stand on.

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The Next Great Plague to Go

TODAY syphilis is causing more misery of mind and body than any other preventable disease. Five hundred thousand new cases are reported under treatment by physicians each year. Hundreds of thousands of other cases never receive proper medical care.

Most new cases can be cured—completely cured —*provided* correct treatment is started immediately. Why then does syphilis wreck so many lives? One big reason is that in its early stages the disease creates little personal discomfort. In addition, charlatans and quacks often can deceive syphilitic patients. Early symptoms — usually a sore, a rash or a persistent feeling of not being well — disappear no matter how unscientific or inadequate the treatment.

Many a victim, therefore, believing he has been cured by a few quack treatments or that he has never been infected, lets time slip by during those early weeks when he has the best chance to begin a real cure. Meanwhile, the disease slowly entrenches itself in one or more vital organs.

Years later, long after the initial attack has been forgotten, syphilis strikes. It may mean death from heart disease in a man of forty, at a time when he is most needed by his family. It may mean insanity, also at a relatively young age. It may mean blindness. And often death is preceded by a long period of partial or total disability.

Syphilis numbers its innocent victims in the thousands. In its early stages, syphilis is highly infectious. It may be contracted unknowingly by a kiss or by direct contact with articles freshly contaminated.

Fortunately, nobody needs to be in doubt as to whether he or she is infected by the syphilis germ. With the aid of blood tests and microscopic examinations, the skilled physician can determine whether or not the disease is present. This service is also given by public health centers and clinics in an increasing number of communities. Their locations will be readily supplied by the health department or the county medical society.

* * * * *

There is no quick or short-cut method of curing syphilis. The only way to kill all the germs is through a systematic course of regular weekly treatments for a period of many months. Begun in the early stages of the disease, the treatment covers a shorter period and insures the cure of about 85 per cent of all cases. Even sufferers in the advanced stages can be given some relief.

Syphilis is a leading cause of stillbirths. Most tragic of its victims are the 60,000 American babies born with preventable syphilis each year, many of them born blind. Early and competent prenatal care of syphilitic mothers will save most of their babies from being born with infection. It will also prevent many miscarriages and stillbirths.

A postcard will bring the Metropolitan booklet "The Great Imitator" which gives additional information about this disease. For free copy address Booklet Department 238-C.

* * * * *

The American Social Hygiene Association, through its National Anti-Syphilis Committee of over 200 prominent people, is sponsoring the second *National Social Hygiene Day, February 2nd, 1938.* On this day, citizen groups and physicians all over the country will meet with officials to plan the next steps to take in stamping out syphilis. This Association, 50 West 50th Street, New York, N. Y., will be glad to send literature and full particulars regarding the meetings.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* — ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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TOOTH POWDER + LIQUID = TOOTH PASTE

THIS POOR FISH has a most interesting set of teeth—*teeth with hinges!* In both the pike and the hake, the teeth bend backward as food passes down the throat. After that, the teeth snap erect again, ready for action. This unusual dental trick helps keep the pike's teeth clean. Human teeth, lacking such hinges, need careful brushing with Listerine Tooth Paste.

Who Ever Heard of TOOTH POWDER in a TUBE?

NEW economy! . . . New convenience! . . . Complete cleansing power! . . . That's what you get with Listerine Tooth Paste.

It cleans and brightens your teeth just like powder does, because it actually is powder in the more modern, more practical, form of a creamy paste.

Delighted users call it "tooth powder in a tube." Just as dentists add liquid to dental powders before applying them as a paste to your teeth, so the Listerine people *cream* the dry powders into a pleasant, easy-to-use dentifrice.

The resulting tooth paste is easy to put on the brush without mess or waste. None goes down the drain or stays on your hands. Every bit of it contributes to cleaning and polishing your teeth to new sparkle and luster. You quickly see the marvelous results as stains disappear, as brightness comes back.

Best of all, you know that you are brushing with absolute *safety* because the famous formula of Listerine Tooth Paste contains no pumice, no grit, no harmful abrasives of any kind.

Ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter, anywhere. The regular size is 25¢. But there is even greater economy in the big *double size* tube. It contains more than one-quarter of a pound of dentifrice and the price is only 40¢.

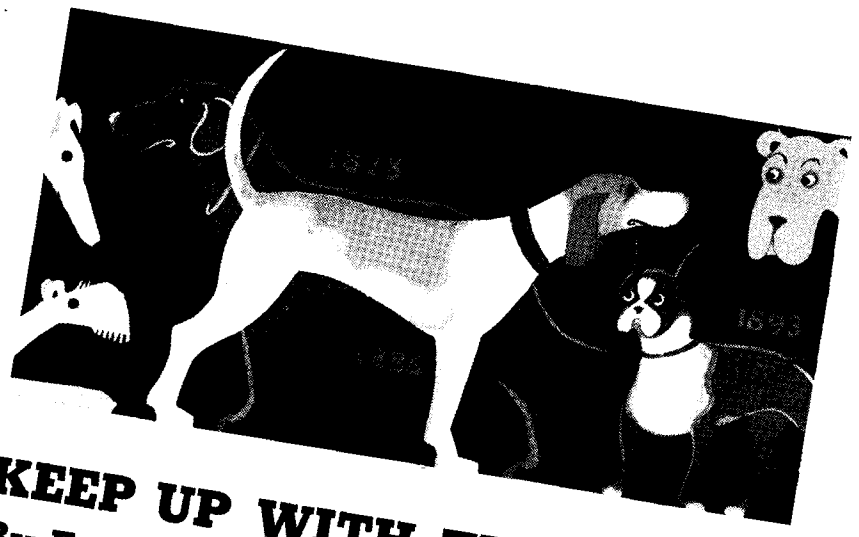
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

CHANGE TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . .

It's a change for the better

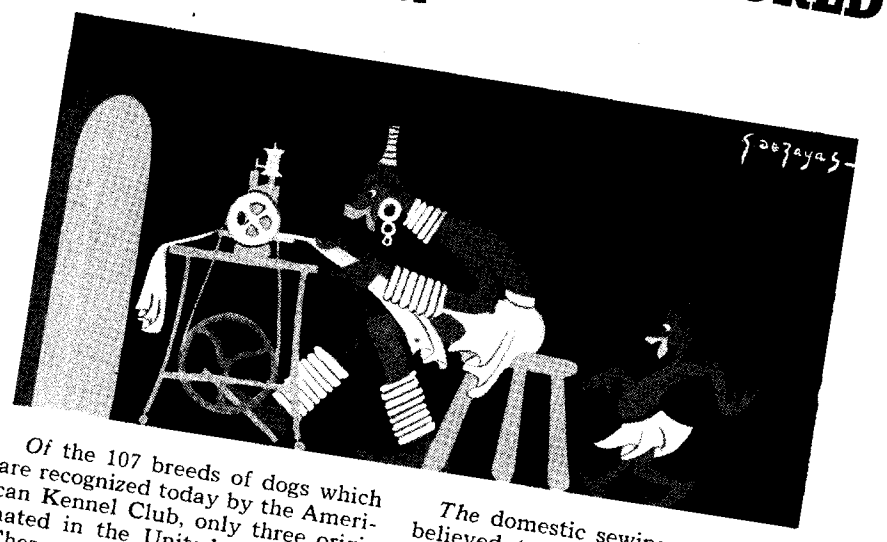
More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube - 40¢

Regular size tube - 25¢



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster



Of the 107 breeds of dogs which are recognized today by the American Kennel Club, only three originated in the United States: The Chesapeake Bay Retriever, registered in 1878; the American Fox Hound, registered in 1886, and the Boston Terrier, registered in 1893. —*By M. Barnard, New York City.*

Almost to the 19th century, a part of the Christian world, including many famous persons, still regarded disbelievers in witches as atheists. —*By F. M. Sterling, Newark, New Jersey.*

The marine sunfish (*Mola mola*) surpasses all other animals in its ability to grow. Although smaller than the head of a carpet tack when born, it has been known to tip the scales at 1,500 pounds when matured, or 60,000,000 times heavier than its original birth weight.

No army is believed to have been accompanied into battle by as many noncombatants as a certain military legion of Bengal, India, in 1859. It consisted of 100,000 individuals, 85,000 of whom were wives, children, laundresses, valets, porters, hostlers and sutlers.

Despite the vast literature on seeds and seed dispersal, the botanical world does not yet know how Brazil nuts propagate naturally, because they grow—in groups of about a dozen—in a hard, thick, woody case which, so far as is known, can only be opened by the hand of man.

The only large countries which cannot be reached by telephone from the United States are Russia, Greece and New Zealand.—*By Carrie Timmerman, Cortland, New York.*

The domestic sewing machine is believed to be the most popular mechanical device. Besides being used throughout the civilized world, this machine is also employed by millions of primitive people who live in remote sections, from the South Sea Islands to Siberia.

Although cotton has been one of the world's important crops for untold centuries, not one of the thousands of mechanical cotton pickers which have been invented has really passed beyond the experimental stage and been put into production. One reason for their failure in America is that they work on flat fields only, whereas three quarters of our cotton is grown on hillsides. —*By Robert J. Wehrle, Norwood, Ohio.*

Recently in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, the first prize in a lottery for journalists was a newspaper subscription which is destined to become the longest in history. The subscription, transferable in wills, is to run for 1,000 years. —*By G. R. Wright, Ankara, Turkey.*

America's greatest preparation for "Judgment Day" occurred in the early 1840's after one William Miller told his religious sect of Millerites and the country as a whole that the end of the world would take place on October 20, 1843. This activity went so far, in fact, that several New York stores widely advertised and sold white muslin for "ascension robes."

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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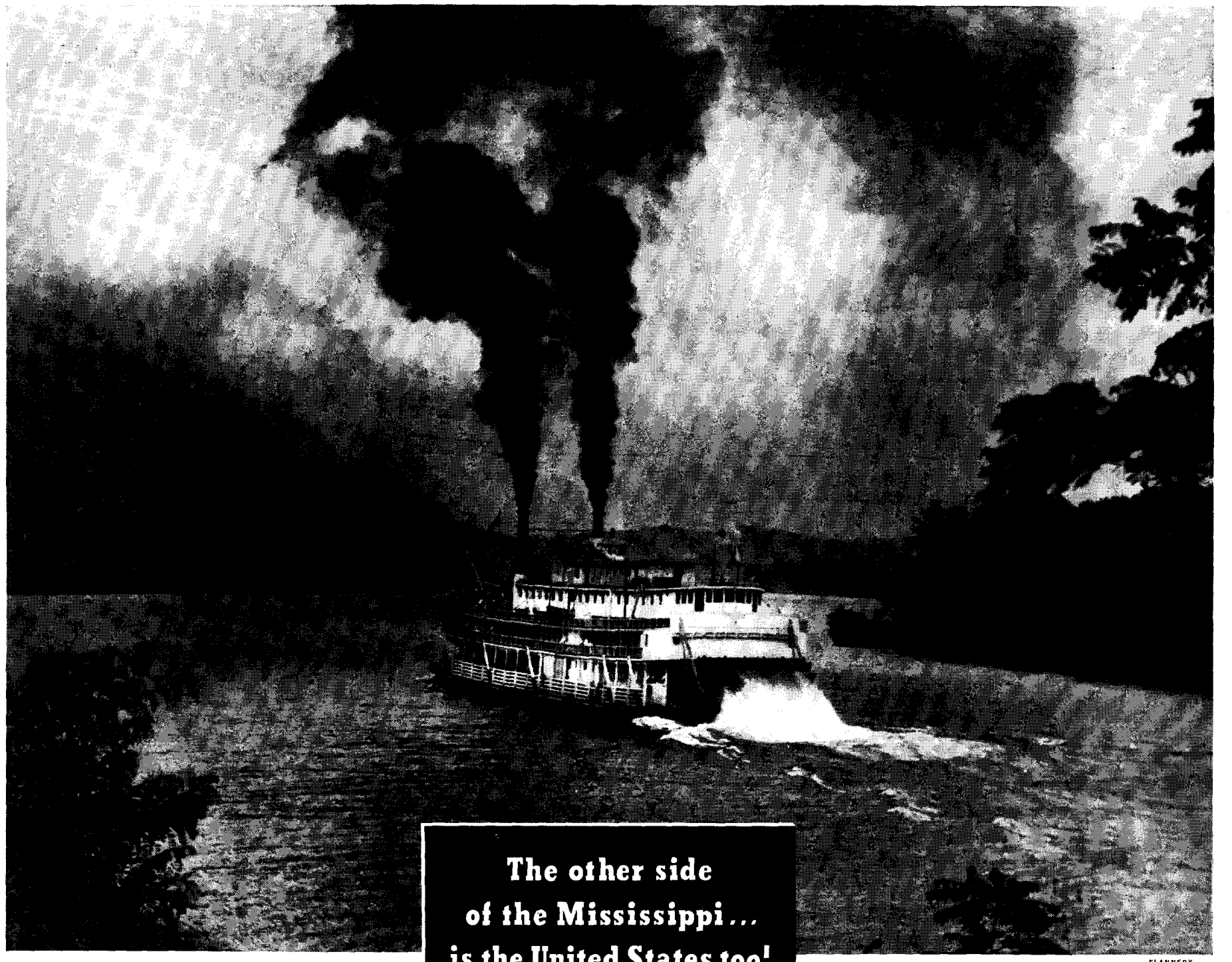

FLANNERY

The other side of the Mississippi... is the United States too!

FOR nearly 2,500 miles, the Mississippi drives a ribbon of water through the United States. But, standing on one bank of the Father of Waters, would it ever enter your mind to consider the other bank as anything but American territory? Naturally not! East side or west side, it is all part of the Union.

Yet, in an *exactly parallel instance,* a body of water separates two parts of the United States, and, strangely enough, many people regard the status of one of these parts as different from that of the other. Perhaps it is because the dividing water happens to be part of an ocean—the Pacific—instead of a river. Whatever the reason, there is much misunderstanding about the Territory of Hawaii.

Yet Hawaii has been an American territory, by act of Congress, for forty years. It has the same civil life, the same federal laws, the same institutions and standards as the rest of the United States. In every sense Hawaii is American.

By the same token, *Hawaiian* industry is *American* industry . . . *Hawaiian cane sugar* is strictly an *American product.* It gives employment to thousands of Americans, pays American taxes and is the chief support of an American commonwealth. Moreover it creates wealth which, to the extent of many millions of dollars annually is expended for other American commodities in practically every part of the Union.

All of which comes back to the original point: Cotton in Arkansas and cotton in Tennessee, with a river between... sugar in Hawaii and sugar on the mainland with the sea between . . . neither body of water alters this essential fact—

It is *all* American industry on American soil, entitled to equal encouragement; for in the prosperity of each industrial unit lies the greatest measure of prosperity for the nation as a whole.

■ ■ ■ ■

INFORMED PUBLIC OPINION—The most effective conduct of public affairs derives from an *informed public opinion.* That is the reason for this series of advertisements. It enables you to know the facts about the Territory of Hawaii and her industries—facts of importance to every citizen because every citizen is interested in encouraging every branch of American industry.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING—The people of the Territory of Hawaii spend approximately $100,000,000 a year on the mainland. To give you a concrete idea of just what that means: Hawaii, a single territory, spends enough throughout the nation to buy at factory prices *all* the goods manufactured in a year in *four states combined!* Putting it in still another way, her mainland shopping bill equals in value the entire factory output in any one of *fourteen different states.* That substantial buying power is mainly derived from Hawaii's major industry—the production of cane sugar—a branch of American industry upon which the nation depends for one-sixth of her total sugar supply.

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, U. S. A.

A VOLUNTARY ASSOCIATION OF PRODUCERS, PROVIDING YEAR-ROUND EMPLOYMENT FOR 50,000 PEOPLE IN THE PRODUCTION OF CANE SUGAR, PAYING THE HIGHEST FARM WAGES IN THE AMERICAN SUGAR INDUSTRY

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He stirred up a *Revolution* in a bottle

WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH YOUR TELEPHONE SERVICE?

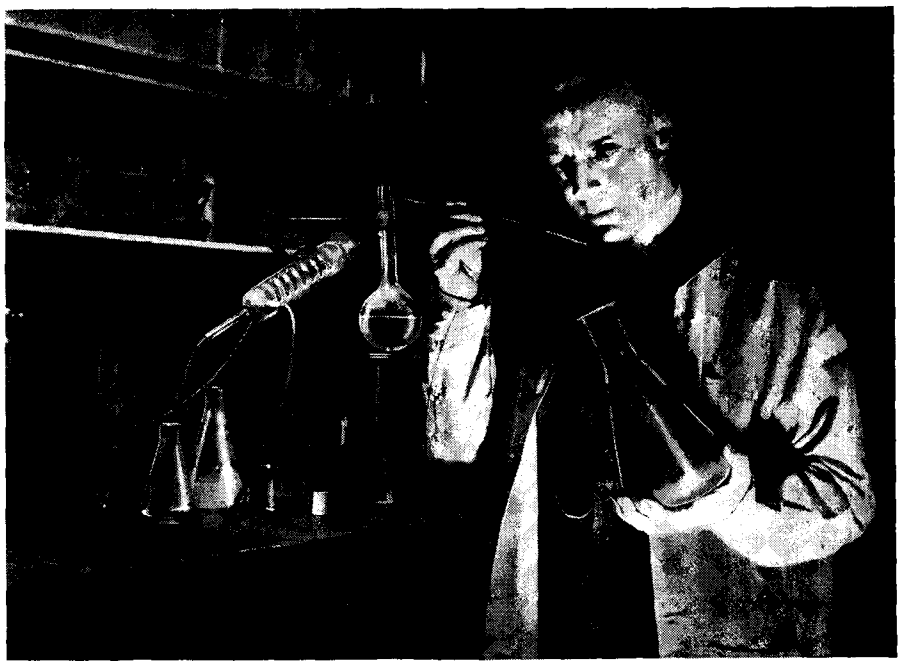
Your telephone makers at Western Electric never accept any product or process as the "last word"—they're always trying to make it better.

For example: the copper wires that carry your voice through telephone cables had long been insulated from each other by a spiral wrapping of paper ribbon.

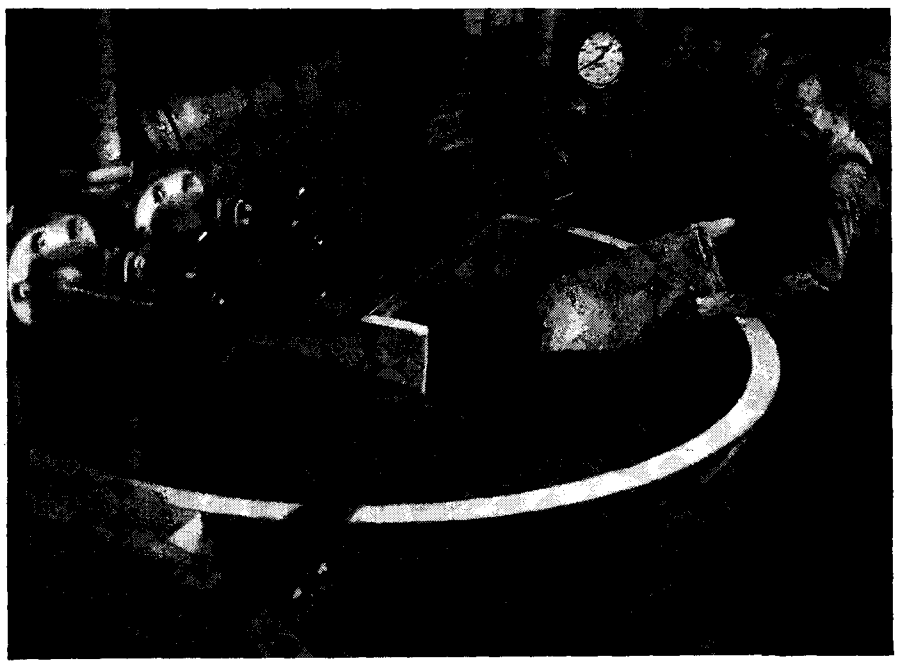
Then one day a Western Electric engineer mixed a wood pulp solution in a bottle—stirred a wire in it—found the pulp stuck.

"Why not make the paper right on the wire?" said he. Revolutionary? Certainly—but his idea resulted in a better, far more economical product!

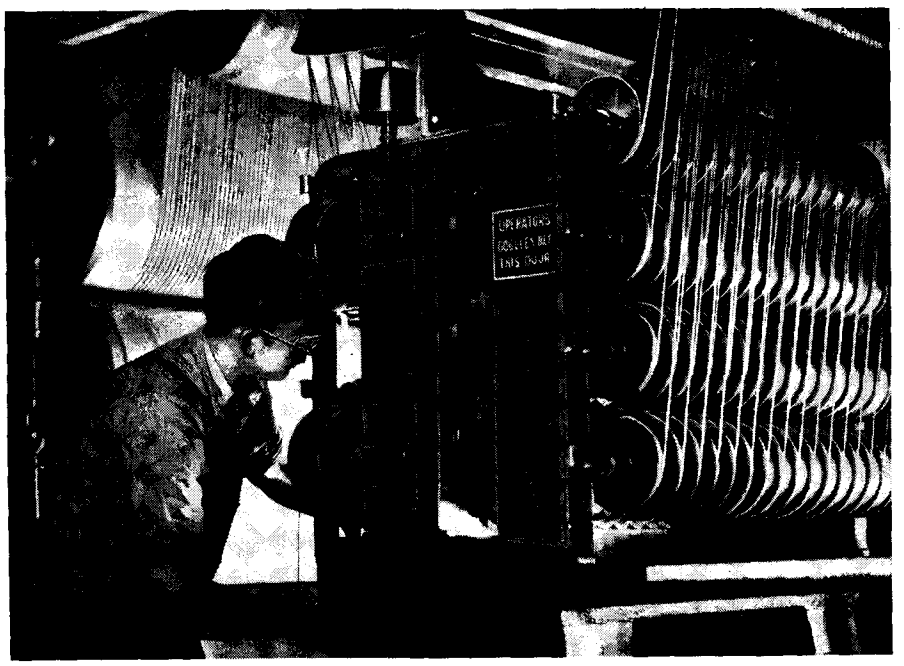
Such originality has led again and again to better equipment for the Bell System—and to clearer, more dependable, more economical telephone service.



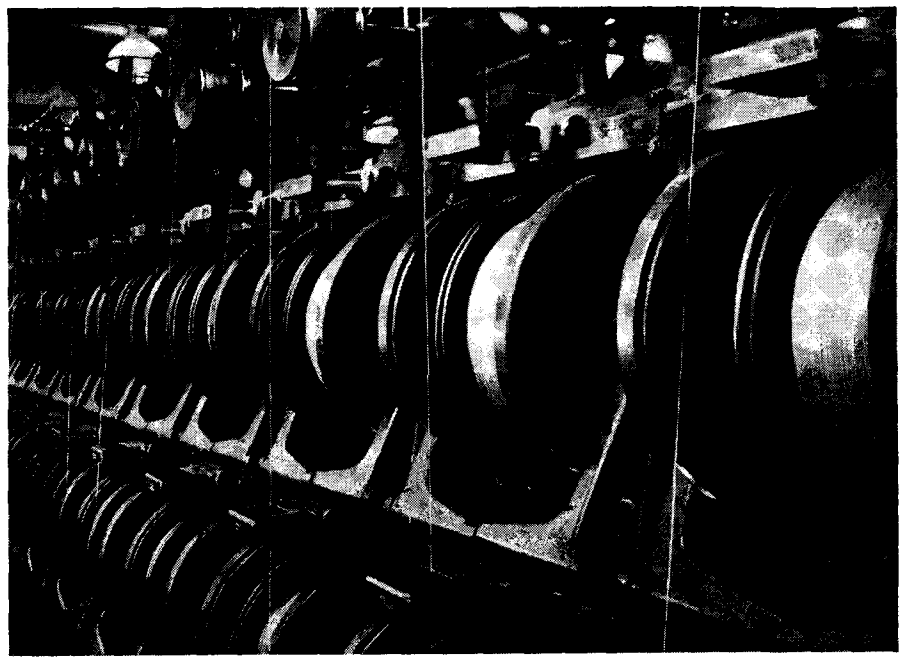
1. A bottle, some wood pulp, a piece of copper wire—and a big idea!



2. The laboratory bottle grew into pulp-mixing vats in the factory.



3. Monster machines now flow pulp onto 60 wires at once.



4. Result: miles of paper coated wire—for better telephone cable.

Western Electric

BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED ON WESTERN ELECTRIC QUALITY

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Collier's The National Weekly for January 29, 1938

The Flowery Coast

By Michael Foster

The story of a voyage that had its beginnings in a boy's response to the spirit of the great navigators, and found its end in a harbor not shown on charts

PROFESSOR MATTHEW B. REGAN stumbled down a steep alley, littered in the darkness with the broken crates and refuse of a public market. At the foot of it he came to a waterside tavern: obviously the one mentioned in the letter which he was fingering nervously in his inside pocket. It had specifically told him to be waiting in the back room of this especially sinister-looking one; at 8 P. M., Thursday evening.

With only a momentary hesitation, he went in and nodded to the bartender as he edged among the crowded tables where people were drinking beer.

"Would you mind—ah, how do you reach the back room, please?" he asked.

The bartender put both of his big hands on the wet bar, and leaned on them, gazing at Matt with a fat blankness.

"We haven't got any back room here, Bub," he breathed hoarsely. "Who told you we had a back room here?"

Matt didn't like being called "Bub"; but then, as the youngest—and unusually young—associate professor of English literature, he was used to having people fail to observe his dignity, even kindly faculty wives at faculty teas. So he only cleared his throat with as much stateliness as he could muster and said:

"Captain Stefan Brule."

The effect upon the bartender was instantaneous and very satisfactory, because the bartender relaxed, removing one hand from the bar to jerk a thumb, and said:

"Oh, Uncle Stefan. Well, right back there through that door. Behind the curtain."

"Thank you so much," Matt said.

He went through the curtain and opened the door into the back room. There weren't so many people here, and they were all men, and none of them was drinking beer. He sat down at a table in a corner and looked at his watch. It was ten minutes of eight.

WHEN he was a little boy Matt used to read books about the sea, books he got from the public library. He was well acquainted with the glint of sun upon the burnished steel of cuirasses and cutlass blades, and the oaths that the old-timers upon the seas had used to roar in their windy beards. He had stood upon the quarter-decks of lonely little ships with men whose names and dates are found in history books: the old navi-

"Er—won't you come aboard?" he said. "Here, I mean, give me the end of your painter." "Oh, thank you," she said

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ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

gators, and the admirals. They were friends of his. The men who sailed before; and the admirals who came after them, with their frigates and ships of the line sailing in squadrons, and the flags of beginning empires whipping at their spanker gaffs . . . and rolling wisps of gunpowder smoke across seas running dark with mystery in a morning of history. . . .

But it was a strange thing; Matt Regan, when he was twenty-six, had never yet been to sea on a real ship.

That's why it was that, fumbling again at the letter in his inside coat pocket, his fingers were clumsy with a deep anxiety of happiness, because it was a reply to the want ad he had put in an evening paper the day the dean had okayed his application for a sabbatical year of absence from the university:

"Am in a position to spend from $500 to $600 for a craft. Must be a good sea boat, sound in hull and well-found. All replies will be treated as confidential."

There had been several replies, most of them from boat marts. But this letter, written by a spluttering pen in an obviously seagoing fist, was the one he had answered, confirming the suggested appointment. Partly because of the name of the boat: the Schön Rosmarin. Besides, to meet a mysterious Stefan Brule, master mariner, in the back room of a tavern and there to strike a bargain had infinitely more sea romance than a day spent in visiting boat marts, which were depressingly like secondhand auto lots.

SO, IN his wallet in the same pocket with the letter, he had a thousand dollars and a bank book showing that his savings balance was still $3,311. And for a year he was escaping from stuffy classrooms and rows of faces whose polite indifference was more than superior to the best that English literature had to offer: for a solid year he wouldn't have to spend a single evening correcting freshman themes in his boardinghouse room.

Matt looked at his watch once more.

And at that moment, the door opened and a man stood there who could have been no other than Stefan Brule, master mariner: an old fellow with a weather-seamed face, who was putting a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles upon his nose for a look around. He looked at Matt over the top of his spectacles and cleared his throat apologetically. And when Matt stood up and they shook hands across the table, the old fellow said timidly:

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance."

A waiter at another table glanced up.

"Hello, Uncle Stefan," he said. "Bringing your catch in to the Seattle market, now?"

Uncle Stefan took off his spectacles. They had been broken, and carefully mended with a bit of thread.

"Na, na," he said. "I have come down my boat to sell."

"Yeah?" the waiter said. "She's a good boat—good sea boat. The Schön Rosmarin. I hear you're building a big seiner up the coast. That's what I hear."

"Ja," Uncle Stefan said. "Ja, Olaf."

"Er—will you have a drink?" Matt said.

"Na, na—but thank you just the same," Uncle Stefan said. "We go look at the boat, now. Is it convenient?"

"Oh, yes. Yes. By all means," Matt said—and resigned forever his dreams of a sea bargain struck in cautious mutters over a rum-reeking table. He followed Uncle Stefan.

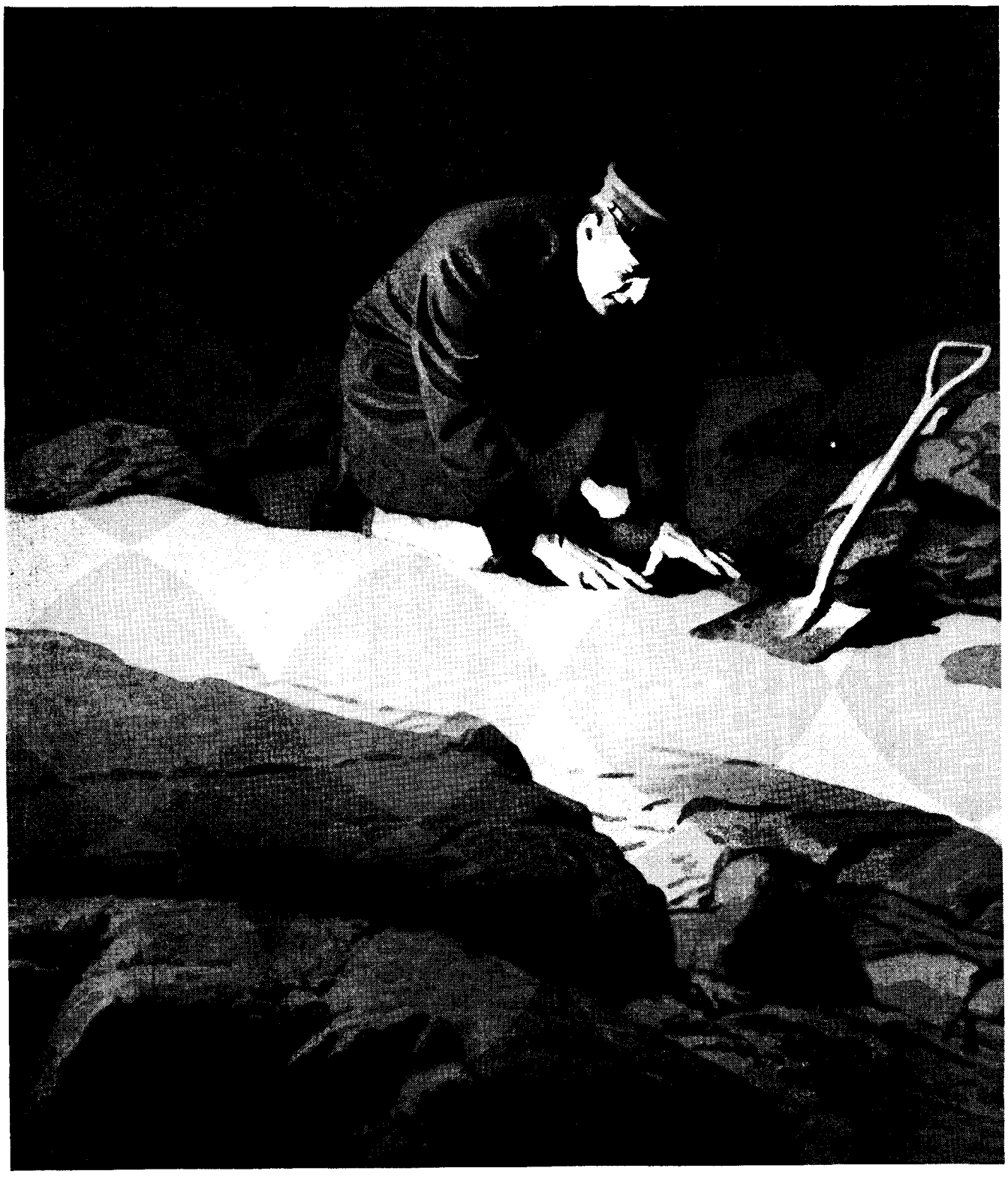
The Schön Rosmarin was moored to a fish wharf next door. As they climbed down a wet iron ladder in the darkness, Uncle Stefan paused and, looking up, said earnestly:

"An old boat, mister. But sound in her timbers and in her engine."

Then he went spryly on down to the deck which in lantern-light had the look of a new-scrubbed farmhouse kitchen floor. "First we will some supper eat," he said, lighting a lantern and dropping the match over the side, "and then the boat to look over."

And that's how Matt came to buy the cape troller Schön Rosmarin, for six hundred and sixty-five dollars. The bargain was sealed with tin cups of plum brandy that Uncle Stefan had made out of the sun and the years of his westward-sloping hillside orchard above a northern harbor. You will find a jug of that drowsy golden syrup stowed away under the charts in the pilothouse of any Austrian's fish boat that comes chugging into the harbor of Seattle. It's called slivowitz, and there's nothing warms you better of a gray evening, when the sea is running off the cape. . . . And they wrote out the bill of sale between them, under a flaring sea lantern.

Then they both went out to the university district and got Matt's suitcase. Uncle Stefan was very helpful, toiling up dark stairways with armloads of Matt's books to store in the boardinghouse attic, and making a little bow to the landlady every time he passed the place where she was holding a pocket flash to light a business which you could see she regarded as extremely irregular.



Matt had buried the old rust-eaten tin can there under the setting moon night before last

MATT was awakened the next morning by sunlight and a smell of frying bacon, and he sat up in his bunk in time to see Uncle Stefan expertly flip two eggs at once in a skillet. After breakfast, they turned the engine over and when it was well warmed to its work Uncle Stefan shook hands and climbed up the ladder to the pier, hauling his old sea-bag with him. He stood watching while the Schön Rosmarin backed out and then turned on her axis in a spreading wash of propeller-thrust on broken green water. Standing out across the windy harbor, Matt passed a freighter coming in from the Orient, lifting her streaming forefoot out of a reflected blue.

He gave the wheel a couple of spokes and steered, to the patient, steady thumping of his engine, along the line of the northward bluffs. Spread out before him was a new chart on which they had plotted by lantern-light his courses north through Admiralty Inlet to the Strait of San Juan de Fuca and across to Haro Strait and then into the fabulous waters of the San Juans—that windy cloud of islands whose channels and wide straits and secret coves with their intricate navigation would have pleased the barnacled heart of old Magellan himself.

He went upon ways as lonely as a gull's. Sometimes when one of these gray wanderers resting on a patch of kelp in the sun-glitter of a windy channel launched himself in disdainful flight from the oncoming troller to sail off downwind, Matt would put the wheel over and follow, toward a distant horizon of islands. Such courses were as

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Mary ran back through the door. A heavy voice said, "What's the matter, Miss? He expectin' me?"

The Warning

By Luke Short

Why the kid carried a gun and how a much wiser man saved him from using it

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THE stage road had not yet cleared the piñons at the tip of the mesa when it took the first of three slanting hairpin turns on its way to the flat below. From the middle turn a passenger could look straight down onto the flat and weed-grown roof of the sprawling adobe stage station. It whipped by and then a few seconds later the stage was in a wide grinding skid down on the flats by the stone corrals. When it had come fully out of its skid it was alongside the station.

Three people waited for it today—heavy Ben Davis, who leased out the station, his daughter and a gangly kid whose right leg was thick with bandages of flour sacking and who used an old long-barreled musket as a crutch. He was slim, almost tall, towheaded.

The driver kicked on the brake and simultaneously tossed the ribbons down to Ben, saying, "Don't bring them fresh teams back till we get a package unloaded, Ben." He dismounted and called back to the three alighting passengers, "Fifteen minutes is all you get, folks."

Ben said abruptly to his daughter, "You heard, Mary."

Mary nodded and laid a hand on the burly driver's arm. "Can't you make room this time, George?"

George's face looked harried under the dusty beard stubble. He didn't answer at once but looked past Mary at the kid on the crutch. He didn't talk to Mary either; he talked to the kid, whose drawn face was still not full-formed.

"Listen," he said. "I said no last time. I mean it. No pay, no ride."

Ben led the two teams away from the stage and walked them back to the corrals. Two stockmen and an Army lieutenant walked over and went into the stage station. George went back to the rear boot and started unlacing the ropes. Mary glanced briefly at the kid. He grinned and it was a wry grin, too old for that young face.

"I'll make out," he said. "You go on in." He watched her go into the station and regarded the door thoughtfully. The Army man came out, took off his coat and gave himself a wash at the basin and bucket on the bench by the door. Slowly, then, the kid turned and hobbled back to George. He watched while George tugged at the leather apron of the boot, and then his curiosity sharpened immediately.

"WHAT'S that?" he asked. There was a tarp-wrapped bundle atop the luggage that stretched clear across the boot.

"A dead man," George said.

Ben came up then. He'd heard George and asked, "Who is it?"

"Some whisky drummer they took on at Yuma."

"What happened?"

George's head turned and he gestured with his outthrust chin to the stage. "Didn't you see that inside? Them two men?"

The kid looked up swiftly, wariness shaping his face. On the inside seat facing backward two men were sitting. One was asleep in the corner, his head sunk down on his chest. Across his lap and gripped in both big hands was a rifle, its muzzle against the other man. This man was grinning faintly around a cigarette.

Ben Davis walked warily up to the stage under the amused gaze of the smoker. Through the open door, Ben and the kid took it in at a glance. Pinned on the shirt of the sleeper was the small gold shield of a deputy U. S. marshal. The smoker was wearing leg irons and he was handcuffed so that his hands were folded peacefully between his knees. The smoke from his cigarette curled across the side of his face and he squinted one eye. His face was weather-burned, young, but a stubble of blond beard seemed to soften its tough, faintly insolent cast.

He said, "If you wake him up, take that gun out of my side first, will you?" His speech was a soft, amused drawl.

Ben turned and said to George, "He do it?"

"Hell, no," George said bitterly. "That marshal is takin' him back to Texas. I guess this fella has got some friends. Anyway, for three nights straight now riders have been shootin' at this stage. Last night three of 'em tried it all the way down Four Mile Canyon. They got the drummer last night. Here, give me a lift."

"Hadn't we better wake this marshal up first?" Ben asked.

"All right."

George climbed into the stage and removed the gun from the smoker's middle. Then he shook the marshal, who did not move. He punched him and still no response. Then he slapped him.

"Harder," the smoker said.

George glared at him and turned to Ben. "Bring me a basin of water, Ben."

Ben returned with the water and George threw it in the marshal's face. He came awake then, but barely, and George yanked him to a sitting position and shook him. The marshal, sitting erect now, looked like a sick man. The whites of his eyes were almost the color of blood and his middle-aged face was slack with dead weariness. He turned to look at his prisoner and even as he did his head settled gently on his chest.

"Get out," he mumbled to the prisoner. The smoker climbed out. His

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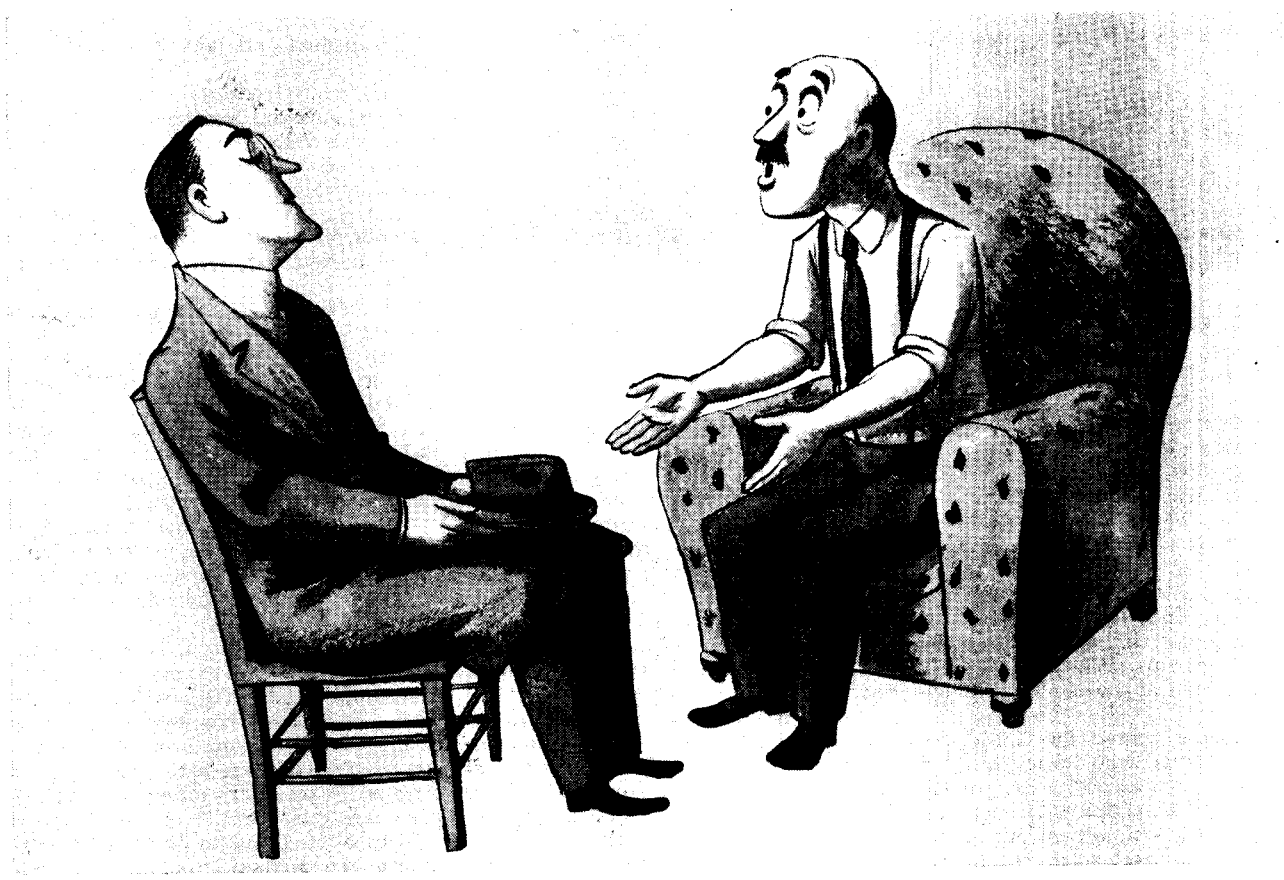
"Men who set out to manipulate the market," says Mr. Douglas, "proceed with great secrecy"

Washing Wall Street's Face

By John T. Flynn

"The government should intrude upon the daily routine of business only to the extent that business fails to perform its function and make its profits in a decent way. This is particularly true of stock exchanges." William O. Douglas, chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission, tells you exactly what the SEC is doing about manipulation in the stock markets, and what it is going to do and why

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



When manipulation is suspected, the SEC interviews brokers, customers' men, order clerks and customers

WE ARE now at the spot where the stock exchanges of the country and the Securities Exchange Commission have got to come to a decision on where they stand with reference to each other."

William O. Douglas, chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission, whose shadow is supposed to hang over Wall Street, said that to me. And it is substantially what he has said to the exchanges. They don't seem to like it. Down in Wall Street they will tell you that Bill Douglas is getting ready to "crack down" on the stock exchange. They will tell you that, just at a time when people want peace, he is priming his gun to give Wall Street another barrel of New Deal business regulation. But Chairman Douglas says no. He put it this way:

"I believe that some forms of business must be regulated. Everybody does. But it is fundamental to my philosophy that the business being regulated should be encouraged to the utmost to undertake as much of the front-line enforcement as possible.

"The government should perform, as far as possible, a supervisory or residual role. The government should be called on to intrude upon the daily routine of business only to the extent that business itself fails to perform its function and make its profits in a decent way.

"This is particularly true of stock exchanges. Government machinery is heavy. It is slow. Take, for instance, the subject of manipulation—"

That's a nice word for a cute little practice down in Wall Street in which brokers or operators put on a little show whereby, through fictitious trading and a lot of other devices, they push a stock price up or down. It's against the law.

"—Take this business of manipulation. Our commission is required to keep a watch on the market to detect instances of manipulation, to check the practice when it appears and to bring the offenders to book. We do watch it. When our suspicion is aroused or when information comes to us which seems reliable, we start an investigation. We must go through every brokerage transaction and trace down the ultimate buyer or seller of every share bought or sold in the period under suspicion. Every telephone call, telegram and letter must be checked. Brokers, customers' men, order clerks and customers must be interviewed. This stage alone often takes several months. Then begins the formal proceeding. Orders must be issued, hearings called. The commission and the respondent must designate their respective counsel. Witnesses and records must be subpoenaed. No stone of evidence can be left unturned either by the government or the respondents. Sometimes cases must be moved about the country, from Washington to New York to Los Angeles and back again to Washington. The record grows to enormous proportions. All this must be digested and reported to the commission by the trial examiner. His report must be subjected to briefs, reply briefs and argument before the full commission. And then the commission must make its final findings. And the case must at all times be conducted in such a manner as to withstand review by the courts. It is a cumbersome legal proceeding and it must always be just that so long as it is conducted by the government. The commission has no power, and should have no power, to throw a broker off an exchange without giving him a full hearing, the benefit of counsel and cross-examination. I would be the first to object to any change in this procedure.

"But with an exchange it is different. An exchange is a membership association—a club. It admits to its membership only those it wishes to accept and

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who agree to abide by its rules. It makes its rules and sets up its standards and each member must live up to them. The exchange has full power to fine, suspend or expel a member, in exactly the same manner as a private club, without going through all the procedures outlined in public law. After a brief investigation and hearing before the proper committee—with no lawyers on either side—it can act. It can act swiftly."

Regulation Begins at Home

An illustration of what Mr. Douglas is talking about is ready to hand. It took the commission about two years to investigate the case of Michael Meehan, a broker famous for his spectacular operations. The commission finally threw him off the exchange, but not until it had accumulated about six thousand pages of testimony. Only recently the exchange jumped on a broker named Phelan. On October 19th, Phelan, a specialist, committed a violation of an exchange rule affecting the conduct of specialists. He was haled before the proper committee next day. Formal charges were filed by the committee two weeks later. One week later the charges were presented to the governing committee and in one more week he was tried and suspended from the floor for three months. Chairman Douglas seems to think that while the exchange has this power and capacity it doesn't use it nearly enough.

"The problem as I see it," he said, "is for the exchange to recast its rules and reform its procedure so that it will enforce not only its own rules but public law as incorporated in its rules in a thoroughly public-spirited manner. Somebody has got to do this—either the exchange or the commission. We would rather have them do it. But if they don't—well, we will have to get on the job."

This statement very naturally provoked at least one question. The statement seemed to indicate that the SEC was thinking seriously of doing a little job of regulation. What, then, is meant by the charges in Wall Street that SEC restrictions have thinned out the markets and hampered the security business? What restrictions is Wall Street referring to?

"There are no important trading restrictions," Mr. Douglas replied. "The simple fact is that, while the SEC has been given wide powers to impose rules and regulations on the exchanges, up to the present time we have imposed none. We have conferred endlessly with exchange officials. We have suggested various regulations. The exchange has adopted voluntarily a number of our suggestions. Those suggestions which they have rejected we have not imposed on them.

"The SEC has been criticized for raising margins and, when margins were lowered a few months ago, for lowering them. It is almost impossible to get over to people the thought that the SEC has absolutely nothing to do with margins. Margins are subject to the control of the Federal Reserve Board. Following the late market break we received many letters demanding that we reduce margins to aid the market. And some of them were from brokers. Yet it is a matter completely out of our hands."

"Well," I asked, "what about the charge that the SEC keeps up a continual snooping on brokerage houses?"

The answer was frank:

"Men who set out to manipulate the market do not do it out in the open. They proceed with great secrecy. No agency, therefore, can do a thorough job of enforcing the law against manipulation without snooping. The exchange has, on occasions, gone after this or that pool operation. It has had to snoop. As a matter of fact, the job can be done by the exchange with less actual snooping than by any other body. Stock markets are not static. They are dynamic. It takes dynamic enforcement, not static enforcement, to keep up with them. Of course, it would be less annoying to have this constant active surveillance done by the exchange than by the government. I appreciate this—in fact, it's precisely what I have been talking about. But—and this is the all-important consideration—it has got to be done aggressively. It takes snooping to catch manipulation. If the exchange won't do the snooping, we'll have to do it. After all, we've got a law to enforce—and the keystone of that law is the prohibition against manipulation."

This brought us to a very delicate question down in Wall Street. Talk of Wall Street and, of course, you will talk of brokers. Outsiders think of the men down on the exchange as brokers—agents acting for other people, men working on commission. But of course this isn't so. Many are brokers. But also a great many are primarily speculators for their own accounts. A good many people believe the exchange ought to be protected against the operations of those who are not primarily brokers. I brought Mr. Douglas around to that ticklish subject. He said he believed the broker performed a useful function in the security market—an essential function. That function is acting as middleman to execute buying and selling orders of the great investing public. Brokers are entitled to a fair compensation for this.

"They must, however," he said, "regard these securities in their true light, as the tangible evidence of the invested wealth of the nation—not as the chips on a casino table. In other words, exchanges must justify their existence solely on their value as public market places.

"One of our great national resources is our invested capital. I have said several times that an exchange is like a scales on which this resource is weighed. And scales of such importance must be tamperproof. We can't have the man who operates them sticking his thumb in with the meat. There must be no laying on of hands. It may be dangerous, risky at least, to have the men, the insiders who control the scales, betting on the way they will fall.

"The fact that large numbers of members of the exchange with all sorts of special opportunities for inside information and swift attack 'buy and sell for their own accounts is at least a subject for concern. This trading in no way reflects public buying and selling. And its effect has been to accentuate every major trend. When the market is going up, the so-called 'smart crowd' is buying with it and when it is going down they are selling. The commission has made extensive studies of this and it knows that this trading by members of the exchange constitutes an enormous percentage of the total, running as high as 20 per cent. But what is more important is that this inside trading tends to concentrate on the most active stocks. That is, while it is 20 per cent of the total trades, it is a much larger percentage of those issues in which it is concentrated."

Little Groups with Great Power

Commissioner Douglas then showed me the studies which the commission has been making into the practice of brokers not only selling when the market is declining, but selling short.

"When we see a mere handful of men in a position to influence heavily the economic fortunes of millions of investors," he said, "we cannot but be impressed by the gravity of the situation. For example, in 35 trading days between August 16th and September 25th, we find that only 20 men—members of the New York Stock Exchange trading for their private accounts, not executing orders for the public—accounted for sixteen per cent of the total volume of trading in United States Steel common stock, and we see 12 members, also trading for their private accounts, accounting for 13 per cent of all trading in the stock of General Motors. There is little question that those 20 men in U. S. Steel and those 12 men in General Motors could control the market for those stocks. By virtue of their inside position, standing right at the trading post, they could time their buying and selling in such a way as to cut rallies short, accentuate declines, and begin new rallies—driving those stocks in any direction which might best suit their personal fortunes. And, what is more important, by driving those key market leaders, they were also in a position to direct the fortunes of the entire market—for it is definitely established that the trend of the market almost exactly parallels that of a very few market leaders.

"In fact, in some phases of market developments, the market itself begins to influence business, so that you have a complete circle in which a small group, impelled by their own interests, make the market and in turn make business prove the case of the market. Such a market is a free market only in a very special sense—free to gamblers but not to investors—free not to reflect basic business trends but gambler-made business panics."

The Evils of Short Selling

Mr. Douglas then turned to short selling. As the reader probably knows, a short sale is an operation in which a person sells stocks which he does not own. On the exchange he sells the stock and then borrows or rents the necessary shares next day to deliver. One effect of this, of course, is to increase the potential supply of shares offered for sale by adding to the actual supply a fictitious supply. On this point Mr. Douglas said:

"I do not want to be misunderstood on this point. Our commission is not on a devil hunt. We are not setting up as witch burners. We are not foolish enough to suppose that the short sellers are the cause of all the trouble. We know there has been a recession in business and we know that prices will always tend to go up and down as business tends to go up and down. That's basic and we're not blinking at it.

"But let us be realistic about it. When a business recession comes or is anticipated, it expresses itself in the market through stockholders offering some of their shares for sale. That's a natural phenomenon. But if, in addition to the natural supply offered by holders of shares, professional operators can come in at such a delicate moment and greatly increase the number of shares offered for sale, they can generate a panicky condition and induce voluntary liquidation on a large scale and involuntary liquidation as well (the selling out of margin accounts). They create a very different kind of market than would exist if there were merely liquidation based on development in the forces to which the market should be related.

"Now take the figures which have been compiled by the New York Stock Exchange itself. Between September 7th and September 25th there was a serious decline in the market. In one of the leading stocks, 31 per cent, nearly one third of all the trading, was short selling. In the case of five of the leading

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A short seller sells without owning and rents or borrows to deliver next day

Mr. Douglas: "The SEC has to snoop"

(Continued on page 25)

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He has the Stage

By Denver Lindley

The brisk career of young Mr. Orson Welles, actor and manager, who threw a bombshell into Broadway and turned up with a handsome profit

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Above: Director Welles. Below: Informal rehearsal—Orson Welles, George Coulouris, Edith Barrett, John Hoysradt, members of the cast of Julius Caesar

BRUTUS was wearing a blue serge suit, of conservative cut, and a stiff collar. Caesar had on a Fascist uniform and looked, unmistakably, like Mussolini. More startling still, they both seemed to be talking English instead of reciting poetry.

The audience settled down in slightly skeptical complacency. This was what they had come for. To see a play about Fascism—though whether for or against the critics had failed to decide. It was called Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare, but no one was going to be fooled by that.

But the audience's critical reflections stopped right there. It found itself picked up by the scruff of its neck, thrust into a conspiracy, made accessory to a murder, buffeted by mobs and finally turned into the street, less than two hours later, too dazed to talk. It had been scared and bewildered and excited. It knew very little more about Fascism, but it had found out quite a bit about Shakespeare.

"The cold wind of tragedy," says Mr. Welles, who produced the play. The cold wind had been practically howling through the Mercury Theater.

The audience came away with a lot of pictures in their minds. They had seen arches and colonnades, a Roman market place crowded with shouting thousands, a sinister and angry mob tearing a witless poet to shreds, Brutus walking out of his orchard in the sickly, dappled light of a fateful March morning, the corpse-strewn field of Philippi. All of which was manifestly impossible, because they had been looking at a small stage without a stick of scenery, backed by the bare brick wall of the theater.

They suspected that Mr. Welles had played a trick on them. "It must have been done with the lights," they said. And it was, in part, done with the lights. But some of them went on to the further suspicion that this trick was exactly what the theater is supposed to be.

At any rate, that is Mr. Welles' belief, and his ability to perform the trick created immediate and intense excitement. New York had been warming toward Shakespeare for several seasons. It had gone to see Katharine Cornell's beautiful and passionate Juliet; it had enjoyed John Gielgud's highly intellectual Hamlet and Maurice Evans' appealing Richard. It went to see them and admire Shakespeare the bard. This time it had got something else—an exciting play.

"This theater," says Mr. Welles, "has a chip on its shoulder about the classics. We don't want the people who take their knitting to symphony concerts."

If his immediate success came as a surprise, young Mr. Welles, who plays Brutus as well as having adapted and produced the play, gave no sign. He went imperturbably ahead with the second play of the repertory, Thomas Dekker's bawdy comedy, the Shoemaker's Holiday, pausing only long enough to get another company ready to take Julius Caesar on tour. Just to round out his schedule and keep himself occupied he operates, on Sunday evenings, an experimental playhouse called the Worklight Theater.

This veteran actor-manager is now twenty-two years old. He comes by his originality honestly and by direct inheritance, his father having been well and unfavorably known as an inventor in Kenosha, Wisconsin, where Orson Welles was born. Among the elder Welles' achievements was a steam-driven airplane. "It had to be suspended by ropes," the younger Welles explains, "and almost killed our colored cook who used to pilot it."

From birth there seems to have been no doubt about Orson's career. He was to be an artist—though in what field remained a subject of debate. His mother insisted he be trained as a concert pianist, but after her death his father switched the program to painting "as being a touch more respectable."

Meanwhile, he was sent to the Todd School in Woodstock, Illinois, where he staged his first production of Julius Caesar.

At the age of sixteen, equipped with paintbox and canvas, he started out for a walking trip through Ireland. There turned out to be more to the country than he had anticipated and he was forced to hire a donkey cart. By the time he arrived in Dublin this unexpected drain on his resources had reduced them to the neighborhood of zero. He did, however, have enough money to purchase a ticket to the Gate Theater. After the performance *(Continued on page 36)*

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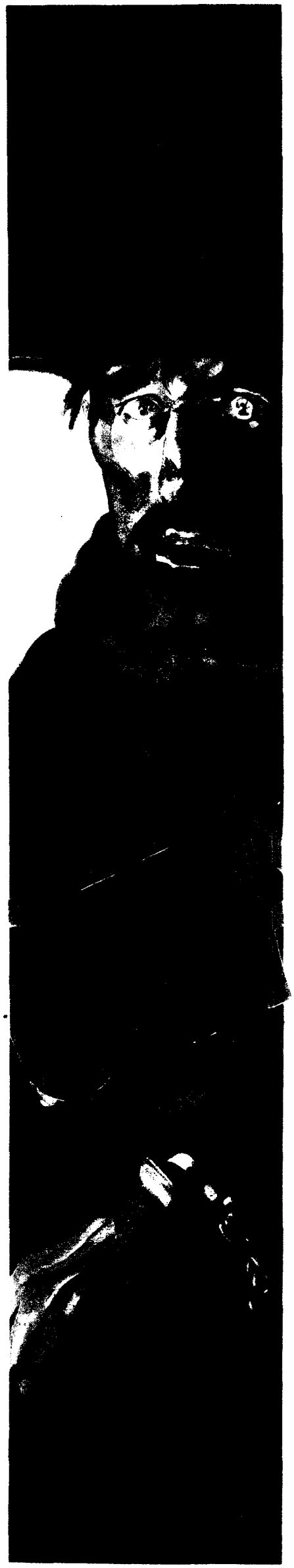
SABOTAGE

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



This man was on his way to die and he only stared straight ahead and said the Russian equivalent of "It is nothing"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

THERE were only three of us left in the club car—the wholesale plumbing fellow from Milwaukee, the man with the book and I.

"Well, I see they shot nineteen more of them over in Russia," said Milwaukee. "Sab-ot-age."

"The bloody so-and-so's," I said.

"Yeah, but what's a guy like Stalin to do? They claim like these fellers they shot wrecked a whole factory under orders from Hitler."

"They're still murdering so-and-so's for my money," I said. "Sabotage in peacetime shouldn't be a capital offense."

The man with the book, who had been listening, put it down. We glanced at him without much interest; he had gray hair, a gray suit and he looked as if his personality would be gray, too.

"I just got back from Russia," he said.

"You a Communist?" asked Milwaukee, bristling.

"Oh, no. I'm a chemical engineer. I was over there helping them set up a nitrate plant in the Ukraine."

"Are the papers telling the truth about all these executions, these shootings?" Milwaukee inquired.

"Yes, I think. Part of it, anyway."

"Whad'ya mean, *part* of it?"

"Oh, it's the sabotage angle everyone seems a little foggy about," said the man with the book. "I agree that there have been scattered instances of true sabotage, but most of these killings are simply the result of trying to make silk purses out of sows' ears."

"Whad'ya mean by that?"

"Well, perhaps I could best illustrate it by telling you of a personal experience—"

"Shoot!" I said.

WELL—said the man with the book—this plant I was assigned to at Neyivnagrad was hooked up to a water-power project on the Yoska River. Our nitrate factory shared electricity with a truck factory across the river. This is still pretty wild territory, but there is a new concrete road to Desna, where you hit the main line to Kiev.

When my part of the job was finished, the commissar in charge of the district—very decent chap named Rassovietsky—offered to let me ride with him in his car to Desna. I was a little startled as I got into the tonneau to see Miliukoff, manager of the truck factory, seated on one of the folding seats. He was handcuffed to a burly, hard-faced man, who sat on the other seat. We said "Hello" in considerable embarrassment.

Comrade Rassovietsky climbed in beside me, and we set off along that eighty-five miles of lonesome road for Desna. There were a chauffeur and a mechanic in the front seat, both stolid peasant types.

"I regret that you must ride with a traitor," said the commissar, with labored matter-of-fact English. "But they will shoot him in Desna tonight."

Then, seemingly ignorant of the fact that Miliukoff spoke English almost as well as he, Rassovietsky proceeded to discuss the case with me. The Neyivnagrad truck factory, he said, had three times fallen behind on its monthly quota. A checkup disclosed such absurd blundering on the part of the manager that it could not have been mere blundering or honest errors in judgment.

"But we could not bring ourselves to suspect Comrade Miliukoff until he was caught red-handed trying to smuggle his wife and children out of the country. We then learned that he had been in secret communication with a cousin in Germany. So now we know why Comrade Miliukoff made all those asinine blunders in management and allowed the factory to fall behind!"

During this speech, the condemned man said nothing and gave no indication, other than a deep blush, that he understood.

"I am sorry to hear this," I said, speaking more to Miliukoff. "Perhaps there has been a mistake."

THEN I changed the subject, but all the time I made talk with the commissar I was thinking about Miliukoff. I tried to figure out something I might say in his defense, but I knew nothing about the fellow, really. He had impressed me, from a few casual meetings, only as a fellow of the mechanic type who was, perhaps, beyond his depth in factory management. But you see so many men of apparently narrow limitations holding responsible jobs in Russia. It isn't fair to judge.

"When will there be the revolution in your country, my friend?" asked Commissar Rassovietsky.

"I don't think there will be any," I said sourly, because you get so tired of answering that question. "Not your kind, anyway."

The commissar started the usual argument, but in the midst of his monologue our car stopped dead. We were miles from the nearest town and entirely alone on that winter-dead steppe.

Well, the chauffeur and the mechanic got out with profuse apologies to the commissar and started tinkering. They tinkered and tinkered. The hot water heater in the car cooled and it got cold. Commissar Rassovietsky did some swearing in Russian and got out to superintend the repairs. Miliukoff and his guard sat there and said nothing. I tapped Miliukoff on the back.

"Is there anything I might do to help you?" I said, almost whispering.

"Thank you . . . no," Miliukoff said, not turning his head.

In ten minutes Commissar Rassovietsky had exhausted his profane vocabulary and the car still would not start. I understood enough Russian to realize that he was berating chauffeur and mechanic for disgracing Soviet industry in the presence of an American. Why could they not fix this car? Were they not expert automobile mechanics. What was this? Was it perhaps a German plot to discredit Soviet Russia?

Frightened, the chauffeur and mechanic worked frantically on the engine. I saw that, as the time passed, Commissar Rassovietsky was getting scared, too. We were very conspicuous on this deserted road. What if a big shot from Kiev happened along?

"I give you ten more minutes!" Rassovietsky shouted, finally. "If the car does not start you will both stand trial before the Committee!"

I climbed out. "Maybe it's in the ignition," I said, a fair enough guess.

"Ignition, of course!" shouted the commissar. "Fix the ignition or you will rue this day!"

The chauffeur, a sturdy peasant who should have been kept behind a plow, settled Commissar Rassovietsky's hash in one blunt sentence.

"Is not the Comrade Commissar an electrical engineer?" he asked.

Rassovietsky flinched and then blundered. He announced he would fix the car in a jiffy. He made a great show of tracing wires and checking this and that, while the chauffeur and mechanic took his measure, and then, after an eternity of this bluffing, Commissar Rassovietsky announced that the trouble was not electrical. But he looked over his shoulder at that bleak, vacant road, and I saw he was in an utter funk. Disgrace or death for the commissar, chauffeur and mechanic might come rolling along that road any moment.

"Are you not an American and skilled with automobiles?" he jibbered, pathetically.

Before I could answer, a voice spoke at our backs.

"I think I can fix it," it said.

We turned around. It was Miliukoff, the man condemned to die.

IT TOOK Miliukoff just six minutes of purposeful, expert work to ferret out the trouble and start the car. Without a word or even a glance at us, he turned and resumed his seat in the tonneau.

The chauffeur and the mechanic were honest men and had gratitude. They followed Miliukoff and thanked him fervently, trying to kiss his hand, peasant-fashion. But this man was on his way to die and he only stared straight ahead and said the Russian equivalent of "Not at all. It is nothing."

But by this time I had the answer.

"You are a good mechanic, Comrade Miliukoff," I said, "but a bad factory manager. Isn't that why you got in trouble? You weren't plotting against the Soviets, were you? They just pushed you into a job too big for you to fill. Wasn't that it?"

Miliukoff's eyes filled with tears, but he did not attempt speech. He merely nodded.

"Why, of course!" I said, excited. "These men who are running this car are not mechanics, they are farmers. This commissar is not an electrical engineer, he is a politician. And yet if they fall down on their jobs they are shot. That's what has been happening all over Russia. Isn't it? Isn't it?"

Again, the man who was going to be shot only nodded. Two tears spilled down his sallow cheeks.

I turned to Commissar Rassovietsky, who was waiting at my elbow. As I have said, he was not a bad fellow.

"We will return to Neyivnagrad, Comrade Miliukoff," he said. "I . . . ah . . . wish to look into your case more fully!"

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THE GIRL FROM COLD RIVER

By
Duane Decker

Broadway is a hard-boiled street, but one girl managed to soften it quite a bit

PATRICIA LANE emerged, breathless, from Track 17. At the sight of Grand Central's main level, she stopped stock-still, awed by its sounds and smells and sights. For practically anything which was unfamiliar could awe her.

The redcap, who had paused obediently, glanced down at her luggage. The shiny newness of it was a dead giveaway. He said, "Taxi, ma'am?"

She nodded. Still intensely absorbed, she pointed a spotlessly gloved finger and said: "What's that crowd doing down there? All those people standing outside that gate—what're they *up* to?"

The redcap blinked and said, tolerantly: "Jus' some movie star comin' in to town, I expeck, ma'am."

"Oh!" she said, and clutched at her throat while her wide eyes grew even wider. What would have impressed anyone who looked into their cool blueness was that this girl was exactly what she appeared to be.

"They always comin' in," the redcap added, deprecatingly.

"Could I—could we—but no, you've got to get back to—to other people's luggage, don't you?" she said.

He scratched his head and looked her over carefully, trying to figure whether the size of the tip would warrant the delay. The only times he ever felt sure about the size of a tip from one of these young, pretty girls was when they wore leopard coats. But this one wore a plain fur jacket that looked soft to the touch, and a slick plaid skirt that showed below. On her high, slender figure it had class but it didn't look expensive. So he decided against putting his trust in anything short of leopard coats.

"I expeck I have to get back, ma'am. Yass ma'am."

SHE took a last backward glance at the crowd of stragglers. "And it might be Ronald Colman, too," she sighed.

The redcap led her up the stairway to the street, and shoved her luggage inside a tarrying cab. She started to give him fifteen cents, thought it over, then made it twenty. The bags were heavy—she wanted to be fair.

Inside the cab, she said to the driver: "Bachelorette Hall, please." Bachelorette Hall was on the recommended list of the Girls Friendly Society, in Cold River.

In her possession, Patricia had a very important letter of introduction—to Sargent Blake, the theatrical agent. He had left Cold River some years before; according to George Hammill's column, "Broadway Night and Day," Sargent Blake had since "taken New York and put it in his hip pocket and now supplied the Harrises, the Shuberts and the Twentieth-Century-Foxes with acting talent."

"What's that crowd doing down there?" she said. "All those people standing outside that gate—what're they up to?"

Patricia was going to see Sargent Blake. But she did not expect to get a job on the stage. She simply wanted to meet him because he was a famous personage and she had the letter of introduction. That would be real excitement! Of course, the pretext for the interview would be a job on the stage. But it would be merely a pretext. Her acting experience, confined to the Little Theater League in Cold River, wouldn't impress anyone in New York. She knew that, because George Hammill had once stated in his column that Little Theater Leagues were too amateurish to count.

HER room, when she reached Bachelorette Hall, suited her fine. Not too big, but airy and nice, and the sunshine fell across the dressing table in cheery little strips. She hung up her dresses carefully in the closet, and after everything was all arranged on the dressing table, she took a newspaper clipping out of ner pocketbook and studied it eagerly. It was George Hammill's Broadway column, the one in which he advised his readers in two hundred towns in forty-six states how to see New York in four days. The itinerary included the Aquarium, the Battery, Brooklyn Bridge, various museums, Radio City, the Swing Club on 52d Street and other "focal points in the heartbeat of the great metropolis."

Now that she was here, she didn't know quite where to begin. Just the thought of all there was to see awed her. It was still early afternoon and there was time. . . . But, suddenly, she decided to put it off and get an early start in the morning. Meanwhile there was Sargent Blake. . . .

She searched out his address in the telephone book (the thickness of the book awed her, too) and then she went out and hailed a taxi. She had saved a special fund for taxi riding because otherwise, she figured, too much time would be lost covering all the ground.

The sight of Sargent Blake's office, in the West Forties, filled her with admiration. It had wonderful thick rugs which reminded her of walking through that marsh outside of Cold River, only in this case your feet stayed dry though everything was squashy. She would gladly have tramped up and down the length of the room a few times, just to enjoy the sensation. The furniture was so modernistic it looked upside down and that was, of course, wonderful too.

But what sat around in the furniture made the picture really impressive. Girls, a half dozen of them, so beautiful and poised and breath-takingly smart that Patricia looked at them and felt like a field mouse. And they, in turn, looked at Patricia and envied what she had that they didn't have. They couldn't have named it but they knew

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ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT O. REID

—whatever it was—the nickel apples had it and the two-for-a-nickel ones didn't.

Patricia walked over to the cold-eyed secretary at the desk.

"I've come to see Mr. Blake."

"Does Mr. Blake know you?"

"No. But I've a letter to him," Patricia explained, quickly. She fished around in her pocketbook and brought out the letter, from Miss Tebbetts, the adviser of the Cold River Little Theater League. "Here—it's a letter of—"

"Of introduction," the secretary finished. "Ah, yes. Your name?"

"Patricia Lane."

"Sit down, Miss Lane. I'll show Mr. Blake your letter."

"Thank you very much," Patricia said.

She sat down and all the beautiful, bored young ladies went on looking beautiful and bored. Patricia sneaked admiring little side glances at them every once in a while. She wondered if any were famous people. She didn't know that if they had been famous they wouldn't have been sitting around agents' anterooms, looking bored in order to cover up the humiliation of not yet being famous.

Presently the secretary came back and said: "Mr. Blake will see you but you'll have to wait. He's in conference."

"I'll wait," Patricia said.

PATRICIA did not know it, but the man in conference with Sargent Blake at the moment was George Hammill, her favorite Broadway columnist. George Hammill, whose friends called him Slick, was talking earnestly and chipping every syllable. Well over six feet, he was dressed today in a powder-gray suit with casually tapering lines to set off wide, rangy shoulders. He had white, even teeth and dark eyes which flashed when he became angry or enthusiastic. They were flashing now, as he stood with his long legs trying hard to straddle the whole room, lean brown hands on narrow hips.

"We Hammills," Slick was saying, "are very humble people, Fatso. When we are treated well, it makes us *terribly* grateful—"

"Listen—are you sore about something?" Sargent Blake said, quickly.

"Sore?" Slick said, smiling. "Now what in the world could I be sore about, Fatso?"

"I don't know, my boy." Sargent Blake relaxed and smoothed his neat, cropped mustache. He was a short, paunchy man with a predilection for wine-colored shirts. "I'm sure I don't know."

"Me *sore*—after all you've *done* for me! Here I am, absolutely nobody at all. And you, the *biggest* agent in town, helping me cast my very first play. Why, when I think of an important man like you helping me cast 'Hey! Hey! Hey!'—"

"Could you be grateful in as few words as possible, Slick?" Sargent Blake said uneasily.

"I just want to be fair about everything, Fatso. And you were so helpful. The way you agreed with me, right away, that the success of my play would depend upon the female lead. Then, when I explained how I had sunk my bank account to become co-producer, you really took my problems to heart."

"Slick—"

"I remember your enthusiasm well. You had *just* the right actress for the part—Margot Manning. Unfortunately I had the conviction that this part in 'Hey! Hey! Hey!' was definitely *not* the slot for Margot—"

"Although you had never seen Margot act in your life."

"Although I had never even *seen* Margot in my life," Slick admitted. "But I knew her by reputation. My play needed an actress who was unsophisticated and naïve—and I knew that Margot Manning was about as naïve as Mae West's left eyebrow."

"When I told you Margot Manning could outnaïve the real thing, I meant it," Sargent Blake said.

"Nevertheless—full of a fine spirit of co-operation, you dropped the subject of Margot without a murmur—hardly—and dug up a new, fresh young actress from Olathe, Kansas, I believe it was. You took me out to dinner yesterday with this young lady. You sold her to me. You suggested in your friendly way that I drop into your office today to sign the contract."

Sargent Blake beamed. "Now, we're getting somewhere, Slick." He opened a desk drawer and drew out a sheaf of papers. "Here's the contract, all ready to be—"

SLICK thumped his fist on the desk so hard that it shook the blotter. "Well, I don't sign, see?" he snapped.

"But Slick—"

"Listen, Fatso—less than half an hour ago I got tipped off by a friend of mine that your little *discovery* from Kansas was none other than Margot Manning, dressed up in a plain print dress, with the make-up swabbed off. That's the kind of a double-crossing heel *you* are!"

Sargent Blake shut his eyes, then opened them slowly. "All right, son, you've got me," he said, in a tired voice. "I did it because I knew you were prejudiced against Margot. I was trying to do you a favor, that's all."

"Dear brother rat," Slick said, bitterly.

"Because Margot is perfect for the part. Slick, believe me—"

"For the last time, I'm telling you I *don't* want Margot. I want somebody fresh and—ah, nuts, you know what I want. And I'll give you exactly *one more week* to cast this part. When you get something to show me, you'll find me at the apartment in the morning, at the office in the afternoon and—"

(Continued on page 47)

"Miss Klavis!" Sargent Blake roared. "Come in here! Slick Hammill is kissing a girl and he won't stop it. This is a business office"

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Two-Ton Tony

By Jack Miley

Tony Galento has never been knocked out; has never been knocked down. His ring technique is as freakish as Tony is himself, but it does win fights. Now he is trying to play with the big boys—and he has an interesting proposition for Champion Joe Louis

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Tony Galento is popular with fight fans but not with heavyweight champions

Light lunches before a fight help sustain the TNT Kid

HE'S a baldish, beetle-browed bruiser with stubby arms and piano legs that jut from his roly-poly body like toothpicks from a cocktail party sausage. He is a road company Bull Montana. His thick neck is so short his bullet-shaped head seems to sit on his collarbones. His shoulders are as narrow as a reformer's mind. He has a ponderous paunch and wide hips. He appears to have two left feet, both of which are flatter than a Scranton sport's bank roll after a fling on Fifty-second Street. Going away, he looks like a taxi with the top down.

Boxing writers call him the Water Buffalo, because of his flat, expressionless face, his beady, half-closed eyes and his gaping, thick-lipped mouth. He also is known as Two-Ton Tony, the TNT Kid, the Jersey Night Stick, the Belting Beer Baron, the One-Man Riot and Jersey Lightning. But those same writers who kid him dearly love to watch him fight.

And these writers agree that the butt of their jests can knock down an elephant with a blasting left hook he brings up from his shoetops.

His name is Tony Galento; he fights out of Newark; he has hung up his gloves and quit the game two or three times in his slam-bang career, but at the moment, through a succession of happy circumstances, he ranks with Max Schmeling and Tommy Farr as a challenger of Joe Louis. Tony is a little hammered-down party, who stands no more than five feet ten on tiptoe, and when his weight drops below 240 pounds he starts worrying about anemia. He's practically square in his architecture; as broad as he is tall and taping almost as much around the waist as he does from heel to fetlock.

This amazing athlete has had sixty or seventy fights—he isn't certain himself about the exact number—and he's lost a few here and there that he is reluctant to recall. He has fought on street corners, in bars, on excursion steamers and on trolley platforms, just for fun. His record out of the ring is more impressive than in it. Not that he is strictly a brawler in public places, you understand. He has performed professionally in some elegant arenas before our best folk. He's put up his dukes in Madison Square Garden and its Bowl, in the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds. He has fought in Chicago's White Sox Park, in Detroit's and Cleveland's baseball enclosures and in Philadelphia's and Atlantic City's convention halls.

He has never been knocked out; he has never been off his feet. He has been cut to ribbons and referees have stopped bouts when Tony's face began to look as if he had fallen into an electric fan. This solicitude enrages him, and Galento has taken many a punch at such meddlers. He loves to fight and anybody who tries to stop him had better be prepared to duck.

He is an unorthodox fellow with many idiosyncrasies. He trains on hot dogs and beer. He drives a motorcycle seventy miles an hour over New Jersey highways and swaps free ducats for his next fight for speed tickets with the cops who pinch him. His motorcycling attire is usually a checkered suit, a dented derby hat and a bright red necktie adorned with a diamond stickpin about the size of a locomotive headlight.

Back of the Coalbin

Galento wore out plenty of shoe leather and became permanently hoarse by camping on the trails of five champions in ten years of campaigning. They all ignored him. He tried vainly to get matches with Schmeling, Carnera, Baer and Braddock. But he was bad news and wound up with the morning papers. Now he is concentrating on his sixth, Joe Louis—and if Joe has all his marbles, he'll skip Tony, too.

Tony has a novel proposition. He is obsessed with the idea he can stop Joe. But Louis wouldn't even accept him in his camp as a sparring partner. So Galento has come up with this one:

"I'll fight that Louis down in a cellar for fun, and I don't even care whose cellar it is. We'll go down back of the coalbin, just Joe and me. We'll throw away the rule book and the gloves, too, if it is okay with him. It'll be every man for himself and anything goes. The fellow who comes upstairs first is the winner. I'm not a rich man like Louis, but if Joe wants to make a little side bet, I think I could scrape up about $10,000 to leave on the top step. If I win, the cellar scrap would be unofficial and Joe could give me a regular

(Continued on page 46)

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A Queen's Ransom

By Jonathan Latimer

The Story Thus Far:

WHO, using red ink, signing himself "The Eye," and demanding the payment of fifty thousand dollars, is sending young Penn Essex threatening notes? Who are the persons who, apparently directed by "The Eye," have kidnaped Essex's sister, Camelia?

House guests of Essex in Florida, William Crane, a detective, and his assistant, Thomas O'Rourke, make strenuous efforts to find the answers. They are certain that someone in Essex's house is involved, but who? They interrogate all of the guests: Major Eastcomb, who has matrimonial designs on Camelia; Tony Lamphier, another suitor; the Bouchers—Eve and her husband, Gregory; Sybil Langley, an ex-actress; Dawn Day, a night-club entertainer; and Imago Paraguay, once a Cuban spy, now a professional dancer. They secure some "leads," but nothing comes of them.

One suspect—Roland Tortoni, a night-club owner to whom Essex owes twenty-five thousand dollars—is murdered. Another—Count di Gregario, with whom Camelia is infatuated—seems to be involved; but nothing definite can be charged against him. A third person—Imago Paraguay, who obviously knows something about the case—dies under mysterious circumstances; Crane thinks that she may have been poisoned.

While Crane, O'Rourke and two aides—Doc Williams and Eddie Burns—are following various clues, Essex receives another letter from "The Eye." This time the young man is directed to put fifty thousand dollars in a box and, at 10 A. M. the following day, deposit it under a near-by canal bridge. "No one must ride with you," the writer insists. "No one must follow you. No one must be near the bridge."

Essex is in financial difficulties; he has succeeded, however, in obtaining the ransom money from Camelia's trust-fund administrators. At the specified time, he motors to the bridge (while a radio-equipped airplane circles about in the distance, and an army of observers equipped with revolvers, rifles and telescopes await near by) and leaves the box.

And the box disappears—almost under the eyes of the watchers! Later, a careful search of the surrounding country seems to make it obvious that someone in a diver's suit had taken the money away! But William Crane has other ideas. Back at Essex's house, he summons everyone. Then: "I got you all here," he announces, "because I want a lot of witnesses to what I am going to do. I'm going to surprise you!"

IX

THEY stared at him. "What are you going to do?" asked Wilson.

"I'm going to accuse someone of kidnaping Camelia Essex." Crane finished his glass. "Fix me another, will you, O'Rourke?" He gave O'Rourke the glass. "In fact, I am going to accuse Essex of kidnaping his sister."

"You can't mean that," said Tony Lamphier.

Essex looked at Crane in bewilderment. "What . . . what?"

"Penn!" said Miss Day.

Mrs. Boucher's eyes were wide. "This is a joke."

"Oh, that isn't all," Crane said cheerfully. "I further accuse him of being The Eye."

"This is monstrous!" His face cherry-red, Major Eastcomb moved toward Crane, an arm raised as though he were going to strike him. He looked at Wilson. "Isn't it enough that Penn's gone through what he has without being harassed by a raving lunatic?"

O'Rourke stopped making Crane's drink, watched the major. He was thinking, "Now's my chance to slug him."

"Let him go on," said Wilson. "We'll soon see if he's a lunatic."

"What proof have you of this?" demanded Osborn.

O'Rourke poured Bacardi in with the ice and lime. Crane said, "I have quite a bit of proof." O'Rourke handed him the glass, saying, "Here." Crane took it in his hand. "But first I want to give you my reasons for picking on Essex." The glass was cold, moist.

"Gad!" said Major Eastcomb. "Do we have to listen to this?" He looked at Osborn.

"What are you so scared about, Major?" asked O'Rourke.

"Go ahead," said Wilson to Crane.

CRANE was watching the major. "Well, in the first place, there are the notes. They were always being found on Essex's pillow or in his pocket or someplace like that. Who could put them there easier than himself?"

"All right," said Osborn. "Go ahead."

"He needed money," said Crane. "Tortoni was after him for nearly twenty-five thousand dollars. He couldn't get it from the trust company."

Essex spoke for the first time: "That's foolish, Crane." His voice did not sound angry. "I had the I O U's. I didn't need the money to pay Tortoni."

"You have them now, but you didn't have them a couple of weeks ago. You told me yourself."

"Yes, but . . ."

"Never mind." Crane took a sip of the Bacardi. "You and Tortoni figured you could kidnap Camelia and make fifty grand. I suppose you were going to split it between you. Then Tortoni would call the debt square."

"This is very pretty," said Wilson. "But have you any facts?"

"Wait." Crane was still talking to Essex. "You thought you could write notes to yourself, signed The Eye, and establish the fact that someone, probably a maniac, was threatening the Essex family. Thus the kidnaping would, you thought, undoubtedly be blamed on The Eye.

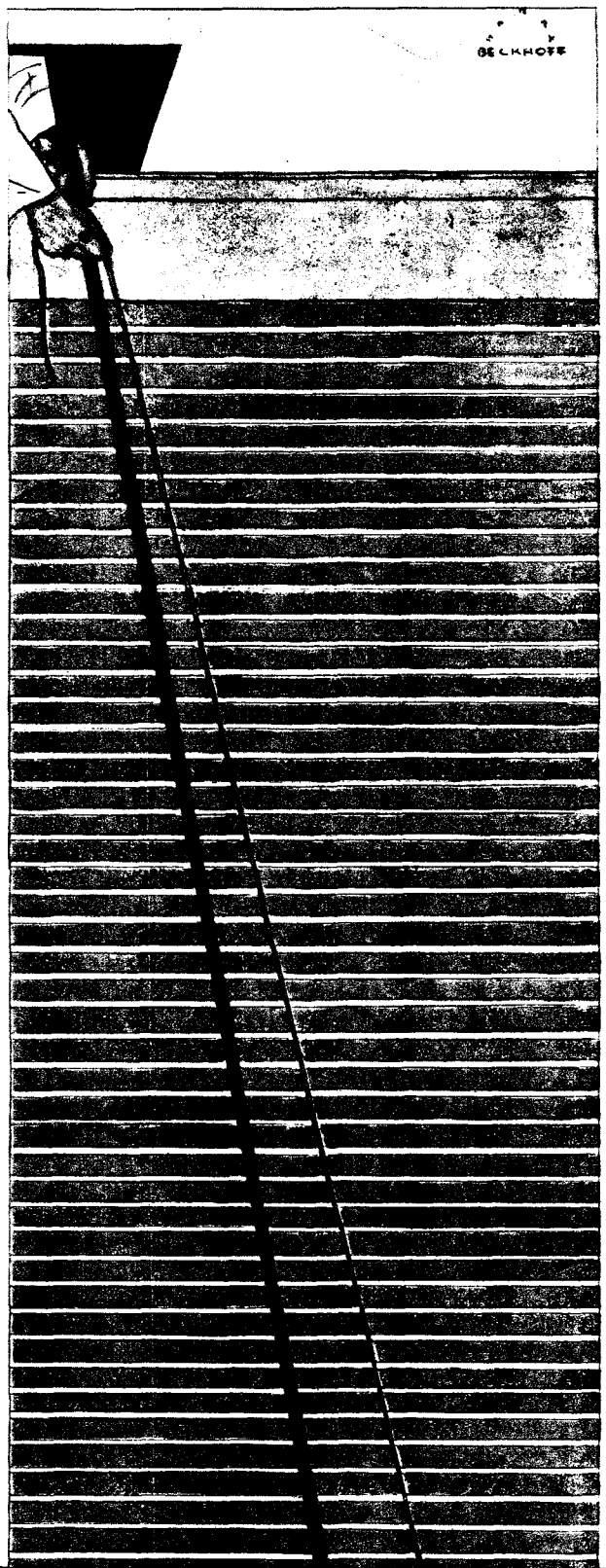
"Then Tortoni's men kidnaped Camelia. You put up a phony fight and one of the men socked you."

"But he did his best to catch them," Tony Lamphier said. "Don't you remember?"

"I remember, all right. I remember that he collapsed just as we were about to overhaul Tortoni's men. It was funny he should pick that particular time to fold, wasn't it?"

"I don't know," said Tony Lamphier.

"When Tortoni was killed *(Continued on page 28)*



HARRY BECKHOFF

Slowly the clawlike blades closed over the package of cigarettes, gently lifted it off the table, pulled it through the hole in the ceiling

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Mutiny in Pachong

By LaSelle Gilman

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

Explaining Rand, the American, who engineered a show that has its finale today on China's bloody battlefields

NOW you have asked me if the things I have read in these old American newspapers here are God's truth and I will tell you frankly, sir, that they are not. Like fables, they are based perhaps on fact, yes. For example, this is certainly the picture of that man Frederick Rand, though taken when he was much younger, and this is his right name in the headline and everything. I assure you that it is not your fault that this story is so wrong and unfair to him.

There were no correspondents in Pachong then or now, and as you admit, your information came over the government wireless from those other white people in that city, and from a few refugees. Those foreigners are really to blame for such inaccuracy: the tobacco and oil men, the missionaries and such. They told you that Rand is a scheming, drunken troublemaker and a dangerous lunatic and an adventurer who deliberately endangered the lives of the entire foreign community that night merely because he wanted revenge for being ostracized. Such absurdities, sir!

I am happy that you were once a Moscow correspondent and can understand my Russian; my English is so poor. I am even forgetting my own language, speaking these Chinese dialects for so long. . . . Moscow is a very fine place, is it not? It was my own home, formerly, a long time ago. . . . Thank you, sir. *Da!* I will have one more of your whisky; and another cigarette, if I may.

It is a small world, I think, that you should have known that man Rand in Japan in former years. You, then, per-

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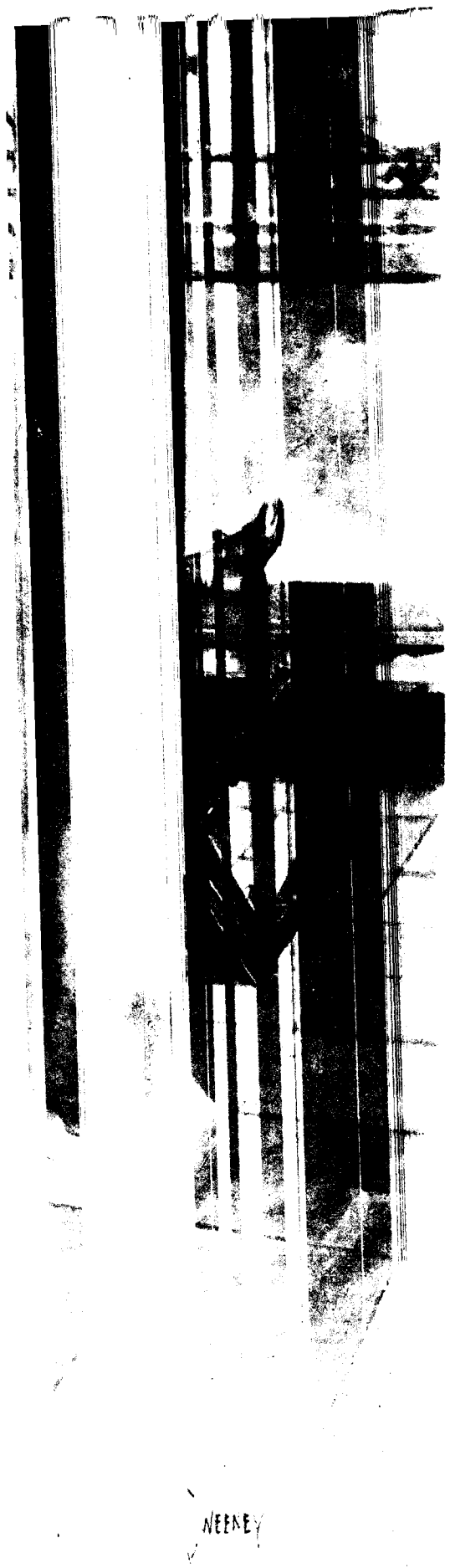

Rand was tied into that chair. When they saw us come in, the Chinese soldiers and the officer began to talk fast to us

haps know more about him than I, and I knew him as well as any of us in Pachong, which was not well at all. He was a strange one to have done what he did, setting the whole world by the ears for a few days. A queer fellow, sir, but I am not one to judge. At any rate, he was not vicious, as he is portrayed in these papers. That he received the Order of the Brilliant Jade from Nanking for what he did there is proof, in spite of the howls from the foreign legations. He was drunk occasionally, and did not care how he looked and snapped his fingers at those other white people in Pachong, but all he really wanted was to be let alone to live his own way in peace, and that is what he is still doing in that city, I am told. And that Japanese woman, Gyo, is still with him.

I may be a romantic, sir, but I think that the real cause of all that trouble at Pachong, with the rioting and fighting and burning and so on, was simply the result of the fact that Rand had one love and Gyo had two: he loved only that Japanese woman, and she loved both him and her own people. That is nearly always true of those Japanese, do you not think? If you like, I will tell you why these papers are very unfair.

This Frederick Rand went to Pachong with the Japanese woman Gyo about five years ago. They came from Japan —you have verified that yourself, sir— and I believe they lived in Peking a time also. He met her when he lived in Japan, he told me once, but I do not know in what circumstances or what she was before. It is unimportant, anyway. He did no work in Pachong of any kind, though he always had some money. Not much. Once every few months he received a letter from America with money, and that was all that ever came to him through the posts, I am certain. His servants had enough money to buy food, and the rest, or most of it, went to a German trader there who imported whisky among other things.

RAND was a very big man who rarely cut his hair or beard, and you would see him walking in the city streets sometimes; he did not seem to care how he looked. He and that Gyo lived in a small Chinese house near the north wall, and they did not mix with other people much. The oil agent once told me that when Rand first came to Pachong the other foreigners had him around to the club. He went there several times and always got drunk and said things that irritated those others—the tobacco and oil men and importers—and the missionaries in particular, who did not want him around. I think that was all right with him, because he did not appear to like them very much either, so after that he stayed away from the club and knew only a few of the Chinese merchants and this Gyo and myself.

You must understand, sir, that this woman Gyo was not what you might expect. She was young and very attractive, and you could tell right away that she had been to school and knew something. She spoke good English and some Chinese. But she was like he was and rarely went away from the house and stayed with him all the time. It was plain as the nose on my face here that she was his slave. Women are very curious people.

Now you know that Pachong is a large walled city, very old, with many people in it, but you can count the white people like us on the fingers of your hands. It is too far back, too far from the coast and the rivers, too isolated for anyone to go there unless one must. The missionaries, like the poor, are always with us, and the usual agents. And there were twenty-five of us in the White Russian guard to the military governor, General Cheng.

But I must tell you about that devil Cheng, because the writing in these papers here is wrong, and sympathetic with him. He is dead now, of course, and a good job too. The people of that region around Pachong called him the Vulture, and it was a good name, with his skinny neck and bald head and yellow, wrinkled face and poppy, shoe-button eyes. He was no fool, sir. He spoke a smattering of English and Russian and Japanese, though I do not know how he learned all this, for he had been a common bandit all his life until the government compromised with him and made him governor of the district. He made a very good thing of that, with his taxes and squeeze and his Nanking pay and his various levies, and he became a rich man. He had the troops to back him up, too, a horde of the hardest-bitten coolies I have ever seen and I have seen many in these last fifteen years. They were all former bandits and the general himself did not trust them and hired white guards for his *yamen* and his private quarters, where he kept his loot and his girls. He had a bulletproof motorcar and we went with him everywhere.

BUT you must realize, sir, that in my position as captain and staff intelligence officer I could not fail to know many things about that General Cheng, his relations with his men and his enemies and his friends and such, and the money he was collecting and the concubines he had at the *yamen*.

Oh, he paid much lip service to the government, *da!* Though he did not remit any taxes—he had collected them twenty-five years in advance. About every three or four months he would issue a long declaration of allegiance, swearing that he would die at the head of his troops if he must, in defense of Chinese territory.

But I had seen messengers and runners in the *yamen,* men who had come from the east where the Japanese were, and I had seen other messengers dispatched by the general to Peking and other cities. I could not help seeing these things and knowing a little about them. All of us in the guard understood this, and it was not hard to add two and two, for we had all known other generals of this type. We knew that Cheng was playing his little game with the Japanese. We did not know exactly what it was but we could guess well enough. And we were convinced that he was attempting to do business with those people. He wanted them to buy him off, and we felt that if he succeeded he would disband his troops, throwing them on the country in small bandit gangs, and he would get away into the north with all that wealth, or perhaps he would take his girls and go to Tokyo, or to the foreign concessions here in Shanghai or in Tientsin. So we had plenty to think about, though we were careful not to speak of it, and it was very disturbing.

Now a very funny thing happened and at first I did not understand it at all, which was stupid, for later it was clear enough to me.

There was a man who came to Pachong, traveling in one of those two-wheeled carts you see in that country, coming in over the mountains from the east on the mud roads in very wet weather, and he stopped in a native inn near the east gate of the city. I heard about him on the first day, because he was a foreigner. The Vulture always insisted on having complete information about all foreigners in his district, and I was responsible for gathering it.

He was a Eurasian named Vries, and they said that they believed him to be Japanese and French. I do not know about the French part. He came from Peking by way of Sianfu, and that is a long distance as you know yourself, sir, having traveled in that region. It is a very hard trip.

So I sent the usual report on this man to General Cheng. Presently the general had me come to him at the *yamen.*

I went to that place and the sentry passed me into the room where the general was sitting at a desk, smoking a long pipe of tobacco. I stood waiting for him, because that was something that always amused him. He liked to make you stand while he looked at you for a long time, and your back would begin to crawl. I have done that many times and I do not know why, but that was the way it was, with those bloodshot black eyes stinging your face.

"I am going home," he said, holding that woman Gyo in his arms

Finally he said to me: "Captain, you need not trouble yourself about this *waikuo jen* who has newly come. You are an industrious man but in this case such industry is unnecessary. I already know what I wish to know about him." General Cheng sometimes spoke to me in Russian and sometimes in Chinese and sometimes he mixed it up, but he was always very formal and polite, as if he were enjoying himself with some little joke or other.

So I bowed and went away, but I was very curious about this and I went to my quarters and sat down and had a cigarette and some of that wretched *huang jo* they drink in that country, and thought hard about it.

THOSE agents of mine had said that this man Vries was buying and selling tobacco in competition with the Englishman who had the Pachong district. They added that in their own opinion he was also selling opium and heroin. It was possible, but as you see, sir, after I had thought about it a while it was not difficult to understand this Eurasian who had come. I sat and wondered if that Vries had not arrived to carry out the final negotiations with the Vulture, and I thought about what would happen to us in the guard. So after that I kept very close track of that Vries fellow, though I did so carefully, not wishing to appear too interested. I knew what he did and where he went and that is how I can tell you now about this Rand. If I had not been so inquisitive, wishing to save my own hide, I would not know so much about that American.

After a few days in Pachong, during which he sent several chits to the general and visited the *yamen* himself once, Vries went one afternoon to Pand's house. He stayed there a short time and the servants told me later that nothing occurred; the Eurasian and the American and this Japanese woman talked together as friends and had a

(Continued on page 50)

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"Maybe I'm not a diplomat and maybe I just don't like that guy," said Eddie. "What happened?" "Conversation — and *this*." Eddie displayed the right sleeve of his coat

The Story Thus Far:

MORTON L. BEMIS, a lawyer from the Middle West, meets a boyhood acquaintance, Andrew North, in New York City, and informs him that he is looking for one Oscar Blunt, a professional dancer using the name of "Eddie Lawson," who (known to Bemis alone) is the owner of stock valued at a quarter of a million dollars. North is a racketeer. Making his plans quickly, he murders the lawyer—and sets forth to find young Lawson.

Stranded in a small Southern town at the time of the murder, Eddie Lawson finally reaches New York. He is accompanied by his friend, Tiny Martin, a musician, and Linda Waring, whom he has married "platonically" so that he can bring her to Broadway and manage her, undisturbed by small-town gossip. Linda, he believes, has a great future as a singer.

While working as master of ceremonies at the Race Course, a tough night club, Eddie meets a man who completely wins him—and Linda—by his charming manner, and his friendly overtures. The man is—Andrew North!

Linda is a success; but only in the less conspicuous night spots. Eddie knows only one person, Vernon Gregg (master of ceremonies at the brilliant Casino de Broadway), who is in a position to help her. Eddie distrusts Gregg, but asks him to give Linda a chance. He agrees.

She makes an instant hit and soon Jan van Dorn, a young man whose wealth and family name are open sesames to the best in Manhattan, becomes interested in her. Not suspecting that she has a husband—she and Eddie have said nothing in New York of their "marriage"—he invites her to motor with him to a polo game, on Long Island. Linda accepts the invitation—after Eddie insists that she do so.

They see the game, start back toward New York. "You know," van Dorn says, "that I like you?" "Why, of course I know it," Linda replies. "I don't mean that way, Linda," van Dorn says slowly. "I mean I *really* like you."

VI

TINY and Honey entered the ultra-swank, ultraelevated, ultrapriced Skytop Room and were escorted to a table not too far from the dance floor. They ordered cocktails and Tiny glanced apprehensively at the menu. "'Prix fixe,'" he quoted, "whatever that means."

"It means you only get stung three-fifty per, plus drinks."

Tiny continued to read. "'No cover charge for dinner guests remaining after ten-thirty.' Honey—I got an idea. We'll spend the night." The large young gentleman gazed about the room. He said, "Imagine Linda being up here."

"That ain't half as peculiar as us being here."

Mr. Martin was stuffed uncomfortably into dinner clothes which fitted him much too closely. Honey Reardon was —to say the least—vivid. Her evening gown, very décolleté, was of scarlet, and she wore a rhinestone hair ornament and carried a gold-beaded evening bag.

The Skytop was one of the most impressive dining rooms in New York. More than fifty stories above the welter of traffic, the view of the city and its environs was breath-taking. The diners were quiet, restrained and correct. Eighty per cent of them were New Yorkers who were not addicted to the mad pace of hectic night spots, the other twenty per cent were from out of town —attracted by the place's glamorous reputation.

There were two bands, a name orchestra which dispensed insinuating dance tunes, and a tango-rumba orchestra. At eight-forty, the famous band leader stepped up to the microphone to announce suavely the first number of the brief show. An enticing young lady from the Argentine danced, and after being politely applauded was followed by a ventriloquist who conducted a smartly sophisticated act with his dummy. Then a young gentleman and an amazingly graceful and beautiful girl put on a dazzling exhibition of table tennis which roused the crowd from its lethargy, and after their paraphernalia had been removed the master of ceremonies announced, "America's newest sensation—Miss Linda Waring."

Linda looked petite and appealing in a beige evening gown which limned her perfect little figure to best advantage. She seemed to belong in this place. The spectators were only mildly interested, even for the first few moments of her initial number.

And then the old trick: the innocent line accompanied by the sweeping, demure, provocative glance—by the startled appearance of shrinking from

(Continued on page 53)

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"I AM ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO PREFER CAMELS" SAYS RALPH GREENLEAF

WORLD'S CHAMPION IN POCKET BILLIARDS

"HEALTHY NERVES ARE A MUST WITH ME!"

Fourteen different times the news headlines have flashed: RALPH GREENLEAF WINS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP. He is counted the greatest pocket billiard player of all time. Cool under fire. Often pulling from behind with brilliant runs of 59 and 76 to win the title.

"Even before I won my first big championship I'd already picked Camel as my cigarette," said Ralph in a special interview, given during his recent championship play in Philadelphia. "I'd say the most important rule in this game is to have healthy nerves. It pays to be sure of the mildness of your cigarette. And on that score, I think, Camels have a lot extra to offer. One of the main reasons why I've stuck to Camels for 20 years is —they don't ruffle my nerves."

And America as a nation shows the same preference for finer tobaccos that Ralph Greenleaf does! Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America

Fencing experts, too, appreciate Camel's finer tobaccos. As BELA DE TUSCAN, the famous instructor, says: "It's such a pleasure to smoke Camels. I usually have a pack of Camels with me—smoke them in between and after bouts. The lightning-fast action in fencing is very tiring, and I welcome the quick 'lift' I get with a Camel."

"I'm devoted to Camels," says HELEN HOWARD, top-flight spring-board diver, of Miami, Florida. "They're my *one* and *only* cigarette! I smoke them steadily. And they don't irritate my throat—not even when I'm sitting around in a wet suit—a target for irritation. Most of the girls I know smoke Camels, too."

JAMES L. CLARK, famous scientist and explorer, says: "I choose Camels for steady smoking—always carry plenty of Camels with me into the wilderness. I haven't found a milder cigarette in the whole wide world. I'm in step with the millions who say: 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' Many's the time I've actually done it."

"The way these light boats bounce around is enough to knock the daylights out of my digestion! That's why I enjoy Camels so much at mealtime. They help my digestion to keep on a smooth and even keel," says MULFORD SCULL, veteran outboard motorboat racer.

DO PEOPLE APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS?

Camel spends millions more for COSTLIER TOBACCOS. They are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic

CAMELS ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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FIRESTONE TRIPLE-SAFE TIRES STOP YOUR CAR UP TO 25% QUICKER

WHETHER the Weatherman says "rain" or "snow," or the traffic signal "stop" or "go," you will always find the non-skid safety every car owner needs, in Firestone Triple-Safe Tires — the only tires made that provide this three-way protection —

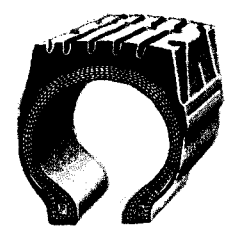
PROTECTION AGAINST SKIDDING. The scientifically designed tread will stop your car up to 25% quicker and the extra-tough rubber resists wear, assuring longer non-skid mileage.

PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS. Every fiber of every cord in every ply is saturated with liquid rubber by the Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process. This counteracts the internal friction and heat that ordinarily cause blowouts.

PROTECTION AGAINST PUNCTURES. Under the tread are two *extra* layers of Gum-Dipped cords which guard against punctures and add strength to the tire.

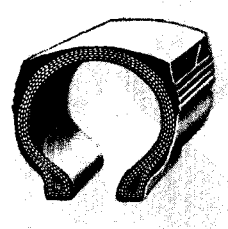
Remember — *your brakes can stop your wheels, but only your tires will stop your car!* Join the Firestone SAVE A LIFE Campaign TODAY by equipping YOUR car with a set of new Firestone Triple-Safe Tires — the safest tires that money can buy. Your nearest Firestone Dealer or Auto Supply and Service Store will tell you how little it costs to make your car tire-safe for winter driving.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks and Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N.B.C. Red Network



(At left) Section of new Firestone Tire. Note protection against skidding, punctures and blowouts

(At right) Section of smooth worn tire which is always susceptible to punctures, blowouts and skidding



Copyright, 1938, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

Firestone
TRIPLE-SAFE TIRES

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Washing Wall Street's Face

Continued from page 13

stocks, one quarter of all the trading was short selling. But, what is more important, the figures reveal that almost one half of all this short selling was done by the members of the exchange for their own accounts.

"We are interested in any extraneous or artificial forces which enter the market and accentuate trends one way or another, and we must constantly analyze the markets to determine the effects of these forces. Of course, it is the province neither of the exchanges nor of the commission to interfere with the basic trends of security prices, though it may be that we jointly have some responsibility to insulate the economic life and business morale—confidence—of the nation against the severity of the shocks which have in the past been the unfailing accompaniment of violent shifts in the trends of security prices, so that the seismograph does not itself create the earthquake. Prices of securities should at all times freely reflect the ups and downs not only of the enterprise against which they are issued but of basic economic conditions. However that may be, certainly the entry of artificial forces, stimulating or accentuating a trend in one direction or another, is of constant concern to the commission and it should become equally the concern of the exchanges."

Blaming the System

This brought us to another of those little-understood phenomena found in Wall Street—the so-called "odd-lot" business. Under the rules of the New York Stock Exchange one may sell or buy most shares only in lots of 100. These are called round lots. However, many small investors and speculators wish to buy in smaller quantities. A lot of shares less than a hundred is called an odd lot. This is the area where the little fellow does his business. Odd-lot trading constitutes from 16 to 21 per cent of all the trades on the exchange—an enormous volume. In 1937, odd-lot investors and traders have bought 10,500,000 shares more than they have sold. They have constituted the most steadying force in the market. The brokers have sold more than they bought, indicating that they have been the depressing energy of the market. The odd-lot buyers average a price of about $35 a share the year around, which means that in eleven months of 1937 they bought $385,000,000 in shares more than they sold. Following this thought, Mr. Douglas continued:

"When a person gives an order to his broker to buy or sell an odd lot, the broker sends the order to the floor of the exchange where the stock is bought from the customer or sold to the customer by a representative of one of the six odd-lot dealer firms which handle all this odd-lot business. This representative, when he has in this manner accumulated about 100 shares, generally sells the 100 shares as a round lot on the exchange. Exactly the converse occurs when the customers' orders are to buy.

"However, the odd-lot dealer is not compelled to do this offsetting buying on the exchange and sometimes he sells considerable amounts of stock in odd lots to his customers—much more than he has on hand—without going into the market to buy the stock in one-hundred-share lots. To the extent that he does not make these purchases in one-hundred-share units, he fails to pass on to the full-lot market the supporting influence of his customers' buying. The result is that although the public is buying stock, the sole fact that this buying is in odd lots means that it may not help support the market.

"For some part of this failure to buy in the full-lot market, there is the reasonable excuse that in some individual stock issues, odd-lot buying orders from the public failed to add up to a full lot, so that offsetting purchases in the full-lot market were not feasible. But this can explain only a part of the amount of stock which odd-lot dealers failed to buy in full lots. Now, it may be that odd-lot dealers are forced to speculate in this manner only out of self-protection, in an effort to recoup losses which they have suffered because they were unable to keep their inventories at a given level without loss. But that is beside the point, the fact remaining that while personal blame may not be attached to them, the system, nevertheless, interferes with the freedom of the market."

"Sign here. It's just a formality" ROBERT DAY

This brought us back to the subject of regulation.

"The commission has in the past made a practice," continued Mr. Douglas, "of permitting the exchanges to adopt as their own the rules governing the trading practices of their members. This method appeared to have two distinct advantages. First, it would permit the necessary elasticity required because of varying conditions on the various exchanges. And, second, it was thought that it would add the weight of the exchange itself as an enforcement agency having jurisdiction over its own members.

"It was thought that government might avail itself of this already established enforcement machinery. We were encouraged in this belief by the exchanges, and consequently not only invited exchange representatives to the drafting table, in these particular matters, but forewent entirely the adoption of any rules of our own in governing such practices. The net result is that of all the rules now in force governing the trading activities and practices of members of the New York Stock Exchange, in accordance with the requirements of the law, not one was formally adopted by this commission. True, this adoption by the exchange was at the suggestion of the commission but only after full consultation with the exchange. And in no case where the exchange refused to act did the commission promulgate its own rule. In short, all of them are the exchange's rules and are enforceable primarily by it."

Trading in the Dark

Chairman Douglas does not at this time indicate the exact lines along which he believes the exchanges, particularly the New York Stock Exchange, should reorganize their administrative procedures in order to equip themselves for the important role which he believes they should play in the national regulatory program. He points out, however, that the job of running a large exchange has become a full-time job. He indicates his doubts as to whether men who must first look after their own businesses can devote sufficient time and thought to the countless problems of the administration and enforcement of exchange rules. And he also questions the effectiveness, from a public standpoint, of having active exchange members enforce the regulations under which they and their friends must live. All this might seem to indicate that he favors a full-time, paid personnel, with the key executives chosen from outside the active ranks of exchange membership. He sticks to the point that he believes the job of working out the blueprints of any such program of reorganization and reconstitution should be left to the exchanges. In his mind, any plan which will accomplish the objectives is satisfactory.

There is one phase of the program, however, on which he seems to have more concrete ideas. That relates to the size of exchange memberships. His view on that subject follows:

"Any fair approach to the problems confronting exchanges must soon meet the question as to whether the exchanges should attempt to provide a livelihood for their present huge memberships. In short, are the exchanges attempting to feed too many mouths? The prolonged periods of great activity in the 'twenties provided an income sufficient perhaps to justify a 25 per cent increase in the membership of the New York Stock Exchange. But the vast changes which have occurred are well known. Not only was there a normal shrinkage in volume as the national speculative fever died down, but a very substantial portion of trading activity (the kind that bred more activity) was wiped away forever (we hope) when manipulation was outlawed. But the principal overhead of the exchanges, their membership, has never been reduced. It may be that, until such a deflation occurs, there will always be a substantial obstacle in the way of any attempt to reconstitute the exchanges as public market places. Certainly that kind of economic pressure is a great deterrent to the growth of realism in facing squarely not only the advent of governmental regulation, but also the growth over the past twenty years of an enormous public interest in the market.

"This commission has and must continue to have a scientific approach to the solution of the many problems which lie before it. We are not a debating society. Our judgments must be reached in the light of cold facts—not hot air. We are out to get every fact that it is possible for us to lay our hands on which may in some way throw light. We do not pretend to know all that there is to know about the exchanges, but it is significant that our scientific methods have already produced a flow of information and facts which, until we came along, were never known before. For example, nobody ever knew what proportion of the trading on stock exchanges was done by 'insiders'—that is, the members of the exchange and their partners. And nobody ever knew before how much of that insider trading was done actually on the floor of the exchange and how much originated in the offices of the partner firms. Now the Securities and Exchange Commission publishes these figures regularly. Nobody ever knew before what part of the trading on exchanges was done by the 'little fellow' in odd lots—that is, what proportion of the trading was in less than 100-share lots. Now we publish these figures regularly. So you see in just those two items alone we have accounted, in at least one way, for over one third of the total trading.

"As a matter of fact, incredible though it may seem, nobody ever knew before exactly how many shares were traded on any given day or in any given period. The public and even the exchange members had to rely upon what is known as 'ticker volume'—that is, the transactions actually recorded on the ticker, and many transactions never do appear on the ticker. Now we get and publish all the full volume of trading, including all transactions.

"I don't pretend that by themselves any of these facts and figures can conclusively prove anything. But I do know that without them any attempt for a reasonable regulation of the securities markets would be merely a game of blindman's buff."

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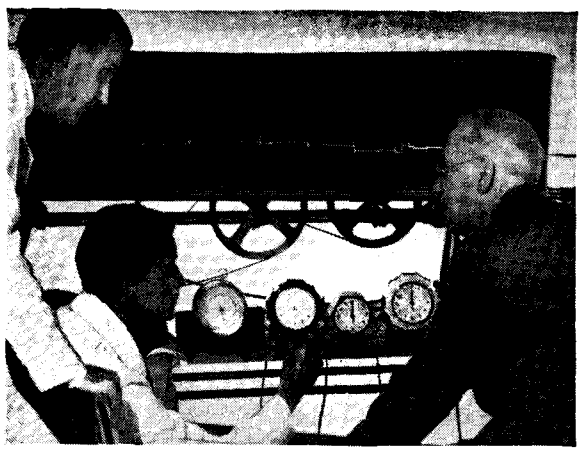
THE ONLY THING THAT in an ELABORATE SERIES



At night, a special apparatus attached to each bed showed whether the sleepers had slept restfully or not. Clocks showed the exact time spent by each sleeper in restless *"Tossing and Turning."* A rotating "smoked" chart showed the exact movements made by the sleepers at night . . .

In the morning all the sleepers were required to report, among other things, upon whether they felt well-rested or not. The sleepers' combined reports upon this point were *carefully tabulated and statistically analyzed* . . .

On certain nights sleepers received (for example) a sandwich at bedtime—a cup of hot milk—or one or another of two well-known sleep drugs . . . *None of these made sleep more restful, according to the sleepers' own reports!*

In a 3-year investigation in a leading American University, Ovaltine was the only thing of all that were tested which improved the QUALITY of SLEEP

36 People Slept 6,800 Test-Nights

TESTS CONDUCTED BY MEN NOTED FOR SLEEP RESEARCH

AN investigation recently completed in a leading University throws new light on a problem that has perplexed many people for years.

Have you ever heard it said that, *"Almost any hot drink will aid sleep"?*

This is apparently not true—and this investigation seems to prove it. The investigation took a total of over three years to complete. It was conducted by men known for their sleep research. It was participated in by 36 men and women of various ages, who slept for a total of 6,800 test-nights!

It was an impartial, independent study—conducted for scientific purposes.

Method Used . . .

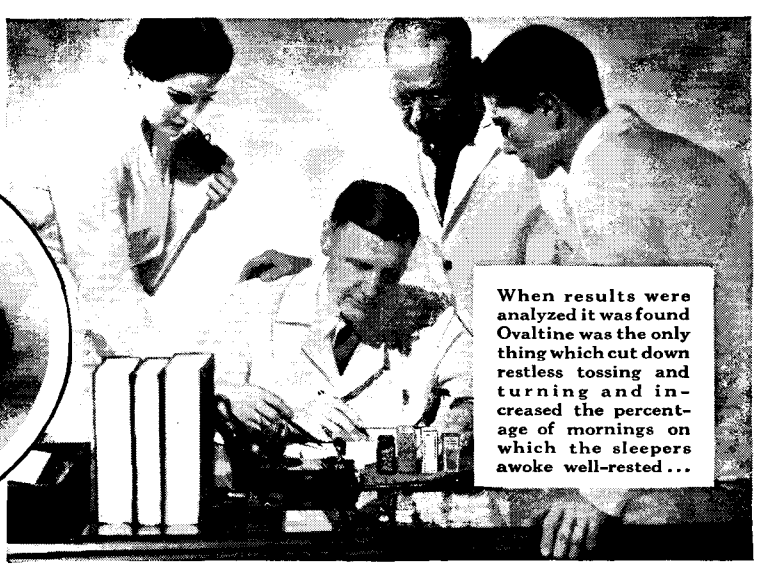
First, the investigators determined—by scientific methods—the normal sleeping habits of the persons to be used in this test. Then, as one phase of the investigation, they gave each sleeper various things to "take" at night. *For example*:—

On some nights each sleeper was given a sandwich at bedtime. On other nights a cup of hot milk . . . On other nights each sleeper received one or another of two widely-used sleep drugs . . . And on other nights, each sleeper was given a cup of Ovaltine—made either with milk or with water . . . *Ovaltine was included in the investigation at the wish of the investigators* because it is so widely used as a sleep aid . . .

In this phase of the investigation Ovaltine was the only thing tested which improved the quality of sleep! *Nothing else did.* Nothing else cut down the restless movements of the sleepers at night. Noth-

Results were checked—and re-checked, to avoid any possibility of error. No doubt remained that, of all the things which were included in the experiment, Ovaltine *alone* gave better sleep! *It did this whether taken hot or cold.*

(BELOW) On certain nights, each individual was given a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime. Of all the things tested in this investigation, *it alone improved the quality of sleep . . . !*



When results were analyzed it was found Ovaltine was the only thing which cut down restless tossing and turning and increased the percentage of mornings on which the sleepers awoke well-rested . . .

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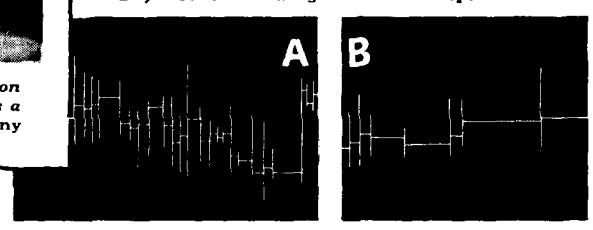
IMPROVED SLEEP OF EXPERIMENTS!..

All sleepers were required to report not only upon how well they had slept but when they went to bed—how they had spent the evening; and all factors having any relation to their sleep. Thus "variables" were carefully taken into account.

Under each bed a mechanism attached to the bedsprings helped to keep a record of the tossings and turnings of the sleepers at night. In this way it was possible to measure the exact amount of each sleeper's restless movements as he slept.

Sleep drugs, too, were included in this test. *Their known action was confirmed—thus confirming the accuracy of the test as a whole* . . . But they did not improve the *quality* of sleep in any way. Ovaltine was the only thing tested which did that . . . !

The charts below give a record of the "tossings and turnings" of two sleepers . . . Note in chart at left ("*A*") that this sleeper moved frequently: a sign of poor sleep. The other sleeper (*chart "B"*) moved less—a sign of better sleep.



ing else increased the number of mornings on which they awoke well-rested.

A special apparatus recorded the movements of the sleepers at night (*a recognized scientific method of measuring the quality of sleep*). Ovaltine reduced the number of restless movements . . . thereby making sleep more restful.

Each morning the sleepers reported on whether they felt well-rested or not. Ovaltine was the only thing tested which gave a feeling of greater well-being on awakening.

Thus Ovaltine, and Ovaltine alone, improved the quality of sleep!

Summary of Results:—

1. Taking food at bedtime (*a sandwich*) did not seem to improve sleep . . .

2. Taking a cup of hot milk at bedtime also did not improve sleep.

3. Of the two sleep drugs which were tested, one brought quicker sleep and the other *prolonged* sleep. (*These results were to be expected from medical experience.*) But neither drug made sleep more restful or gave a feeling of being better-rested on waking up the next morning.

4. Ovaltine gave a definite improvement in sleep whether taken hot or cold, in milk or in water—thus establishing that it was Ovaltine, and it alone, which improved the quality of sleep and created the feeling of being better-rested in the morning!

Ovaltine is not a drug. It is a food, as pure and wholesome as any food in Nature. *Millions use it as the drugless way to sound, natural sleep.*

A study of the investigation indicates that to secure the fullest benefit from Ovaltine it should be taken regularly—not just "once in a while." Since it is not a drug, it is not habit-forming. But it is a mighty good habit to form.

So make a habit of it. It is delicious. You'll like it. And it's very easy to prepare.

Just make Ovaltine your "Nightcap" every night for the next three weeks, and see if you don't sleep better. See if you don't wake up in the mornings feeling more rested and ready for the day!

We believe you'll find it's a mighty fine thing to take *regularly*. You can get it at all grocery and drug stores.

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A Queen's Ransom

Continued from page 19

it left Essex alone in the plot, but he decided to carry it through. The fifty grand would come in handy. So he wrote the note giving the directions for the delivery of the money."

Everyone was listening quietly now.

"Then he went out under our eyes," Crane continued, "and made the gesture of paying over the money to The Eye. He returned to wait with us for the release of Camelia, but I don't think that will ever happen."

"Why not?" asked Tony Lamphier.

"I think she's dead."

Voices rose in incredulous conversation. Essex said, "No! No! She can't be dead." His face was wild. Major Eastcomb said of Crane, "The man's mad." Miss Langley said in a graveyard whisper, "I knew she was dead; I knew . . ."

Wilson demanded, "Why do you think she's dead?"

"When a kidnaper sends a ransom note he usually has the victim write on it to prove he or she is alive."

Major Eastcomb said, "But The Eye mentioned Froggy, a toy only Camelia would know about."

"Essex, writing the note, would know about Froggy."

Osborn pushed black hair off his forehead. "But who is the accomplice? Who collected the money?"

"Nobody."

"But the diver's suit . . . ?"

"It was a plant. Essex put it there last . . ."

Miss Day screamed. Her voice echoed shrilly in the patio. With an overhand sweep, like a soldier throwing a hand grenade, O'Rourke flung a Bacardi bottle, hit Essex a glancing blow on the top of his head. He fell, spinning, to the tile floor, lay there under everyone's astonished eyes. An automatic pistol slipped from his outstretched right hand, skidded across the patio, came to rest at the base of a boxed palm. The Bacardi bottle shattered against the side of the swimming pool.

"Thanks, Toots," O'Rourke said to Miss Day.

Crane walked over to Essex, jerked off his linen coat. He ripped off Essex's shirt, not bothering to unbutton it, and then pulled his undershirt up over his head. He unfastened a brown canvas inner belt around Essex's hips, emptied the contents of the rectangular pockets on the red tiles in front of Wilson.

"Money," said Wilson.

THE bills were so clean they looked counterfeit. Essex groaned. The bills were cabbage-green.

"There's your proof," said Crane.

Osborn and Major Eastcomb knelt on the floor, began to count the money. Wilson asked, "How does he have it?"

Crane said, "He hid the money on the way to the bridge. Under the bridge he tore up the cardboard box, tossed the pieces in the canal."

"How'd you figure it?"

"Easy." Crane fumbled in his pocket, found the water-soaked piece of cardboard. He gave it to Wilson. "This spilled the beans."

Wilson read the printing on the cardboard. " 'lifo'. What does that mean?"

"He had a prune box. Where do prunes come from?"

"California."

"Sure. 'lifo' is part of California. California prunes. O'Rourke found this piece near the bridge."

Miss Day was kneeling beside Essex, was offering him a drink of rum. "This'll make you feel better." O'Rourke had retrieved the pistol.

Wilson's face was puzzled. "I still don't see what finding a piece of the box by the bridge proves."

"The tide." Crane got his drink from the table. "It runs six hours one way, then six the other. It was running inland when we reached the bridge around one o'clock, but it had almost stopped. That meant it was running pretty fast inland when Essex was under the bridge at ten o'clock. If there had been a diver he would have grabbed the box and hurried back to the bushes with it. He wouldn't have waited under the bridge to open the box."

"No, I guess not," Wilson said.

"Well, if there had been a diver it would have been impossible for O'Rourke to find a piece of the box near the bridge. The tide was going inland, so any pieces he threw in the water by the bushes would have gone toward the Everglades."

"I get it." Wilson nodded his head. "The piece by the bridge indicated the box had been torn up by the bridge."

"That's what gave me the idea about Essex," Crane said. "And then, when we found the diver's suit, it was too much like a plant. I also wondered if a diver could walk under water against the tide. It goes pretty fast in that canal."

HANDS full of bills, Osborn came up off his knees. "This can't be the ransom money," he said. "There's only nineteen thousand dollars here."

Crane said. "Have someone look in the car."

Osborn and the detective went into the house. Essex sat up. His eyes went from one to another of them in dazed appeal. "Brown . . ." he began.

"Not me." Brown was standing beside Craig. "You're all alone in this jam, buddy."

The sun was bright in Miss Day's yellow hair. "Take some of this," she said, holding a glass of rum in front of Essex. He pushed it away.

Wilson said, "Then you think the men who actually kidnaped Miss Essex were hired by Essex?"

"By Tortoni," Crane said.

"That's the same thing."

"Not exactly."

Miss Langley suddenly began to babble. "This is impossible . . . The Essexes . . . such a disgrace . . ." Disconnected sentences, phrases came from her lips. "I knew it . . . my poor sister . . ." Her violet eyes seemed as large as the tops of two mason jars.

"Take her away," Crane told the nurse. "Put her to bed."

Miss Langley allowed the nurse to lead her to the house.

"A rummy," Crane explained to Wilson.

Osborn and the detective came running onto the patio. "Here's the rest of the money," Osborn said. His voice was excited.

"Forty thousand dollars," said the detective. Bills in rubber-banded bundles were heaped like kindling wood in his arms. "And the oilskin wrapper, too."

"That's nine thousand extra," said Wilson.

Crane said, "This is the first time in history a cop ever got back more money than was lost."

"I guess we can arrest him," said Osborn. "We'll charge him with kidnaping."

"You better make it murder," said Crane.

Essex struggled to his feet. "No! No!" O'Rourke got ready to club him with the pistol. "She's not dead. She can't be dead."

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"How do you know?" asked Crane.

"Tortoni told his men to take care of her. They weren't to harm her." Essex's face was the color of mashed potatoes; his lips trembled; his hands were clenched. "I wouldn't kill my sister."

"Not much," said Crane. "Where is she?"

Essex walked stiff-legged to a chair, sat down. "I don't know. Tortoni had charge of the hiding place."

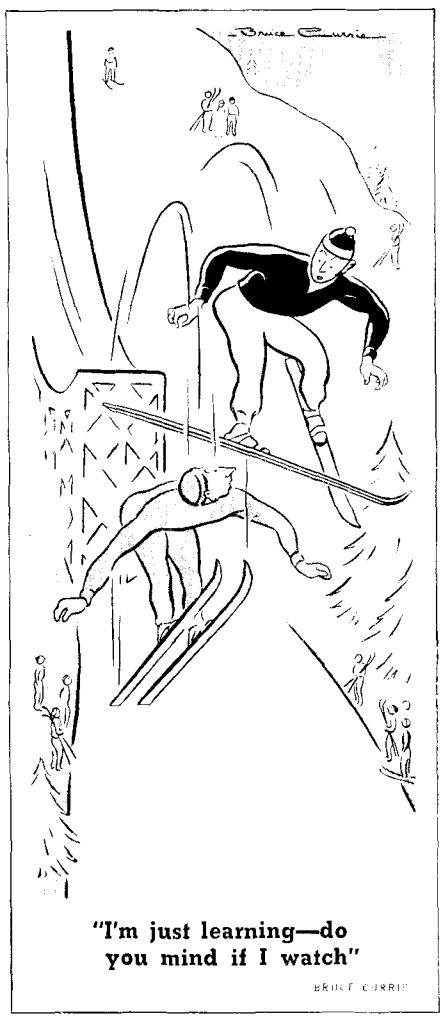
Osborn said, "Then you do admit conniving with Tortoni in the kidnaping of your sister?"

"Yes." Essex pressed his head with his palms. "Tortoni forced me to help him."

"Yeah?" Crane said. "What makes you so sure Camelia's safe?"

"Tortoni promised nothing would happen to her."

Crane disgustedly drained his glass. "I wish I was as dumb." He turned to



"I'm just learning—do you mind if I watch"

Wilson. "Tortoni probably had Miss Essex murdered."

Essex was silent.

Wilson asked, "If your sister is alive, how will we get her back?"

"We'll just have to wait."

"Will they return her without word from Tortoni?"

Essex's voice cracked with anguish. "That's what I don't know. I thought if they heard the ransom was paid they'd let her go. That's why I collected the ransom."

Major Eastcomb walked around Miss Day to Essex. "Don't worry, Penn. I'll get a lawyer. We'll have you out on bail."

"We'll make the bail high," said Osborn. "Kidnaping comes high."

"Make the charge murder," said Crane. "You can't bail out a murderer. Charge him with the murder of Imago Paraguay," said Crane.

SUNLIGHT, coming through the open French window in Imago Paraguay's room, cast a white rectangle on the floor.

Crane sat on the green chaise longue, propped one of the satin pillows behind his head, covered a yawn with the back of his hand. "The big show'll continue in a minute, gentlemen," he said.

Wilson and Osborn stood in the middle of the room, their eyes admiring the gray silk drapes around the French windows, the huge rose, blue and gray Chinese rug, the hand-carved double bed with the emerald silk spread. Back of them, by the door, were Tony Lamphier, Miss Day, Major Eastcomb and the Bouchers. Essex, handcuffed to the Miami detective, had been left downstairs.

Crane admired Miss Day and her flowered silk pajamas. Her hair was the color of a new penny. She was looking at the ceiling.

Presently O'Rourke's voice came through the nearest of the steel ventilators to the bed. "This the one?"

"Yeah," said Crane.

O'Rourke's fingers hooked themselves around a portion of the steel grille, lifted it out of its place. The foot-square hole in the ceiling looked black.

Wilson said, "You can't tell me anybody got through that."

"They didn't." Crane sat up on the chaise longue. "I'll show you." He looked from Miss Day to the major. "Where's Céleste?"

"Here, monsieur." Céleste had evidently been standing in the hall. She was trim in her black-and-white maid's uniform.

"DID you not put Miss Paraguay's sleeping tablets on the table by the bed each night, Céleste?"

"Yes, monsieur." Her face was pert. "It was at her orders."

"Thank you." Crane's eyes went to Wilson and Osborn. "Essex came in here after dinner and replaced her sleeping capsules with similar capsules filled with cyanide. Then at bedtime Imago took her usual capsules with water just before she turned off the light. The gelatinous material of which the outside of the capsules is made took some time to dissolve in her stomach—perhaps ten minutes—but when it did, bang!" Crane snapped his fingers. "The cyanide would take less than two minutes to do the job."

"Why didn't she scream out?" asked Tony Lamphier.

"My guess is that she was already asleep . . . that she died in her sleep."

"Very fine," said Osborn. "But how do you account for the fact that the box found on the table was filled with harmless sleeping capsules?" His beard, growing in patches, was coal-black and it had come out since morning. It made his long face look dirty.

"That's what I'm going to show you." Crane got off the chaise longue, put an unopened package of cigarettes on the table beside the bed. "This is the box filled with cyanide capsules." He bent his neck, eyed the ceiling. "Do your stuff, O'Rourke."

The pruning pole which O'Rourke had obtained from the gardener appeared through the hole in the ceiling, stretched to the table. Slowly the clawlike blades closed over the package of cigarettes, gently lifted it off the table, pulled it through the hole in the ceiling.

"There!" said Crane.

Osborn gaped at the hole. "Clever. Then all Essex had to do was to put the regular sleeping capsules in the box and lower it to the table."

"Exactly," said Crane.

"But what made you sure it was murder?" Osborn asked. "Why couldn't it have been suicide?"

"There were two small scars on the barbital box, as though somebody had tried to cut it with a pair of scissors. That's how I got the pruning-pole idea."

Mrs. Boucher's aristocratic face was pale. "I suppose that's how Penn got the notes on your bed, Mr. Crane?" She was a handsome woman.

Crane nodded.

"I get the idea." Wilson's shoulders

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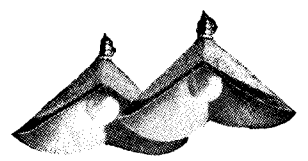

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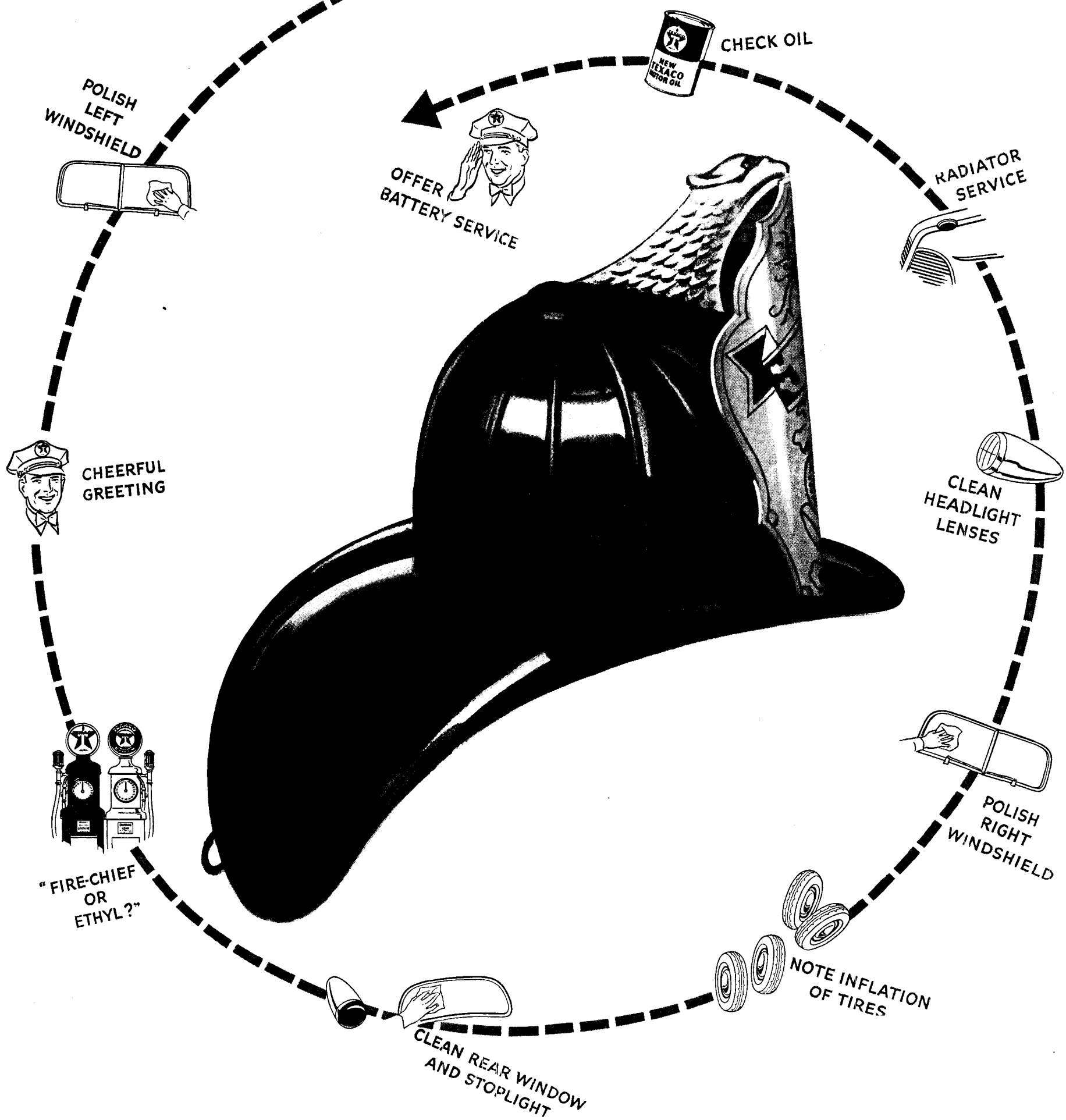

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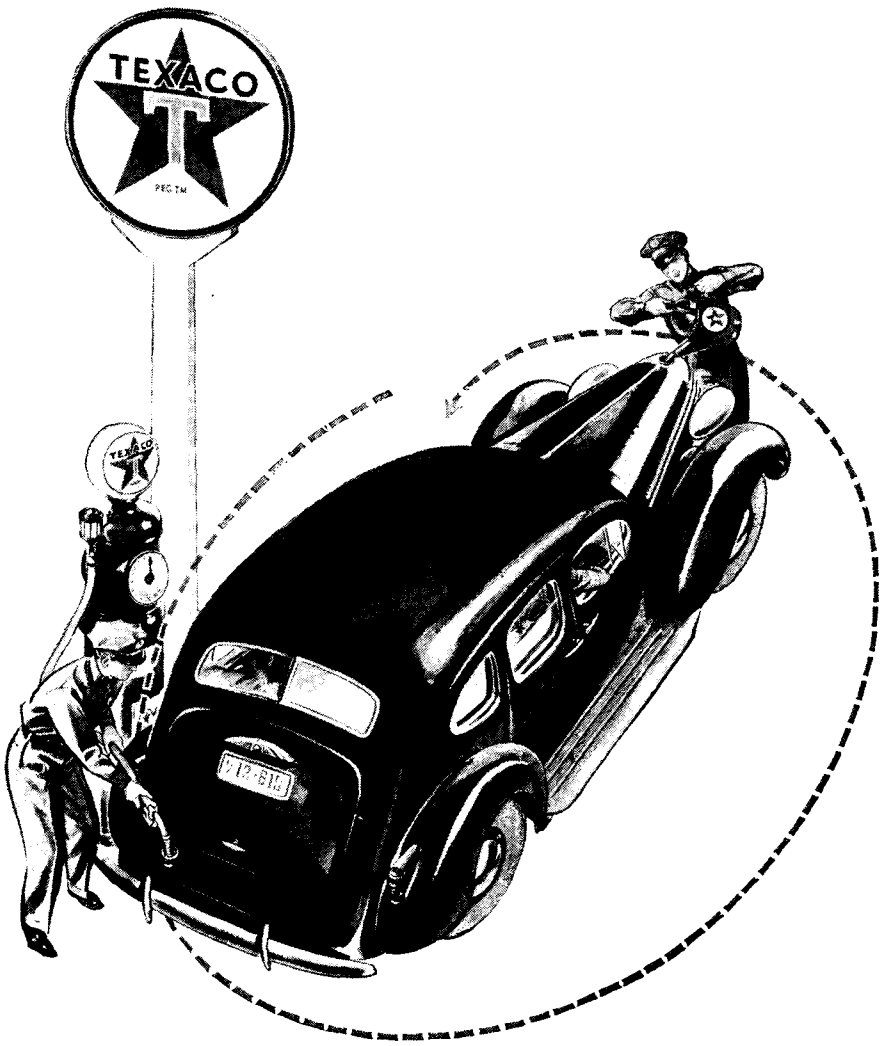

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twitched. "But why does it have to be Essex up there? Why couldn't it be anybody in the house?"

Crane began, "I'll tell . . ."

O'Rourke's voice came through the hole. "Do you want anything more? It's hot as hell up here."

"Give me those cigarettes," said Crane.

"The Eye returns nothing," said O'Rourke's voice in a graveyard basso. "Goom-by."

Crane went back to the chaise longue. "One reason I suspected Essex was something that happened to Miss Day." Her blue eyes rounded in astonishment. "On the night Imago was killed she barked her shins on a chair in Essex's dressing room."

"I'll say I did," Miss Day said.

"Her door was locked, she had forgotten the key, so she went in through Essex's rooms."

Wilson began, "But . . ."

"The chair she fell over was under a trapdoor to the attic."

"Aah!" said Wilson.

Crane continued, "I think Essex was up in the attic at that time."

Major Eastcomb said, "He was asleep in the library. He'd taken a sleeping powder."

"So he said. But did anybody see him there?"

"I saw his shoes," said the major. "He was sleeping under a green blanket."

"That's what I heard from Miss Day and O'Rourke." Crane scratched the back of his head. "And that's what made me certain he wasn't there. Can you imagine sleeping under a blanket in this weather?"

"By Gad!" exclaimed the major. "Just his shoes, eh?"

"Still another thing gave him away," Crane continued. "He told me, when I first came, that Tortoni had his I O U's, but wasn't trying to collect them. Then Essex showed me the I O U's, said Tortoni had given them to him two weeks ago. That meant he had lied, one way or the other."

"Those the I O U's we found on him?" asked Osborn.

"Yeah. Twenty-four thousand worth. He got 'em from Imago."

"How do you figure that?"

CRANE *leaned against the back of the* chaise longue. "They weren't found among Tortoni's effects. Imago was Tortoni's mistress and she had been put in the house to see Essex didn't try any funny business. She'd be likely to have them."

Tony Lamphier looked very tall, very handsome beside Miss Day. His black hair, his black, arched eyebrows contrasted with the pallor of his skin. "You think Penn got the I O U's when he exchanged the tablets?"

"I think after she had taken the poison. She probably had her purse on the table beside her bed. All Essex had to do, after he had put back the harmless tablets, was to grab the purse with that pole of his."

Wilson said, "It works out very well, but it's all supposition."

"Not all." Crane adjusted the pillow under his neck. "The purse was found in the patio, under my window. I think maybe Essex planned to incriminate me in some way. In this purse, along with the I O U's, had been the nine thousand dollars Imago had won at the Blue Castle. She and I were both paid in thousand-dollar bills."

"Ah!" Wilson's thin face was pleased. "The extra nine thousand dollars we found on Essex. If we could only prove it was her money."

"Get out the thousand-dollar bills you found on Essex," Crane said.

Osborn undid the oilskin packet, sorted out the thousand-dollar bills. "There're nine of them, all right."

"Smell them," Crane said.

Osborn held the bills to his nose. "Sandalwood!"

"Imago's sandalwood," Miss Day exclaimed.

"Sure." Crane took out his money. "They picked up the smell of sandalwood in her purse." He held the money toward Osborn. "Mine doesn't smell and I won it at the same time."

Osborn sniffed the money, said, "No, it doesn't."

Crane put his bills back in his inside coat pocket, fastened them with a safety pin. "Is that convincing enough?" He caught Miss Day's eyes on him, grinned, patted the pocket.

"Yes." Osborn put the bills back with the ransom money. "But I don't see Essex's motive for murdering Miss Paraguay."

"There was plenty of motive. She was undoubtedly trying to force Essex, after Tortoni was killed, to cut her in on at least half the ransom money. She was holding the I O U's over his head. And she was in a position to blackmail him the rest of his life."

Wilson agreed, "She had him, all right."

CRANE was thinking Imago had made the date with him, primarily, to frighten Essex. She had probably threatened to reveal the plot. Essex, then, had pretended to grant whatever she wanted. She had gone to bed, thinking that Crane would knock at her door and, receiving no answer, go back to his room.

Osborn asked, "Do you think Essex had a hand in the actual kidnaping?"

"No. Tortoni hired the men. They probably don't know Essex is involved in any way."

"It's funny, now Tortoni's dead, that the men don't let Miss Essex go."

"I wonder if they know he's dead."

"They must have heard of it."

"If they're in a boat, or on some island, they may not have heard anything."

Wilson said, "We better take Essex to the county jail."

Osborn persisted, "But what will the men do if they don't get word from Tortoni?"

"God knows," Crane said.

Tony Lamphier said, "We've got to *find her.*"

Osborn asked, "Do you think Essex knows where they are?"

"I'm sure he doesn't."

"But how will we find her?"

"I wish I knew."

Wilson said, "Let's be going." He held out a hand to Crane. "You're clever. We'll let you know if anything develops."

"Thanks."

"If you ever come to Washington, look me up."

"I never come to Washington," said Crane.

Everyone except Tony Lamphier left the room. Crane rested on the chaise longue, wished he had a drink.

O'Rourke walked in.

"I've been asking Essex about his sister. He thinks she's in a boat."

"We know that," Crane said.

"I'm just telling you what he said, wise guy." O'Rourke's manner was aggrieved. "He said he gave Tortoni two rods and reels for the guys that took her to use."

"Rods and reels?"

"Yeah. You know. Rods and reels."

Crane sat up abruptly. "Moses!" he exclaimed. "I know where she is."

THEY cruised across a crème de menthe ocean under a sky so brilliantly blue it hurt their eyes. Far astern, spears on the horizon, were the palms of Key West, and ahead was a flat sea.

"It's calm, isn't it?" said Tony Lamphier.

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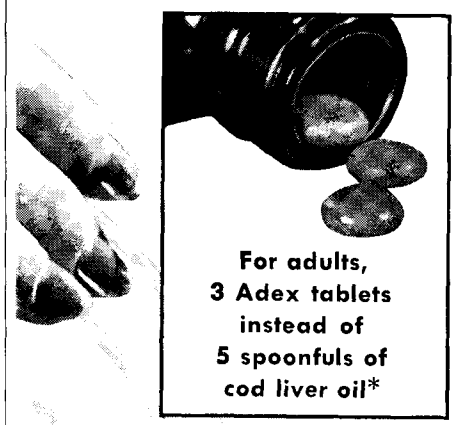

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Crane was leaning over the stern. They were in shoal water and he could see alternate patches of weeds and sand on the six-fathom bottom. "It's a good thing," he said. Two small jacks, moving like rays of light, fled from the thrashing propeller.

"Are you a bad sailor?"

"I'm not any kind of a sailor."

His face so rough, so crimson, it looked like raw hamburger, Captain Luther Binton stood by the wheel, kept his boat pointed toward Dry Tortugas. He was an old man, but his back was stiff, his blue eyes were keen. He had on brown shoes, blue serge trousers and a white shirt, and on his right arm was tattooed a blue anchor.

Crane asked him: "Do you think you can find it?"

Captain Luther wasted few words. "I kin if anybody kin." His hair was perfectly white.

"You'll certainly know the boat, won't you?"

"I said I seen 'em. I seen 'em shootin' sailfish with a tommy gun."

Lamphier asked, "What are we going to do if we spot them?" New lines at the corners of his eyes gave his long face maturity. He had a good jaw line, wide-apart eyes under arched brows, pleasant lips. Crane wondered why he had disliked him at first.

He replied, "Just spot them. O'Rourke and the other boys are getting a boat with a machine gun."

"Won't seeing us alarm them?"

"They'll think we're a fishing party on our way to Tortugas. After dark we can sneak back to Key West."

"And pick up O'Rourke?"

"Yeah."

They were in deeper water now and the color of the sea had changed from cucumber-green to a rich blue.

"My God, I hope we find her," said Lamphier.

IN THE west, almost ahead of them, the sun looked like a red-hot coal. The water was blue-black. It was still hot. Captain Luther grunted, turned the boat slightly to the starboard.

"See something?" asked Crane.

"A vessel."

Crane squinted at the setting sun, but he could make out nothing on the viscous surface of the ocean. The water appeared oily. Beside him, Tony Lamphier asked in a tense voice, "Where?"

"You'll see," said Captain Luther.

Presently, so close it surprised them, they saw a black and mahogany cruiser. It was a larger boat than theirs and it looked as though it were a part of the ocean. It was motionless in the water and two men, seated in wooden chairs, were fishing from the stern. KATE—MIAMI was painted on the stern.

"That's her," said Captain Luther.

They passed within forty feet of her. Crane could hear Tony Lamphier's breath wheeze through his nostrils. One of the men was fat and he had on a white shirt with the collar tucked in, so that he appeared to be clad in his underwear. The other man was a blond with a face like granite. Both men looked hostile. Crane waved a hand, but neither replied.

The pair watched them as the gap between the boats widened. Suddenly the fat man stood up, ducked into the cabin, reappeared an instant later with another man. This man cast a quick glance at Crane and Lamphier, spoke angrily to the two men, and darted back into the cabin.

"Can you get a little more speed out of her?" Crane asked the captain. "I'm afraid we've been recognized."

"She'll burn out a valve if I give her any more."

"You better burn out a valve."

The Kate was getting under way. She had powerful engines and the spray mounted her bow. She swung in a quick circle, started after them. There were four men on her deck now.

"They better not hurt my boat," said Captain Luther.

The Kate came up fast.

Captain Luther shut off the engine, let the boat coast. "They got the legs," he said. He reached up on a shelf back of the wheel, took down a three-foot piece of pipe.

The roar of the Kate's engines ceased; the Kate slid up beside them. The plump man with the turned-in shirt pointed at Crane. "That's him, ain't it, Frankie?" he said. He had a tiny red mouth, like a bloodsucker.

Frankie had no lobe on his left ear. His bare chest was tanned almost black under coarse hair. "Bring 'em on board," he snarled. His face was pock-holed. He was a stocky man. There was a plaster bandage on his left shoulder.

THE boats rubbed sides, clung together. The plump man started to leave the Kate. Frankie had a sub-machine gun in his hands. Captain Luther moved toward the plump man, lifted the piece of pipe, said, "No, you don't." The boats, deck touching deck, made a creaking noise like a rusty door.

The plump man suddenly had a pistol in his hand; he fired it once. An angry welt appeared on the side of Captain Luther's forehead; the pipe, released, clanged on the deck. Captain Luther fell forward, hit the deck on his left side, rolled over on his back.

The plump man stood over him. "The old fool," he said.

Blood came from the welt on the side of Captain Luther's forehead.

"Come on." The plump man jerked the pistol at Crane and Lamphier. "Get in tha other boat."

They got in the other boat. There was anger in Frankie's voice. "Wise guys, hey? Catchin' up with us, hey?" Three bullet wounds had left white scars on the right side of his chest. "Watch 'em, Dopey." He looked over at the plump man. "Anybody else on board?"

"Naw," said the plump man. He was standing over Captain Luther. "Nobuddy except this old fool." He put the pistol in his hip pocket. His skin had the pallor of a consumptive.

Dopey was a very thin man, with an Adam's apple, a smudgy face and irregular teeth. The hand holding the pistol pointed at Crane shook. He had a necktie bound around his head.

At the Kate's wheel was the blond man with the granite face. "Say, Toad," he said, "why'd you shoot the old dope?"

"You seen him try t' hit me, din'ya?"

"Yeah, but now what'll we do with him?"

"Is he dead?"

"Naw."

Frankie said, "Bring him on board, then. We may wanta talk to him. An' sink the boat."

As though he had an ague, Dopey's gun hand trembled. Crane said, "Point that somewhere else. It'll go off."

Frankie said, "Shaaat aap, wise guy."

The plump man's eyes peered out from folds of unhealthy flesh. "How'll we sink tha tub?" He had a soprano voice.

"Bust out the bottom," said the blond man at the wheel. He got an ax from the wall of the black cabin, jumped into the boat beside the plump man. He toed Captain Luther's body. "Tie tha old pooper in a bunk, Toad. I'll sink tha boat."

"I can't lift him," said Toad.

"Aaw, nuts . . ."

Crane stepped toward Dopey, wrestled the pistol from his hand. He turned to cover the man with the missing ear-lobe, saw something descending on his head, tried to duck. . . .

(To be concluded next week)

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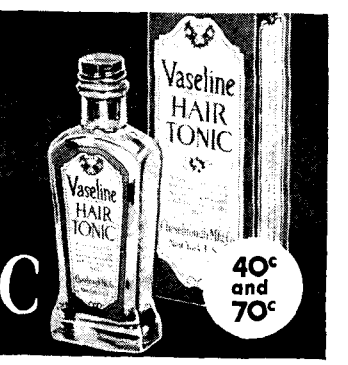

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The Warning

Continued from page 11

movements were necessarily awkward, but even when he moved with the short, mincing steps his leg irons allowed him, he had a kind of careless grace.

George helped the marshal down. Once erect, he had to lean on the driver. He made a vague motion toward the wash bench and George led him over to it. Once there, he took off his dusty hat and shoved his head in the pail of water. It helped him. When he had dried off with the flour sacking towel, he walked back to his prisoner. He had a six gun rammed in his left hip pocket.

"Want a walk, Pete?" he asked.

George said, "If you want to eat, you better hurry," and went around the end of the stage where Ben was waiting to help him with the drummer. The kid stood there leaning on his crutch.

"Ain't you afraid Kirk will ride up?" Pete drawled.

The marshal's face, not so slack now, didn't change. "Suit yourself, but let me worry about Kirk," he said.

"I'd like a walk," Pete said.

"Lie down then and hold your feet up here."

Still grinning, Pete got down on his back and held his feet up. The leg irons were unlocked. Pete got up and started off down the road which headed straight and undeviating across the sun-bleached flats. The marshal followed a few paces behind him, rifle cradled in his elbow. The kid began to notice the sun's heat now. He hobbled over to the shade of the adobe and leaned against the wall, watching the marshal and his prisoner. So this was what it meant when the government got after you, he thought. This was what it meant to kill a man. Unconsciously, his bony hand lifted up to the butt of the gun in his waistband. He looked up to see the Army lieutenant regarding him from the doorway.

THE lieutenant took the cigar from his mouth. "You're pretty young to tote a gun, son," he said quietly.

The kid's face settled into sullen defiance and he quit looking at the lieutenant. What did that fool in Army blue think he was going to do: shoot the marshal and free this man Pete? Bitterness rose up in him. Why was everybody so suspicious, so hard? Why did they always want to jump down your neck? Ben Davis had grudged him shelter for these last two nights. Both the upstage and downstage drivers had refused to give him a lift, the downstage driver twice. Only Mary, who had seen his horse pitch him and who had nursed him through that first night of almost unbearable pain, had shown any sympathy. Didn't any of them understand that he *had* to get out of here, that he wasn't just any tough kid trying to bum a ride?

Despair was in his eyes as he turned his head and saw Ben leading one team out of the corral. George followed with the other. He waited patiently until George had his team hooked up.

"I got to get out of here," he then said simply.

George wheeled slowly and when he spoke his voice was patient. "Kid, try to see my side of it. If I give you a ride and I get caught at it, it's my job."

"Loan me the money, then."

"I ain't got it."

The kid stared stubbornly at him. He wasn't defeated, wasn't cowed; he had simply run out of arguments.

"How did you get here?" George asked.

"I was ridin' through. I stopped here to eat. When I went to ride off, somethin' spooked my horse and he pitched me. I reckon I broke my ankle. Anyway, Davis took my horse for board and medicine. I couldn't ride even if he hadn't. I got to get out of here."

George shook his head. "Try borrowin' from that outlaw, kid. He oughta have a lot of money."

The kid turned away and went back to the shade of the station. The other passengers were all outside. Pete and the marshal headed toward them across the hardpacked yard. The two of them talked with George and the kid saw that the marshal was weaving on his feet. Presently, the marshal and Pete went inside the station and the stage rolled out. The kid saw Ben Davis leave the wagon shed with a shovel and a pick-ax. He turned and went inside.

The station consisted of one long room which held a huge dining table and benches facing it. Another room opened off the dining room. It was a windowless, airless hole with a dozen rickety bunks from floor to ceiling lining the wall. When a traveler or the stage itself had to lay over, or when the Indians to the north were riding, the bunks were filled. Other times, its dusty stillness was undisturbed.

"Cut it out, Sonny, or your father'll get hurt!" A. ROSS

Mary was laying four new places at the table. Ben came in, looked around and stood in the doorway.

"I'm layin' over," the marshal told him thickly. "I'd rather get shot here than on a stage."

"Plenty of room," Ben said, and went out.

MARY came in with two tin plates of biscuits. The marshal motioned to the table and Pete went over and sat down.

"Not there," the marshal said. "Take a corner seat down at the far end." Grinning, Pete complied. When he was seated, the marshal snapped the leg irons around the heavy leg of the plank table, then unlocked Pete's handcuffs. He came back and took a place at the table. The kid hobbled over and sat down beside him, and Mary, seeing them seated and their plates turned up, brought the rest of the food.

The marshal drank two cups of coffee and picked up his fork. A big fly yawed noisily over the table and flew out the door into the sunlight. Mary, her face still and breathless and watchful, was in the door. Presently, the marshal put down his fork, shook his head and began to nod. The kid watched him, fascinated, as he fought against sleep.

Pete said quietly, "You better take that plate away, kid, before he falls in it."

The kid did so and gently the marshal slumped forward on the table, asleep. Pete grinned and went on eating. The kid looked at Mary and then rose and went down the table close to Pete.

"I got to get out of here," the kid said stubbornly. He told his story. Could Pete loan him the money?

PETE listened, his mild gray eyes on the kid's face.

"I'll make you a trade, kid," he said.

"What?"

"Stage fare if you'll snake them keys out of that marshal's pocket."

The kid looked up beyond Pete to Mary, who was watching him with serene face. "I guess not," the kid said. He picked up his musket crutch and looked up to see Pete smiling.

"You're all right, kid. If I had the money I'd give it to you. Only, I ain't got it. They cleaned me out before I started. I'd sure like to get away from him before somebody gets hurt."

The kid went back to his plate, but food had lost its savor. His ankle was hurting him. He left the table and the sleeping marshal and went into the hot, dark room and lay down on the bunk. This way, his leg felt better.

Ben came in and ate. The kid heard Pete try to talk Ben into freeing him, but Ben refused.

"You better wake the law up then and let him have a bunk," Pete said at last. The kid heard Ben go out and get the water and wake the marshal up. Presently, the marshal and Pete were framed in the doorway.

"Take a bunk across the way," the marshal told Pete. Pete took one of the lower bunks and in that dim light the kid saw that the marshal was chaining his legs to the bunk upright. Ben, after watching this, went out.

Then the marshal turned and spoke from the door and Mary ceased the clatter of dishes.

"Is that your father?" the marshal asked her.

"Ben? Yes."

"All right. Now don't take offense, Miss, but I never saw your father before in my life, understand?"

"No."

"Look. I'm dead for sleep. I got to sleep. All I want you to do is watch. If you see a man ride into this place, you grab a bucket of water and come in and souse me with it. You understand that?"

"Why—yes."

"I got nothin' against your father, understand," the marshal persisted. "Only, I know you're honest."

"So is he."

"Sure. Only so are you. Will you do it?"

"Certainly."

The marshal came back and tumbled into a lower bunk beyond Pete and was snoring in three seconds.

Presently Pete said in a low drawl, "What's the hurry, kid? In trouble?"

The kid didn't answer for a moment and then he said in a low voice, "I reckon."

"What kind of trouble?"

Again the kid was silent. He hadn't told anybody about this, not even Mary. It was no good to drag her into it. Maybe she wouldn't understand. But this Pete, he was different, he'd understand.

The kid said, "I was ridin' down the wrong trail one night and I seen somethin' I shouldn't've. That's all. He's been followin' me for a week. I throwed him off my trail up in the Mimbres, I think, but he ain't the kind that quits."

A pause. "That's tough. I wish I could help you."

"Thanks," the kid said.

SUDDENLY, through a drowsy half awareness, he heard someone running and it yanked him awake. Then he heard the close slosh of water followed by a mumbling.

"Please, please!" It was Mary's voice. "Someone's here!"

"All right," the marshal answered.

Mary ran back through the door and then the kid saw her stop abruptly.

A heavy voice said, "What's the matter, Miss. He expectin' me?"

The kid's heart almost stopped. Here it was, then. Here was Sime, the kind of man who didn't quit. His hands trembling, the kid pulled at the gun in his belt.

He heard Sime say roughly, "Get out of the way." Mary disappeared and there, framed in the doorway, was the huge bulk of Sime Gilbert. The kid's gun came free and he swung it up and then pure terror seized him. He was about to shoot at a man.

And then Pete's drawling voice said clearly, "Watch out, Kirk!"

Behind the kid the marshal's gun, needing only that name, blasted loose in three hammering explosions. The gun Sime was holding in his hand went off, stirring the dust of the floor at his feet. He made one wild grab for the doorjamb as he fell backward and missed it and pitched his length on his back. The kid heard Mary scream and then he looked over at Pete in the darkness, but he couldn't see him. The marshal lunged past and out into the other room, where he paused, gun still in hand, looking down at the man.

The marshal turned his head and said slowly, "Your friend Kirk isn't a cautious man, is he?"

"It don't look like it," Pete drawled.

The kid got up and hobbled over to the door. Yes, it was Sime Gilbert. Slowly, the kid turned to look into the darkness at Pete. Pete's trick had saved him. He opened his mouth to speak when he heard Pete say softly, "Now throw away that gun, kid. Throw it a long ways away and come back here and sleep."

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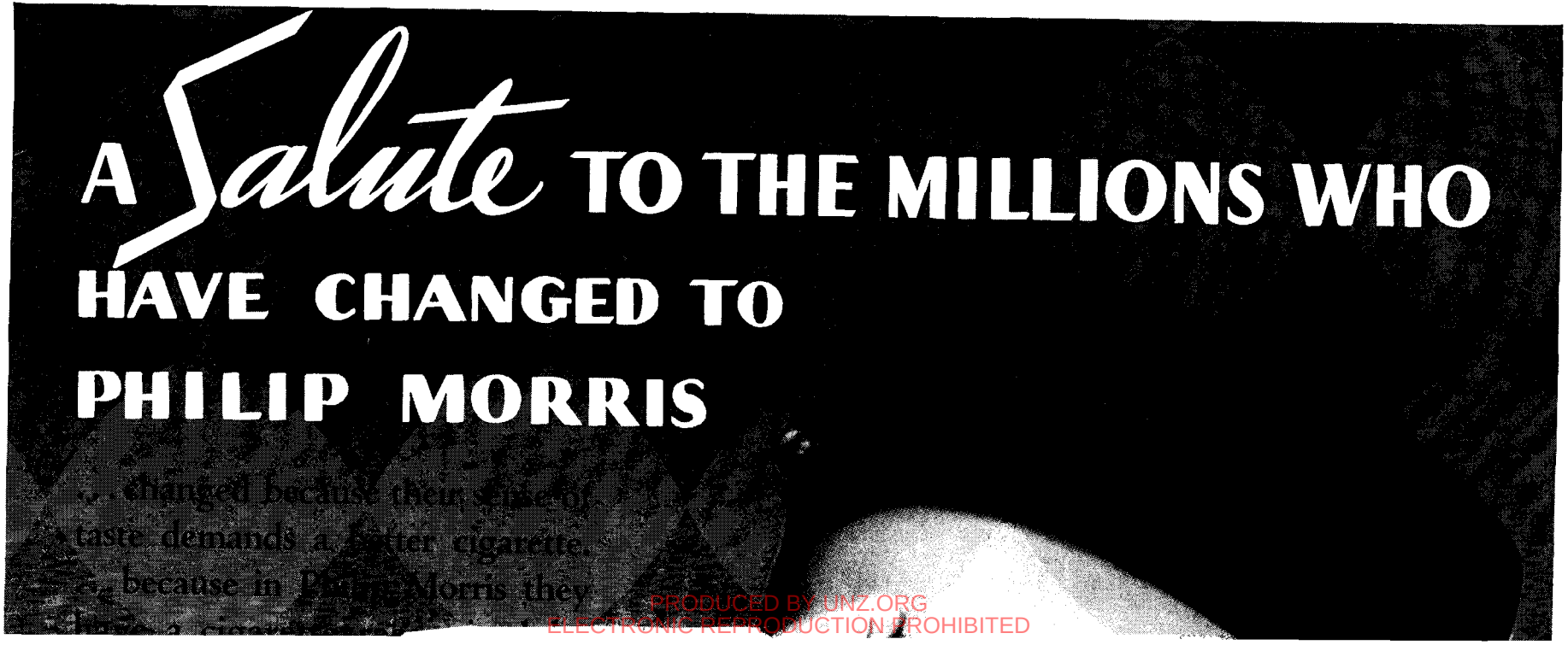
A Salute TO THE MILLIONS WHO
HAVE CHANGED TO
PHILIP MORRIS
. . . changed because their sense of taste demands a better cigarette.
. . . because in Philip Morris they

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He has the Stage

Continued from page 14

he presented himself backstage, remarking blandly that he was one of the stars of the New York Theater Guild on vacation. This seems to have been a slight exaggeration, Mr. Welles' only previous professional appearance having been in the role of Peter Rabbit at Marshall Field's department store in Chicago.

The Gate, however, was impressed and immediately invited Mr. Welles to appear as a guest artist, assigning him to a number of important roles, none of them of men less than fifty. "I loved it," says Mr. Welles. "I have, you know, a very strong voice." He proceeded to demonstrate with two lines of Shakespeare that very nearly blasted your reporter out of the theater.

It was while meditating. later on, about these early crimes that he hit upon the mild and natural delivery of lines that contributed so much to the success of his Julius Caesar.

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Houseman, it inquired, help launch the Federal Theater in New York? They would. They had, in fact, a field day, testing out their theories of production. But the fairy godmother turned out to be something of a tightwad. She was constantly running short of scissors and thumbtacks and hammers and suchlike essentials.

What eager producer is going to wade through three weeks of red tape to get a packet of thumbtacks? Mr. Welles dug into his own pocket, and it surprised him how it all mounted up. Moreover, the government salaries were less than munificent, and so Mr. Welles went on the air. That brought in money and didn't take much time. It brought in as much as eight hundred a week, and Mr. Welles bought a house at Sneden's Landing, a cocker spaniel and a large and handsome car.

Everything worked perfectly. Messrs. that Blitzstein's play might make the jitters worse. The result was a series of ambiguous orders the intent of which was to prevent the opening of the play without forbidding it.

Mr. Welles paid no attention. The opening night came and with it the opening-night audience. Then definite orders: WPA Project 891 was not to open. That was at seven. By eight the audience was churning about, sensing something sensational, the police were blocking off the street and Mr. Welles was in a state of mind. The advance sale of tickets was between eighteen and twenty thousand. For these Welles felt personally responsible. He and his staff plus a few reporters were crowded in the ladies' dressing room, telephoning. By eight-thirty a piano had been loaded on a truck, the truck was rumbling round the block and Mr. Welles was still telephoning in search of a theater.

By nine the theater had been found,

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MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

When Miss Cornell settled down for a long run of Juliet in New York, Welles was shifted to the role of Tybalt. That was the point at which the critics discovered him. He took an unimportant part, got his teeth into it and made it mean something.

But, more important than the critics, there was a young producer in the audience, John Houseman, who had just begun his career by staging Gertrude Stein's opera, Four Saints in Three Acts. Houseman offered him the principal part in Archibald MacLeish's poetic drama, Panic. In the course of their association Welles realized that here was someone with ideas as novel as his own. Together they began to plan a theater. Their ideas were good, they were sure of that, but nobody else was sure enough to put up the cash.

At that point the United States government appeared in the role of fairy godmother. Would Messrs. Welles and Houseman produce a Haitian Macbeth with a Negro cast, no one of whom had ever read a line of Shakespeare before. The critics raved. They produced Dr. Faustus and had a smash hit which startled the Federal Theater by making money—at a top price of fifty-five cents. Then they pulled themselves together for their most elaborate effort—and hit a snag.

The play they had chosen was the prize-winning musical satire of Marc Blitzstein called The Cradle Will Rock. The time was last July when the strike in Little Steel was disturbing all and sundry. Blitzstein's play has an unmistakable left-wing flavor. Its principal character, Mr. Mister, the master of Steel Town, is treated with something less than reverence. The Department of Labor in Washington was having the jitters and it occurred to someone there

followed [illegible]

paint. He got his contrasts by means of texture — a burlap cyclorama, rough wood, smooth wood. Things like that. And once more the lights. Mr. Welles' idea of proper lighting is a stage electrician's nightmare.

"I want to give the audience a hint of a scene," he says. "No more than that. Give them too much and they won't contribute anything themselves. Give them just a suggestion and you get them working with you. That's what gives the theater meaning: when it becomes a social act."

Tall and good-looking and boyish, Mr. Welles is every inch an actor. He gives the impression of being easy-going. But that's a mistake. He is the liveliest thing that has happened to the theater in decades. Conservative producers, reviewing Welles' accomplishments at twenty-two, look toward the future and shudder visibly.

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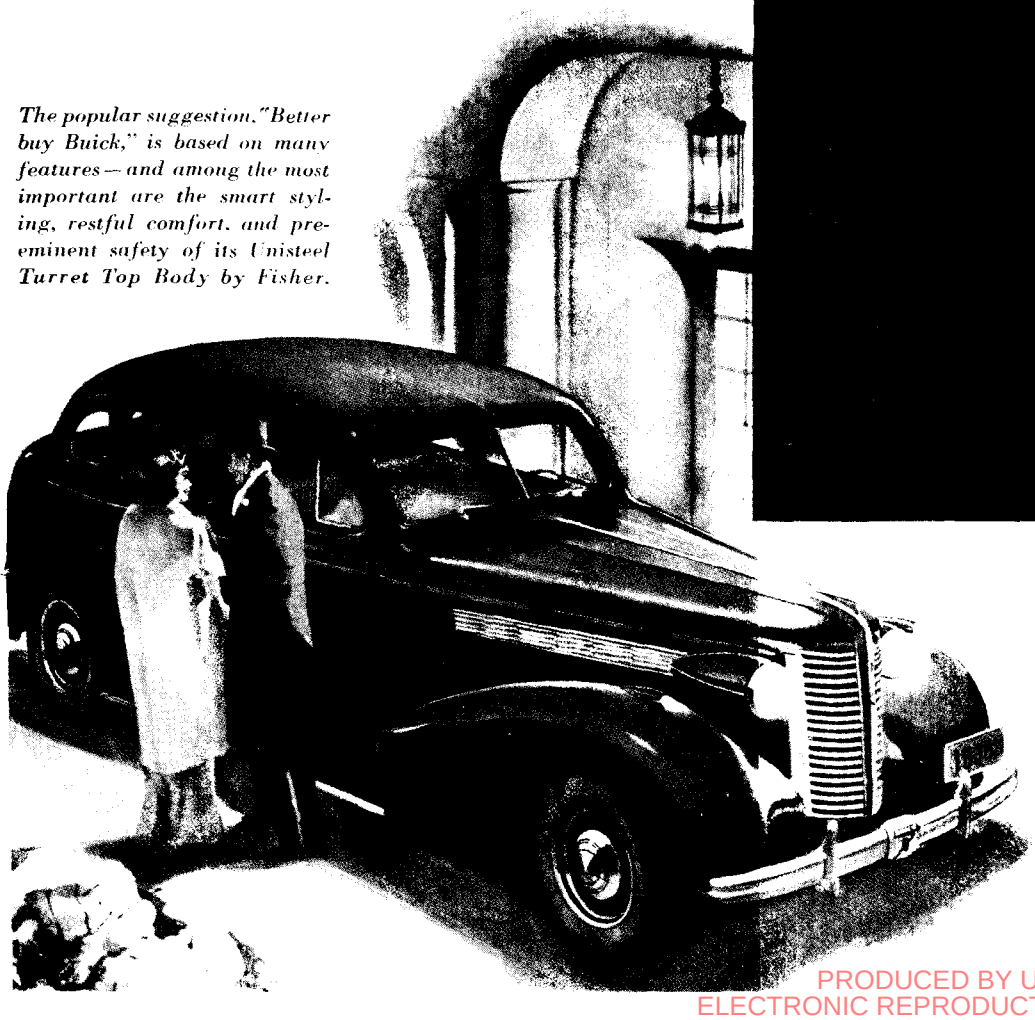

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Bird in Hand

By Frank Buck with Ferrin Fraser

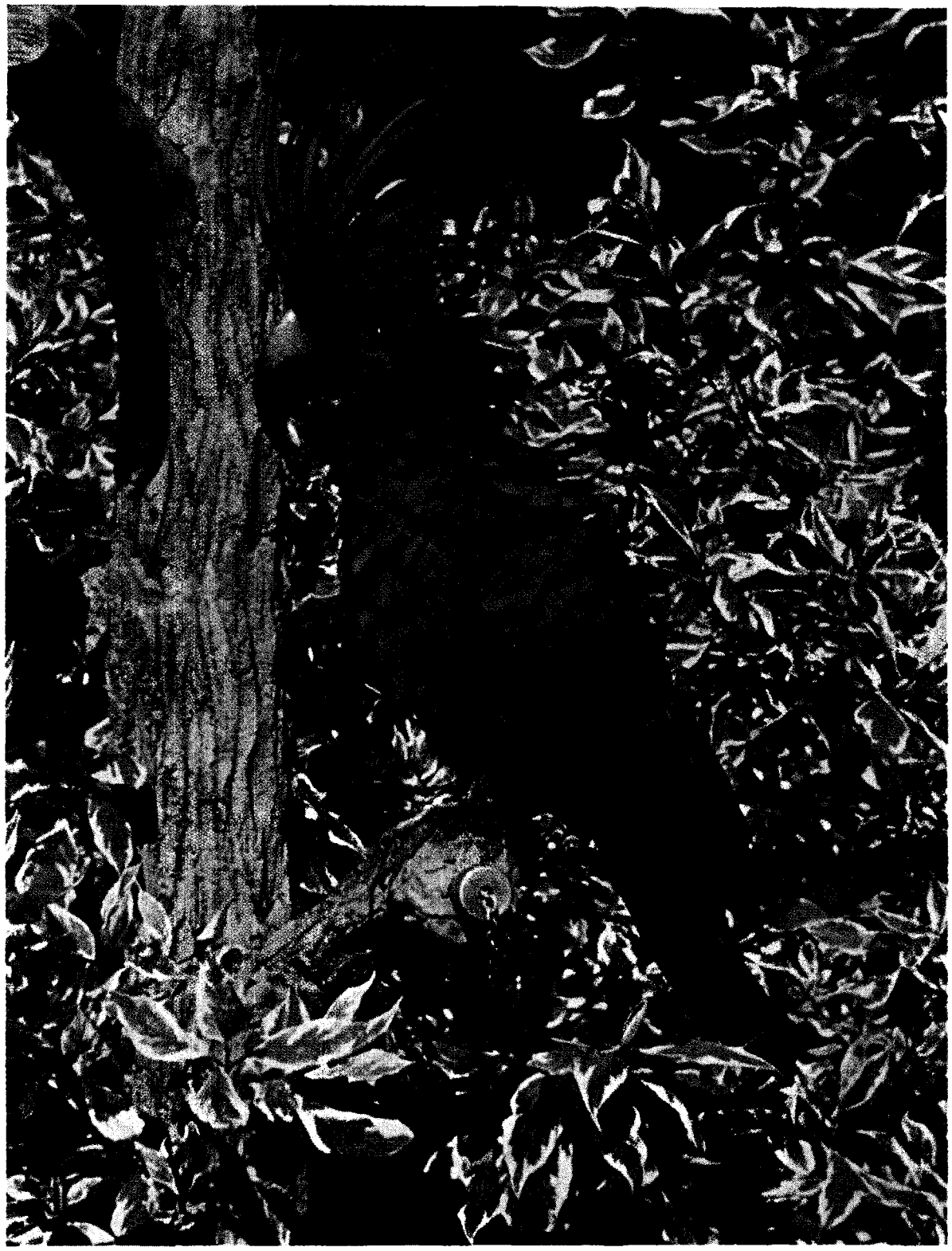
Meet the rarest of all rare birds, the great black cockatoo. He began life in New Guinea, but he's here now. Here's the story of his adventures on the way

A FEW years ago—before the depression—there were many thousands of bird fanciers in America. Big estates in California, on Long Island and elsewhere had enormous, splendidly equipped aviaries, and smaller estates displayed colorful birds on perches on their lawns, in sun parlors, and in ornamental cages in breakfast rooms. Probably more beauty was lent to America for a time by birds than by any other class of pets.

It has always been a large part of my business to supply these rare and gorgeous creatures to bird lovers and the aviaries of the large zoological gardens of this country. I have brought literally tens of thousands back alive from jungle countries the world over, and have hated to part with each one.

From the time I was a boy, birds have always been my hobby—my first love. Something about their magnificent coloring, their soft plumage, their bright, alert activity, delighted me from the first—as anyone who has owned even a common yellow canary or watched robins nesting in their back-yard apple tree will understand. Therefore, I am happy to report that the popularity of birds as pets is rapidly coming back in America and that the demand for rare, imported specimens is increasing month by month.

Perhaps your only experience with birds has been the plumes on your own, or your wife's hat. If so, you have missed a great deal. You have missed a cheery, alert companion; you have missed colorful beauty



From both hemispheres Frank Buck gets rare and gorgeous birds for American aviaries. Above, the great black cockatoo, the first ever brought to this country. Left, a scarlet macaw, from Central America

and grace such as only creatures with wings can give. You have missed a clown and a born entertainer in your home, for there is no more amusing actor or sweeter singer than a clever Himalayan song thrush, a well-trained Brazilian troupial, or a lovely ornamental bulbul from Malaya.

But speaking of hats; remember when no woman considered herself properly dressed unless her three-foot leghorn was adorned with the gorgeous plumes of a bird of paradise? Fortunately—for women, and for the bird—this style has stopped. It couldn't have been much fun to carry all that yellow plumage on one's head, and it certainly was no fun for the bird who was sacrificed for the style.

However, it was neither the birds nor the women who stopped the senseless slaughter of the paradise bird in the name of vanity. In this country it was the Audubon Society, the late Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the Bronx Zoo, and other agencies who brought about the ban on the importation of the skins. England and France co-operated, as did Australia and the Dutch government (the two which control most of the breeding grounds) so that today a permit is necessary even to capture these rarest of birds alive. The bird of paradise—once threatened with extinction through man's greed and woman's vanity—is again flourishing and multiplying its beauty.

Here is something you perhaps didn't know: Until comparatively recent times it was generally believed that the bird of paradise lived entirely in the air, never lighting on the ground until it died. This belief came about because the first skins of the birds to reach Europe—with plumage attached, of course—were imported without feet, the better to facilitate shipping. Seeing the skins without feet, the early-day naturalists assumed the bird had none and spent its complete life in the air!

The Malays call these lovely creatures "God's birds"; the Portuguese, "birds of the sun"; the Dutch, "paradise birds." If you have never seen one, look forward to a treat of rare beauty. Although they belong to the crow family you would never guess it. There are many varieties of paradise birds, but the one with which we are most familiar is the greater bird of paradise.

Flank feathers, fine and smooth as silk, fall on either side of the bird like a water fountain of orange and yellow spray. Traces of white foam splash the orange in silken streaks a foot long, and the bird's splendid head of iridescent green, yellow and black on a graceful, curving neck is regal as any queen's.

Get one if you can—but be prepared to pay royally for this particular feathered pet. I recently refused a thousand dollars for a pair I captured alive

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A JOB for every man who wants to work — a time when every farm and factory and mine will be busy producing things which people need —

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Sure of this, the American railroads have, even in lean and trying times, steadily built toward the day when increased commerce will need and profit by finer transportation than it has ever had before.

So the railroads have doggedly pressed for better service, laying heavier rails, straightening curves, cutting down grades, increasing the average speed of freight trains almost fifty per cent—producing transportation more cheaply and more efficiently year by year.

The record of the past decade clearly demonstrates the determination of the railroads to keep their service abreast of America's needs—and their *ability* as well.

But if America is to have the tools she needs to prosper, railroads must earn enough to continue this progress.

Since 1933, prices of the things railroads buy have gone up; wages have increased; taxes have risen — while the average level of railroad freight and passenger charges has steadily declined.

Advancing production costs in other industries have been accompanied by increased consumer prices.

The average charge by the railroads for hauling a ton of freight one mile was, on the contrary, actually 10 per cent less in 1937 than in 1932—26½ per cent less than in 1921, shortly after the end of government operation, when the downward trend of rates began.

As a result, they have been compelled to cut down forces and curtail purchases of the 70,000 different items which railroads buy. That means less work, less business, less prosperity in industries and communities in every corner of the land.

And that's what we mean when we say it's your future as well as ours — that's why you have a vital interest in seeing that the railroads earn enough to help bring about increased employment and a broader prosperity.

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myself in the jungles of New Guinea.

There are other birds besides birds of paradise which make far better companions. As if sensing his position in the popular sun, the bird of paradise is a haughty monarch. Perhaps it is his supreme beauty alone which makes him a trifle cold and unfriendly. And a just bird god who gave him that gorgeous beauty compensated by giving him a rather harsh, croaking voice in which only his mate seems to find music.

There are plenty of birds that combine both song and glamorous beauty. I have brought tens of thousands of them back to America from the Far East to happy owners. Among them are fairy bluebirds (a name to conjure with), purple-throated and yellow-crowned green bulbuls, song thrushes of the Himalayas, blue whistling thrushes, white-headed laughing-thrushes (a bird which sounds exactly like a human being, a woman, laughing happily), many of the fine pheasants of Asia, green and blue peafowl, rare ornamental cranes and waterfowl of the East—and dozens of other varieties.

But this is only leading up to the rarest and most expensive bird I ever brought back to America alive. At the time of its importation it was the *only* bird of its kind ever seen here—so rare as seldom to be known or seen even in the country of its habitat—and I am happy to report that a genuine bird lover bought it.

Darker Than a Night Cloud

It was a great black cockatoo. The ordinary cockatoo is white. There are several varieties. The sulphur-crested cockatoo of eastern and central Australia is pure white with a saffron-colored crest; Leadbeater's cockatoo, also of Australia, is of the same body color, but has shades of pink around the neck and head, and a beautiful crest of scarlet, yellow and pink which he can raise and lower at will; and the largest of the family is the salmon-crested cockatoo of the Malaccan Islands, which is also white but with a pinkish tinge to the feathers on his back, neck and head, and a regal crest of salmon-pink feathers which, under excitement, the bird raises up to a height of four or five inches, rendering the bird a truly beautiful sight.

But this cockatoo was dark—of a midnight blue hue—and his color gave him his rarity.

The island of New Guinea, three hundred thousand square miles of rough jungle lying on the equator and separated from Australia by the shallow Torres Strait and Arafura Sea, is the richest home of bird life on earth. Over five hundred species are known here, and at least fifty genera are peculiar to the island.

In the deep, hilly jungle of this bird paradise, near the Mamberamo River, a native boy named Mawee one day trotted up a jungle trail. Brown-skinned, lithe, with sharp black eyes, Mawee had been sent from the near-by village with a rattan basket to find berries for supper. But boylike, his eyes saw other things in the jungle besides berries for supper. They saw swaying basket ferns in the damp crotches of trees, with here and there a red, black and white raffalii squirrel leaping into one of the green "baskets" which was its home. And the eyes saw birds—hundreds of chattering, singing birds with green and yellow and orange wings flitting through the treetops.

But all at once the eyes saw a bird which Mawee had never seen before. It was a large bird, darker than a night cloud on the western sky, with a queer crest of feathers on its head which looked like a crown. It interested Mawee so much that he forgot his berries.

It flew into a tree about twenty feet from the ground and, looking up, Mawee saw that the big, strange black bird was feeding a little one there.

Like all boys, jungle-bred Mawee, with a love of pets, wanted that squab for his own. He barked his shins and skinned his bare brown legs in climbing the big durian tree, but he got the squab—a tiny, ugly thing, all beak and pinfeathers—put it in his berry basket, and took it triumphantly home to his village by the river.

Whether Mawee got a beating for bringing home a worthless black cockatoo squab instead of a basketful of berries for supper, I do not know. But I do know—through Ah Sing, a Chinese trader—that Mawee fed his new, weak little pet with meal and goat's milk, made a leg band for it from the shell of a coconut, kept it on a perch outside his stilt house, and finally, as it grew and developed strong black wings, fed it nuts and seeds and rice such as any respectable cockatoo of New Guinea should eat.

A Bargain in Birds

It is now that Ah Sing enters the picture. Ah Sing was an old, withered Chinese trader. He had a little, flat-bottomed boat with which he used to go up the Mamberamo River carrying trade stuff. A brave man, Ah Sing. The natives of the interior of New Guinea are savage as animals and have been known to kill lone strangers in their country. But Ah Sing was not a stranger. For years he had been pushing his little boat up the river with its colorful cargo of desired beads and bangles, necklaces and ribbons, silks from China, cheap hatchets and pocketknives. Ah Sing's tiny boat was a floating ten-cent store, but the natives of New Guinea did not know that. To them Ah Sing, this harmless yellow Chinaman, brought untold riches in exchange for their easily gathered bundles of rattan peel, their useless gold washed from hill streams, their bags full of copra, their beeswax (pressed from the pure honey of bees that fed on wild jungle orchids), their paradise bird skins (which Ah Sing bootlegged down the river and sold to other bootleggers a bit bigger than himself).

And so Ah Sing came to Mawee's village on the Mamberamo. He completed his other deals, then saw Mawee's black cockatoo. At the same time Mawee saw the little tray of ten-cent pocketknives which Ah Sing displayed on his boat glittering in the sun. Mawee's love of his pet was deep; but so was his desire for one of those fascinating knives with the two shiny blades.

The bargain was made. Ah Sing went off down the river in his boat with the black cockatoo, and Mawee ran happily off to try one of the bright blades on the first tree.

Ah Sing moved slowly in his boat. It took him nearly two months, stopping as he did on both banks of the river to trade, to reach the seacoast. The black cockatoo was fairly well grown when he arrived at the *kedai* (the post which furnished Ah Sing with his trade goods and always purchased from him the copra, gold and beeswax he brought back).

The Chinaman in charge of the *kedai*—a weazened yellow man simply named Woo—pretended to be not too pleased with the cockatoo. What would he do with a bird like this—it had no color, no beauty, no song like other birds he had dealt with. A pair of kangaroos he could sell, and paradise bird skins he could dispose of a hundred times over. But who would ever want an ugly black bird such as this one?

He talked down so much and so well

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that Ah Sing was delighted to part with the cockatoo for three guilders. (A Dutch guilder was at that time worth a little over forty cents.) It was a splendid deal for Ah Sing. Hundreds of per cent profit on a worthless bird, which had to be fed anyhow, and which he had taken against his better judgment in the first place because it was cheap.

Now at this time a Boyanese sailboat came drifting into the quiet mouth of the Mamberamo River. Boyanese are roving Malays who trade all through the intricate waterways of the Far East, especially out of Dobo on the Aro Islands and Ambonia on the island of Ceram. They pick up and take back all sorts of strange cargoes—particularly Masefield's "ivory, apes and peacocks"—to Dobo where they, in turn, trade them to wandering Dutch skippers of larger boats.

This Boyanese knew a bit about birds. He had shipped many of them in other cargoes, and when he saw the strange black cockatoo among the rest of Woo's trade goods at the *kedai* he sensed the bird was rare and bargained for it. He finally bought the cockatoo from Woo for ten guilders (tremendous price—four dollars and a half!) and worried about his bargain all the way back to Dutch Dobo.

Dutch steamers come into Dobo—their headquarters being Java—and very often officers on these boats do a bit of trading on their own at Dobo, Ambonia, and island ports. They increase rather low ship salaries by a few shrewd deals in pearls, jade and other things, and provide for the ladies who wait for them in various ports.

Millspugh, a steward on one of these boats, who knew something about birds and had bought and sold others before, saw the Boyanese's black cockatoo at Dobo. He knew the cockatoo was a rare specimen, and although it hurt his Dutch and Oriental heart, he paid the Boyanese, after a three-hour session of bargaining, twenty guilders for the bird! Which left the Boyanese thoroughly satisfied with a hundred per cent profit.

Millspugh, however, was a bit worried about his purchase—which he kept in his ship's cabin until he reached the *pasair burong* (bird bazaar) at Macassar. There, with the black cockatoo on his shoulder, he went to trade. As soon as he saw the eyes of the Javanese Malay who ran the bazaar, Millspugh knew that he had made a bargain. He sold the cockatoo to the Javanese for forty-five guilders!

Love at First Sight

It is now that I come into the life of this much-traveled black cockatoo. At the time I was in Singapore, capturing and purchasing a wild cargo to take back to the States. In search of birds, for which I had many orders, I went to Batavia, Surabaya and finally wound up at Macassar. I had no sooner entered the *pasair burong* before I saw the black cockatoo sitting like a king of the world on a perch (as the little boy, Mawee, had taught him to sit when he was so small and weak he could hardly manage his claws).

I had brought tens of thousands of wild birds back to America—including hundreds of cockatoos—but I had never before seen a *black* one. From the moment I laid eyes on that bird I knew I wanted him. He was so rare as to be utterly distinctive. But not for a moment did I dare show my desire before the Javanese—it would have completely ruined any possibility of a bargain. As a matter of fact, I pushed the cockatoo aside in pretended admiration of worthless finches and lorries, purchasing several I really didn't want.

At length the Javanese, knowing my knowledge of birds, and worrying for fear he had a dud on his hands in this strange black one, offered me the cockatoo as a rare specimen. I grinned at him.

"What would I want with that old crow?" I demanded.

He praised the bird to the skies and I showed slight interest.

"All right," I said at last. "Maybe he's what you say. How much do you want for him?"

"Seventy-five guilders," he said hopefully.

I snapped at it. Before he could change his mind he had seventy-five guilders in his hand and I had the black cockatoo!

Thanks to Sharp Eyes

But don't think the matter ended there. It didn't for me, at least. I had the black cockatoo, but there was the matter of keeping him living for a twelve-thousand-mile voyage back to America. He was thin and sickly from his ill-fed travels and for a long time I despaired of getting him back alive.

For four months at my compound in Singapore I fed him day after day a rich diet of kanari nuts (a hard-shelled nut as difficult to break as a peach pit). I knew this, if anything, would bring the cockatoo around. It was his native wild-state food, and at my compound he held the hard nuts hungrily with one big claw and sawed them apart with his powerful beak. Kanari nuts, along with watermelon and sunflower seeds, put him finally in fine condition and I was able to bring him back to America—the rarest bird ever seen on this continent.

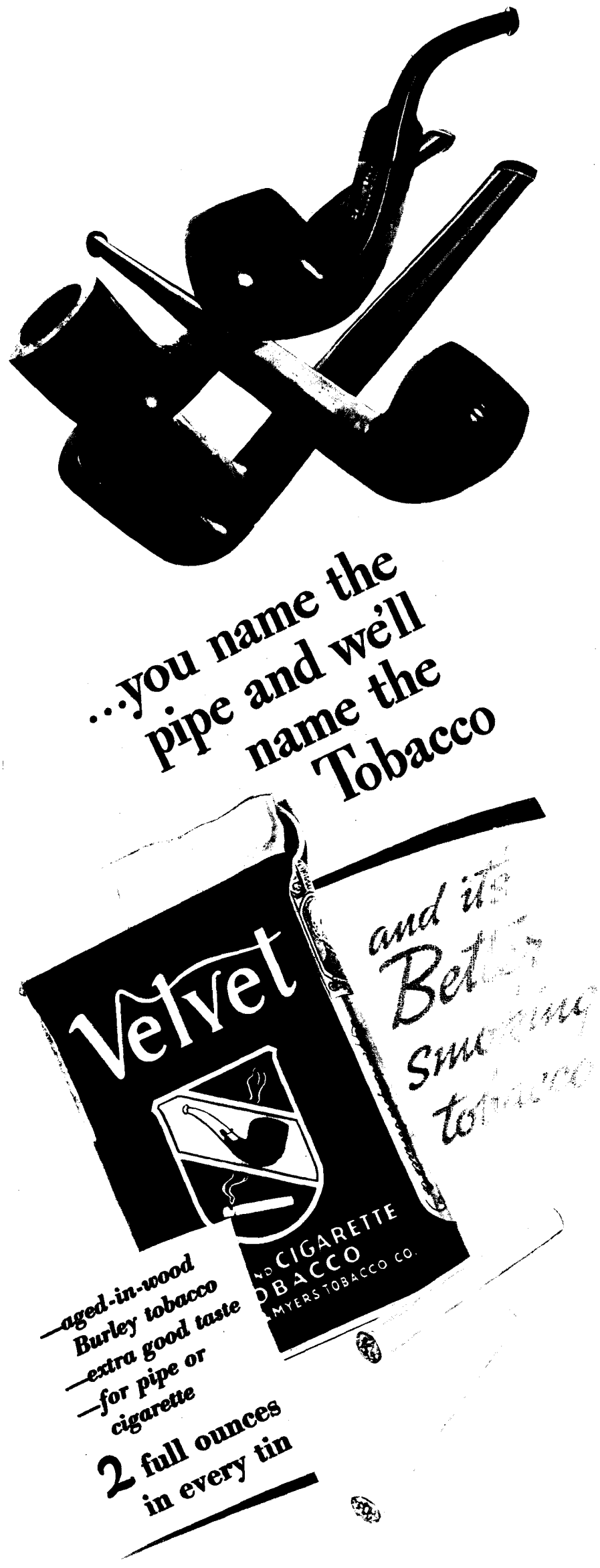
Don't think my profit was excessive. It wasn't. On that same voyage I lost more than $3,000 worth of birds and animals, because the ship was so crowded for space that I had to stow them on the foredeck, where they were drenched with cold sea water in a storm and lost before the coast of America ever looked across the horizon.

Millspugh, the Javanese, Woo and Ah Sing made over 100 per cent on this strange black bird, with practically no risk on their small investment, and finally, the little native boy Mawee is probably still boasting to his companions in the wild New Guinea jungle about his wonderful knife with its two blades which is shining in the hot equatorial sun!

You may wonder how I was able to trace so accurately all the trades and bickerings which finally resulted in bringing the black cockatoo into my hands. This was not difficult, because the bird was the first of its kind that any of these traders had seen up to that time. So it was rather a simple matter, two years later when I made a trip to Ambonia, Dobo, and over to the coast of New Guinea, to follow step by step the transactions which eventually brought the black cockatoo to the *pasair burong* in Macassar.

Millspugh, the steward, was on the little Dutch interisland steamer which took me across from Ambonia to Dobo. I happened to be talking to him about his bird-trading activities when he gave me quite a surprise by telling me of his share in the black cockatoo transactions. Two or three weeks afterward I stopped in at old Woo's *kedai* over on the New Guinea coast and farther up the Mamberamo River Ah Sing, later on, spent a day and a night at a headquarters camp I had established there—as itinerant traders are inclined to do in far-flung places. The only missing link in the chain was the Boyanese trader, but I hardly needed him to complete the cycle.

Yes, there is no doubt—a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—even to a little New Guinea boy with sharp black eyes.



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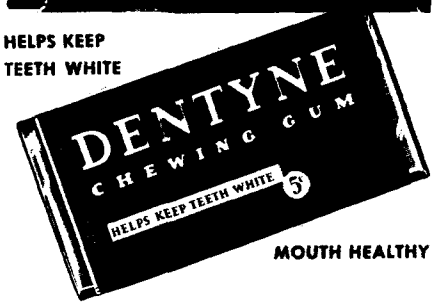
Envy the old-time Tahitian

Early travelers to the South Sea Isles marvelled at the Tahitians' strong, healthy bodies, and magnificently sound, white teeth—kept well-exercised and healthy by chewing rough, primitive foods. Our own soft, civilized foods give teeth far too little exercise.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



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TASTE THAT SMOOTH, SPICY FLAVOR—a luscious treat in itself! And you'll appreciate another exclusive Dentyne feature—the shape of the package. It lies neatly flat in your pocket or purse—conveniently at hand.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

The Flowery Coast

Continued from page 10

good as any others for a boat which had no home port. And they led him into adventures not hinted on the chart.

A Doomsday sunset, and the Schön Rosmarin butting into a black running sea while Matt held her on a course which he hoped would pick up the tip of Point Lawrence in the gathering darkness. The chart was stained faintly rose-colored by the same lurid fires of sunset which dyed the swinging dark seas. To the east the jagged peaks of the Coast Range loomed up all along the sea horizon, with the enormous riven snow fields of Mount Baker burning in clear luminous ether high above their lesser jumble of clouds. And dim in the northeast he could make out the peaks of the Canadian Selkirks, overtaken by dusk. Off The Sisters, the most desolate rocks in all these remote soundings, he passed an Alaska liner standing northward, with the wild light glistening along her wet sides. When the sunset had burned down to gray embers of clouds, she was lost to sight in a rain squall far to the northwestward, and Matt shivered with a feeling which was partly loneliness in the face of great waters and the night, partly a fierce happiness.

Other evenings, with the Schön Rosmarin anchored in some wilderness cove, Matt would be sitting on an upturned bucket on the deck peeling potatoes, maybe, while the smoke of his supper fire stole across silver water to make a blue dimness among the trees. . . . Then there would be supper by lantern-light and afterward, when the dishes were washed and put away in their racks, an evening propped up in his bunk with his tattered copy of The North Pacific Pilot upon his knees. There is no finer reading for a quiet anchorage.

But the times which he thought he would remember forever were mornings of blue water, with a wind upon his face and a whirl of gulls' wings drifting white against the trees of an offshore island. It was such a morning that he saw his sea otter: a slick dark shape poised for an instant on the moss of a point of rock, under a storm-gnarled pine. Then it was gone, a long shadow trailing dim bubbles of silver.

THE week the madronas bloomed Matt was exploring the western shore of one of the outer islands. Because of the bright orange-limbed trees with their burdens of greenish-white flowers reflected in twisted detail on the slow tide, he thought of it by a name such as the old navigators might have given it. "The Flowery Coast," he called it, a little shamefaced, even to himself, because of the make-believe. It was so beautiful that he kept coming back to it, from his wanderings.

There was a little headland, fantastic as a place in a fairy tale; touched with the morning sunlight which gleams forever upon the wildwood in a story of the old time, forgotten by intent and competent grownups on their gritty pavements. The first time he passed, two children in little faded overalls were standing there in suddenly arrested attitudes, watching him go by. He leaned from the pilothouse window and waved. The boy called something in reply; his little sister came a little closer to him, looking up at his face and then at the man in the boat again.

After that, he saw them nearly every time he passed. They always waved. And he would dip his ensign to them; that thrilled them immeasurably—he could tell by the way they jumped up and down. He always looked for them, missing them if they weren't there, and worrying about them a little. One day, on an impulse, he shut off his engine and ran forward to drop the anchor with a chugging splash, off their headland. Then he hauled the dinghy up from where it towed astern, and rowed ashore. They came down to meet him.

"Hello, fellers," Matt said.

They said hello, too, and helped him pull the dinghy up on the stony beach. Their overalls were carefully mended at the knees and on their seats.

"My name's Matt," he said. "What's yours?"

"Joe," the boy said.

"Mine is And Fanny," the little girl said.

MATT looked at her with his head on one side.

"Sure," she said. "That's my filled name. What practically everybody calls us. Joe And Fanny."

"Oh," Matt said.

"She doesn't know any better," Joe said. "I keep telling her. But she forgets."

Matt nodded.

"I'm hungry," he said. "I was just thinking about some lunch. Maybe you'd like to come aboard and have some with me. On my boat."

"Sure," said Joe carelessly. When Matt looked at her, And Fanny didn't say anything. But her eyes became very big with happiness.

At table, in the Schön Rosmarin, And Fanny sat up straight, being especially proper. When Joe dipped a corner of his piece of bread into his pannikin of soup, she gouged him hard with her elbow, but continued to stare straight before her, politely, at Matt. Joe gave her a shove in return, but turned red and put the crust down. She said in a bright, conversational voice that their cow named Celeste had two little calves. Twins. "She's a pretty fair milker," Joe said.

"Joe is a good farmer," And Fanny said.

"Sure. I'm the man of the house," Joe said.

"Our mother calls him that," And Fanny said.

"Oh, of course." Matt gave them each some strawberries he had bought at a waterside farm on another island. "What does your father say to that?"

"He doesn't say anything. He isn't here any more," And Fanny remarked. "He's gone away."

"He's died," Joe explained tersely.

"Oh," Matt said. "Er—have some cookies."

"Sure," Joe said. "Thank you."

"It's been a long time now," And Fanny said.

"Yeah. He was an engineer," Joe said. "A derrick boom busted. I heard all about it. From some guys at the store. They told me how it happened."

"He was a very nice man," And Fanny said.

"I guess so. We don't remember very well," Joe said.

Matt didn't say anything. He pushed the cookie box toward them again, across the table.

"Thank you," And Fanny said. "Now, do you know any stories? Tell me once upon a time."

"Oh, well," Matt said, "let's see, now. Well, once upon a time, there was a fellow named Drake. Sir Francis Drake; and he had a ship called The Golden Hind. A little ship, she was, and he . . ."

When the story was over, he rowed them ashore with their pockets filled with cookies, and they waved goodby from the beach as the Schön Rosmarin drifted by their point on the tide. Matt didn't come that way again for two or three days; when he did, they were waiting for him.

"We kept watching," And Fanny said. "We stayed here all the time."

"She did," Joe said. "I had my work to do. I had to bug the potatoes. Also, here." With elaborate casualness he held out one fist.

"What?" Matt said.

"Also, here," Joe said.

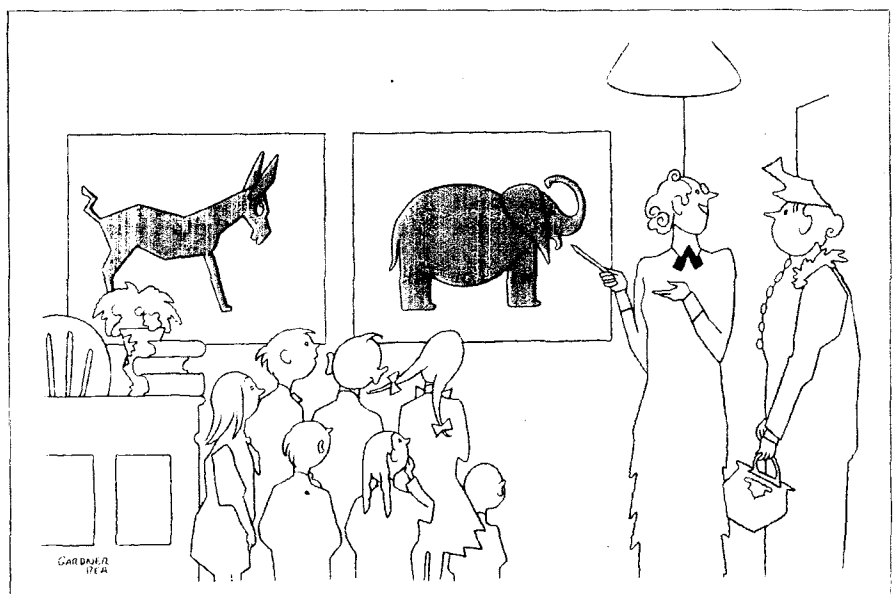
"Oh," Matt said. He shipped his oars and reached. Joe's fist opened and dropped a little whittled-out piece of wood into his hand. "Thanks. Thanks, Joe," Matt said.

"Oh, that's all right," Joe said. "I just happened to notice that the handle's busted off your coffeepot and I had some time on my hands, so I made one for you. I smoothed it with sandpaper, too. It ought to last you quite a long time."

MATT looked at the piece of wood, still moist from an eager palm. "It will, Joe," he said.

"Maybe I'd better just go out to the boat and show you how it works," Joe said. "I figured it all out. See, you just take it this way and—"

"Hey!" And Fanny said. "Don't you see anything?" Out of the front of her



"We're teaching them to think—politically" GARDNER REA

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overalls she had pulled a squashed little package wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. She was holding it out to him.

"I beg your pardon," Matt said. "Is it for me?"

"Sure," she said.

"Well, now," Matt said. "I . . ." Inside the newspaper was a piece of cake, very crumbly. And Fanny had pretended to turn away indifferently, but she was watching the cake out of the corners of her eyes. Matt said: "Let's divide it up."

"Okay," And Fanny said.

They ate it sitting in thoughtful silence upon a log of driftwood, in the sun. Then they rowed out to the troller and Joe, breathing intently, helped Matt fasten the new handle on the coffeepot.

"That was a very nice story you told us last time," And Fanny said significantly.

"Mmmm," Matt said. "Say—did you ever hear of Martin Frobisher? . . . Well, it seems that he was—"

"Stories don't start that way," And Fanny said. "Tell us once upon a time."

"Oh," Matt said. "I'm sorry. I forgot. Well, once upon . . ."

THAT night Matt set Uncle Stefan's old tin alarm clock for 5 A. M., so he had plenty of time to chug across the inlet to a general store he had spotted and still show up at the kids' point by ten o'clock. He got them some surprises—a jackknife with seven blades, including an awl and a corkscrew, for Joe; a little work-basket full of sewing things for And Fanny. Also, somewhat doubtfully, he bought a box of chocolates, which looked fairly fresh, for them to take to their mother. He was rather worried about that. He expected she was probably a large, determined woman with stern ideas, and if he offended her she wouldn't let the kids meet him any more.

But she wasn't. She was there, with the children, when the Schön Rosmarin came hurrying along the Flowery Coast: a girl, sunburned and frail, sitting on a weather-silvered log, playing in the water with her bare toes. She put her shoes on quickly and tried to look matronly—so much like And Fanny's attempts at dignity—

"Are you Mr. Matt?" she asked when the dinghy grounded with a soft grating of pebbles.

"Yes, ma'am," Matt said—and turned quickly and hauled the packages out of the boat. The kids took theirs and instantly sat down upon the beach to open them around his feet, which was unfortunate because the box of candy remained in his hands looking sillier and sillier to him.

"I thought . . . it occurred to me that perhaps . . . well, you might rather keep this so they don't make themselves sick," he said. "That is, I . . ."

"How nice of you," she said. "Thank you. But you shouldn't—"

"Oh, not at all," he said. And after that he just stood there.

She said something or other, and And Fanny's polite screams of gratitude also helped. But Joe didn't make any noise. He just stood there with the seven-bladed jackknife in his hand, looking at it and then at Matt. A gull sailed by, peering down with bright, curious eyes. The sun shone through the feathers of his wings.

"Won't you sit down?" she said. "Joe and Fanny have been telling me—"

"I was wondering," he said, "I'd planned to take the kids for a little trip, maybe, somewhere—not far—and if you could come along with us, it would be—"

She smiled but shook her head. Her clear gray eyes were very like And Fanny's.

"I'd love to have the children go," she said. "No one has ever invited them before. But I must stay. Really I must."

"Sure. We can go," Joe said. "I'm a good navigator. I can start an engine, and steer, and row a skiff, and read a compass, and—"

Matt felt, suddenly, terribly happy. It was quite illogical, that unexpected pain of happiness, and it included a queer feeling about two little ragged kids and a girl whose tired, delicate face gave him, startlingly, a clearer glimpse of the girls of the old poets than he had ever had even in their most moonlit lines. It was a glimpse which was his forever, whenever he read of Rosalind after this he would see this face, and it would live in his words when he told young men about Deirdre, even if he never saw this girl again. But he intended to see her again.

"Well, I'll take awfully good care of them," he said. "Come on, fellers."

SO THEY went on their first voyage together, down the Flowery Coast They played that they were a galleon of His Most Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain, because Matt was telling them the story of an admiral of Castile, who sailed, once upon a time, for the misty coasts of a new world. . . .

When they came back, in the magical dusk of those northern waters, a dim white figure was waiting for them on the beach, and the kids' mother took them up the winding trail through the trees to supper, in a shack in a clearing. After And Fanny was asleep on her cot, with her sewing things on a chair beside her, Joe took Matt on a short cut through the woods to their orchard above a little bay; and hidden in a thicket they saw the deer come stealing out of the wilderness, shadows in moonlight under the twisted apple boughs. . . . And taking the Schön Rosmarin back, under a clear-risen moon, to the cove where he had his anchorage, Matt nearly hit a reef in an absent-minded navigation for which Drake would have hanged him at the yard arm, but which Shakespeare maybe would have smiled at.

It stayed with him, too, that absent-mindedness, in the time that followed: days of exploring in the sun of windy reaches, with the kids. On courses of make-believe, they passed to and fro upon fabulous oceans: a winding channel between two islands was the Sunda Straits, and another was the Windward Passage. The little capes they rounded and left astern were Good Hope, and The Horn, and Java Head. Three miles of swampy shore was the China Coast, and a little creek was the Whangpoo River. Some days the Schön Rosmarin, that respectable workaday troller, was a smuggler with contraband to set ashore in a lonely cove, in the dark of the moon; but usually she was a little ship with a brave and hopeful name, out of Plymouth or Cadiz, outward bound on morning seas. With a crew of gallows-birds and cutthroats in the waist, and three knightly adventurers pacing the quarter-deck. . . .

That was how Prof. Matthew B. Regan found again, for a little while, the boyhood he had left on a fire-escape.

MATT didn't see the kids' mother any more until the evening of a day when the Schön Rosmarin had been the whaler God's Mercy of Nantucket. Walking up the path through the woods toward the clearing at sundown, carrying a fish they had caught, Matt asked the kids if their mother would be pleased.

"Sure," Joe said. "We haven't had any meat for quite a while."

Startled, Matt looked at him. Both kids were trudging along with the light of a dream still upon their faces, secret with happiness in the dusk. Crossing the acre of charred stumps under the evening sky, he followed the kids into the shack without knocking, past the wash-

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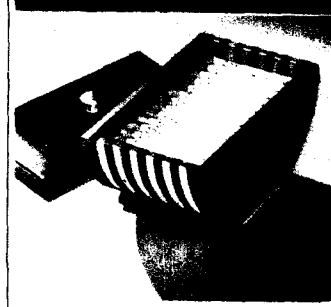

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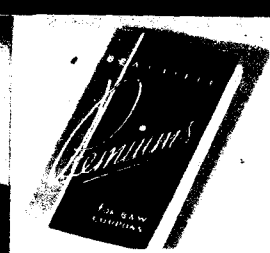

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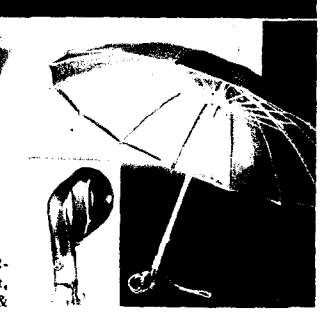

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1909
Albany, N. Y., Aug. 3—Miss Constance Clark dared the hazards of the highway over the week-end, driving the fifty-eight miles to Troy and return without mishap. "My greatest fear," said Miss Clark, "was that the car would stall where I couldn't find someone to crank it." Considering the conditions under

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tub which hung upon a nail beside the door.

The lamp was not lighted in the kitchen. But the kids' mother was standing in the bedroom doorway, a small figure in darkness. Matt thought one of her hands was clinging to the door for support, but it was too dark to see for sure.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I—I must have dozed off."

"Oh, that's all right," Joe said.

"May I please have the lantern, son?" she said. "The milking—I must. . . . Poor Celeste. She must be wondering what has . . ."

Matt said loudly and rudely: "Please go back to bed. Joe and I will get busy. Here's a salmon. We thought you might like it. It's cleaned."

"Oh, but I must do the milking," she said. "Really I—"

"Joe will show me how," Matt said. He struck a match to the lamp and then looked at the woodbox. It was full.

"That's my job," Joe said. "I'm a pretty good hand at chopping wood. I'm a good helper. Don't you think so, Mother?"

She said: "Yes, son." Matt couldn't see her face.

"Me, too," And Fanny said.

"I could do the milking," Joe said, "but my hands aren't quite big enough. Next year they will be bigger."

"Sure," Matt said. He had the fire going by that time. "Come on, Joe."

In the barn, learning how to milk, Matt said: "Joe, why didn't you tell me that your mother was sick?"

"She told us not to tell people," Joe said. "Anyway, you never asked us."

After supper, chopping in the woodshed under lantern-light, Matt did some mental arithmetic.

That night, after the anchor was down and the lantern hauled to the masthead for a riding light, he pulled his suitcase from under his bunk and, getting out his fairly new gray suit, he ironed it and hung it up on a clothes-hanger. He also slipped his savings bankbook in the pocket and looked up the ferry and bus schedules back to Seattle.

HE WAS gone more than a week. The morning he came back, he saw the kids from a long way off, waiting on their little headland.

And Fanny said, helping Joe catch the bow of the dinghy as it slid up on the pebbles: "Oh, dear, we were afraid you'd . . ."

"It's been a long time," Joe said. "What happened to you, Matt?"

"Well," Matt said, "I had a few things to do. You know how it is."

"Sure," Joe said.

But And Fanny said: "We missed you."

And when they were all in the pilothouse of the Schön Rosmarin, with Joe, frowning a little with earnestness, holding the wheel NW by N, she sighed blissfully and added: "Tell me once upon a time."

"Okay," Matt said. "Say, I've got a real story to tell you this time. A true one. You know, of course, that once upon a time, Smugglers' Island was the hangout for a gang of real pirates—fish pirates and smugglers. In the early days."

"Sure," Joe said. "Everybody knows that, around here."

"Well," Matt said, "guess what I found in a bottle, pretty near buried in the sand on a beach—away to the north."

He didn't wait for them to guess. He unlocked the chart-case and took a bottle out of it, a greenish bottle. And with nervous fingers he pulled out of the bottle a rolled-up piece of paper and showed it to them.

This was the tough part. If they believed this, everything would probably be okay. The paper looked genuine enough—a map, crudely scrawled, of a cove, with trees and rocks and a big X, and dotted lines and numbers. He had drawn it himself, two nights ago, and rubbed dirt on it to make it look old.

"Gee, holy smokes!" Joe said, doubtfully, looking at Matt's face. "What is it?"

"I'm not sure," Matt said in an offhand sort of voice, "but it might be treasure. Who knows?"

Joe didn't say anything. He just kept looking at Matt's face. It was tougher than Matt had expected. He felt himself beginning to perspire slightly.

"Never can tell what went on in those early days," he said.

"Say!" Joe said. "Maybe we ought to look into this. Smugglers' Island is only a few miles south."

"Mmmm," Matt said.

"How about tomorrow?" Joe said. "You never can tell."

"Okay," Matt said. He took his first full breath in a long time.

THAT evening he went up to the shack in the clearing with the kids. Their mother was cooking some carrots in a kettle on the stove when the kids burst into the kitchen and showed her the funny little smudged map, both of them talking at once about treasure. She looked at Matt, in the doorway, and pretended to fall in with the game.

"A treasure hunt," she said. "Won't that be fun? Only, you mustn't be disappointed."

"Say!" Joe said. "This is a real old paper."

"Really, ma'am," Matt said, "I found it. In a bottle."

She nodded and smiled. Her eyes were lost in hollow shadows.

They got an early start next morning and steered SW by S for Smugglers' Island, across a sea dark with the mystery of the fog. They landed on a little crescent of shingle beach, and Joe with the soiled map in his hand located the big rock from which the measurements started. They all paced off the distances indicated by the dotted lines, so accurately that Matt didn't need, after all, the marker of three clamshells he had dropped in an apparently haphazard triangle, just to be on the safe side. Joe lugged the shovel up from the dinghy and started digging and pretty soon he struck the old rust-eaten tin can which Matt had buried there under the setting moon night before last with $3,311 in it, in carefully sea-soaked currency.

Joe hauled the bills out of the tin can in soggy wads, and began spreading them on the stones to dry.

"That's treasure, isn't it?" And Fanny said doubtfully.

"Sure," Joe said.

"Well, what do you know about that!" Matt said in a profoundly phony voice. He was a little disappointed: the kids didn't seem to be as surprised, as tremendously thrilled, as he had planned, smoking his pipe that night after the money was buried.

Joe looked up at him. "Well, what did you expect?" he asked. "You said it would be here, didn't you?" It was Matt's first experience with the belief of a little kid in someone he likes.

"Oh," Matt said.

THE sun had come, but shreds of fog still clung among the dark branches in the canyon running back from the beach.

He set the kids ashore at midafternoon on their own headland. He stayed in the dinghy while they got out and stood on the wet stones, looking at him with eyes still shining with another day of good adventure. Joe had the money in a paper coffee bag.

"Well, see you tomorrow, Matt," he said.

"I'm . . . afraid not tomorrow," Matt

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said. He knew that it would be better not to see the kids' mother again.

It was ludicrous, rather—and tragic to him—but he had left himself only one thing to do. Just to disappear. They didn't know who he was. They couldn't ever find him, and after a while they would use the money. Besides, he was broke now and he had to go back and ask the dean to cancel his leave of absence. He turned away and picked up an oar, fumbling a little.

"Oh, dear," And Fanny said. "Well, I'll be watching for you."

"Well," Matt said. " . . . Okay."

Rowing back out across shining water to where the Schön Rosmarin was tugging at her anchor line, he kept thinking that, after all, little kids have pretty short memories and it wouldn't be very long before they forgot to watch every

"Gus wants a glass of water—says he feels faint"

REAMER KELLER

day and by Christmas, anyway, they wouldn't hold it against him any more, his not ever coming back, because they would have forgotten. . . .

LATE that afternoon, anchored in his old cove down the coast, Matt was sitting under the lantern in the cabin, his elbows on the chart outspread upon the table, when something bumped along the Schön Rosmarin's side and stopped. He pushed the scuttle back and stuck his head out, and was staring in the uncertain sunlight at the face of that girl. The kids' mother. She was standing up in a rowboat, clinging with both hands. Her face, just above the rail, was faintly luminous against the sea.

"Oh . . . hello," Matt said.

"Hello," she said, reasonably enough.

Matt came to himself, and leaped up the little ladder.

"Er—won't you come aboard?" he said. "Here, I mean, give me the end of your painter."

"Oh, thank you," she said.

He helped her aboard and made the painter fast and when he straightened up, she seemed as embarrassed as he was.

"Look here," she said. "That—really, I can't—"

"Wait," he said. "Let's get this thing straight." That was a sensible thing to say: it sounded terribly sensible and businesslike. That was the system—but he couldn't think of the next thing to say.

"But—" she said faintly. "That's why I have come. To—"

"How did you get here?" he asked sternly.

"Why, I—borrowed a neighbor's boat," she said.

"How did you know where? I mean, how did—"

"The neighbor told me. That you anchor here at night."

"Oh," he said. "Er—I see."

"So," she said, "I came to ask you about this. Really, don't you see, I can't possibly—"

"What?" he said.

"Well, all this money. You must see that I—" She was holding the coffee bag out to him. "Don't be difficult, because honestly, it—"

"Please—" he said. "Look: will you marry me?"

SHE looked at him for a long time. Her face, although he couldn't see it very well, seemed suddenly pitiful. Finally she said: "But you . . . Are you . . . ?"

"I wish you would," he said, gently.

She just kept looking at him. He heard her swallow once, a little dry gulp in her throat.

"It's like this," he said. "Let's be sensible. If I came courting you, I'd never have the nerve to ask you. I mean, really."

"Oh," she said. "But—all this . . . I'm afraid you—don't quite . . ." After a while she added in a small voice: "Well, you might come to tea tomorrow."

He nodded, but somehow he was afraid to look at her face any more. What a frightful clumsy fool, she must be thinking—

"Er—thank you," he said. "By the way—what is your name?"

"Anne," she said. "We shall be expecting you, then. The—the children like your stories."

"Oh," he said. "Mm-mm."

"We won't talk about it any more," she said. "But I meant to ask you—when did you say that the p-pirates buried this? The treasure?"

"Oh," he said. "A long time ago. Around the seventies sometime. I don't know."

"I—of course. I remember, now." She nodded, and leaned carelessly against the pilothouse door.

But he was looking at something beyond her shoulder.

A star, burning on a sea horizon.

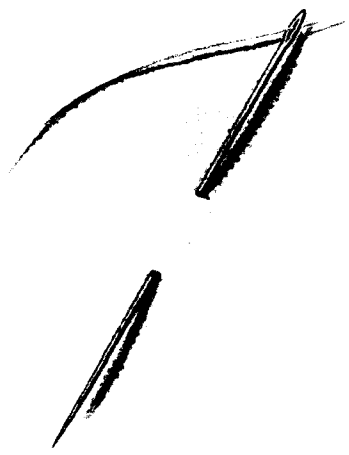
For Magellan and Drake and Frobisher. . . . And for a dull schoolteacher who—

Suddenly he looked at her again, quite closely. She might have been smiling to herself, but in this uneven light it was hard to—

"What?" he said. "Tell me."

"Not now," she said. "Some day, perhaps."

But she knew she wouldn't ever tell him. He was too nice the way he was, and she would try to see to it that he never had to become a dull and sensible person. She would never tell him, for instance, that bank notes are dated.



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Two-Ton Tony

Continued from page 18

shot at his title next summer. If he beats me, he's had a fine workout, free!"

How would you like to hang by your thumbs until Louis accepts that bid? Joe is strictly a businessman and if Tony thinks more of his art than of the gate, he's not going to lure Louis into any of his sinister schemes. If Tony wishes to give away his merchandise, he might concentrate on Schmeling.

Max wants a couple of warm-ups before he fights Louis next June. Galento isn't doing anything. Why doesn't Joe Jacobs match them up and get a double-barreled cut of the purse?

The answer to that is simple. Schmeling, like Louis, has already signified that he does not wish to traffic with uncouth parties of the Galento breed. Farr, too, has other plans. So it looks as if the Night Stick will wind up shadow-boxing with himself for lack of adversaries.

Jack Dempsey tells an amusing story about Galento. He had him in his stable for a short while. Jack put on the gloves with Tony in the gym one day.

"I decided he was getting too chesty," Dempsey declared, "so I was just going to dust him off a bit, for his own good. I belted him with everything I had—but it wasn't enough. I sunk my left hand into his fat stomach to the elbow. I hauled off and left-hooked him on the chin. His mouth was open at the time, as it usually is. I think he snaps at flies, or something.

"I heard his teeth click and he spun twenty feet—but he didn't fall down. He just looked at me and blinked. So I told him to take a few pops at me just to make it even. 'You mean that, Jack?' he asked. 'You won't get sore or nothin' if I bust you a few?' I told him to start punching—and he did! Firpo never hurt me like that when he knocked me out of the ring. He lets those left hooks go right from his knees and they paralyze you!"

Hooks from All Angles

Tony's fighting technique is ridiculously simple. He disdains even the slightest gesture of defense with scowling scorn. Anyone who wishes to bash him on the biscuit may step up and do so. But an adversary soon tires of such tactics—for the best he can expect is a set of bruised knuckles and a charley horse in his pitching arm. Tony's jaw seems to be made of lignum vitae, chilled steel and reinforced concrete in equal parts.

His offense is confined to a single, sweeping motion with the left hand. He hooks from all angles, like a Puerto Rican cane cutter swings a bolo knife. But because of his narrow wing span—Galento's arms are as short as a little boy's—he must be close to his man to mow him down. The damage usually occurs in clinches.

Tony has lately combined his left hook with a half-Nelson and this merger is most effective. He falls inside, drapes his right arm gently but firmly around the patient's neck so that he cannot pull his head back or wriggle while the anesthetic is being administered. Then he swishes and hacks away at the chin with his left until there is practically no pain.

Tony also kicks, gouges, butts, elbows and clubs—but all in the spirit of good, clean fun, mind you. He has his own philosophy about his profession. "You go in there to get the other guy," he says, "and he's in there to get you. What's the difference how you do it, so long as you don't carry any deadly weapons? A fellow is supposed to protect himself at all times, ain't he?"

Galento is a kindhearted, sympathetic chap who would try anything short of homicide to please a pal. Once Frank Graham, New York Sun sports writer, observed in his column that the quaint Tony was his favorite fighter. Tony was deeply touched by this praise. "That was sweet of Frankie," he murmured, "I'll have to do something nice for him, soon, too."

Tony didn't have to wait long. He toed off against an overstuffed giant named Young Hippo in a preliminary bout on the Baer-Braddock card at Madison Square Garden Bowl a few days later. Just as he came waddling out of his corner he spied Graham at the ringside. His little eyes shone with an unholy light and he charged at Hippo,

"One more word outa you and you can go back to picking pockets again!"

A. ROSS

howling, "Look out, bum—out yah go!" He smashed him unconscious with a single blow. The inert fellow toppled practically into Graham's lap. Tony rushed over, beaming and gurgling. Giving Hippo a shove with his foot so Graham could get a better look at the remains, Galento chortled:

"There yeh are, Frankie, boy! Howja like that bird for a souvenir?"

Out in Chicago last summer, Tony tangled with a rugged Argentine named Arturo Godoy. Fat Davey Miller was their referee, and they gave the gasping official a wicked tossing around. When Godoy wasn't roughing Davey up in the clinches, Galento was manhandling him. The betting wasn't on either fighter, but as to whether Miller would be there at the finish.

Once when Miller tried to break them, Tony sneaked over a blow that doubled up the fat referee. "Remember, Galento," the anguished Miller pointed to Godoy, "you're fighting him, not me!"

Tony grinned, "Okay, boss—just stand back and give me room to swing, huh?"

When it comes to free-style eating, Tony bows to no man—including Joe Louis, who is an accomplished trencherman himself. But Joe is more or less of a fried-chicken specialist, while Galento plays the menu across the boards. A pitcher of beer, a handful of hot dogs and a couple of sacks of peanuts are a virtual necessity an hour or so before every fight. Tony wouldn't think of going into a ring with an empty stomach —it makes him feel faint, his strength ebbs and spots appear before his eyes. A few hours before he was to fight the late Ernie Schaaf in Newark several years ago, he swigged so much lager and wolfed so many hot dogs he swooned in his dressing room and a 24-hour postponement was needed to get him back on his feet.

Mr. Jacobs Isn't Worried

He's rather good in the malt and hops department, too. Tony has a neighborhood saloon in Orange, New Jersey, and you can't get standing room in the tavern on fight nights, for all the neighbors are waiting for him to hurry home and give them the blow-by-blow. He is usually thirsty in these moments of triumph. Usually it takes him a couple of dozen brews to lubricate his parched vocal cords before he can orate. His admiring wife, Mary, has meanwhile cooked up a batch of meat balls and spaghetti and Tony fortifies himself with these solids as a foundation for the serious drinking that is to continue until dawn. You would think this wassail would worry his mastermind, Joe Jacobs, but the latter explains:

"He had a dozen managers before me, and he drove 'em all daffy. They told me he'd run me ragged, too, but they're wrong. I know how to handle him. I leave him alone. I stay in New York and he stays in Jersey. We got that big Hudson River between us, and neither of us can swim it. Galento is like Walker, Greb, Rosenbloom, Dillon and those other crackpots. If he wants to train behind the bar and stay up all night, it's oke with me, so long as he can get his dukes up when he has to fight."

Money matters confuse Tony and this is where a keen mathematical mind like Manager Jacobs' comes in handy. For instance, Galento was once offered $1,200 against a choice of percentage to appear in Philadelphia. "Nothin' doin'," he told Muggsy Taylor, the promoter there. "I gets a flat thousand bucks or I don't fight!"

Then, too, some scheming citizens once approached Tony with a little suggestion whereby he could pick up a swift $5,000 for taking a dive in a certain rigged bout. Now there's one thing that even his severest critics admit about Galento; the fellow is a hundred per cent honest. The finger of suspicion has never been pointed at him. He listened carefully to this crooked proposal and was silent for a moment. "Five thousand bucks," he mused. "I never saw that much money in my life! Maybe I never will. Gee, that's a pile of dough, huh?"

The sure-thing gents thought they had him hooked. But Tony continued, "Naw, I can't go through with it, gents —I can't trust my left hand!"

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The Girl from Cold River

Continued from page 17

"And the Swing Club at night," Sargent Blake finished.

"Right."

"Do you ever miss a night at the 52d Street bistro?"

"Hardly ever," Slick said. "The bartenders practically fill my column for me. The Swing Club is business with me." He gave Sargent Blake a cold look. "Remember, Fatso—I give you *one more week* to cast that part!"

"And I give you the door," Sargent Blake said

"Yah," Slick jeered, taking the door in a loose lope. He strode across the anteroom, jamming his gray snapbrim carelessly onto his head. He did not look around. So he didn't notice the six beautiful and bored young ladies who *did* notice him—up and down. And of course he did not notice the seventh, the young pretty one who sat with her hands folded quietly in her slim lap. She noticed Slick, though. She was trying to figure out if he was Franchot Tone or Robert Montgomery. She didn't give up trying until the door shut with a bang, behind him.

The secretary called: "Mr. Blake will see Miss Lane."

"Thank you very much," Patricia replied.

WHEN she entered his office, Sargent Blake was studiously frowning at Miss Tebbett's letter of introduction. He looked up, finally, and forced a weary smile. Then he pointed at the chair across the desk and nodded.

"Thank you very much," Patricia said, as she sat down.

The first words from the famous man were: "How is Miss Tebbetts?"

Patricia leaned forward in the chair and replied with passionate enthusiasm for the subject: "She's good. She had a little touch of neuritis last month, but it wasn't much. Mainly she's been—"

Sargent Blake said: "Miss Tebbetts tells me you're in the Little Theater League group in Cold River."

Patricia nodded but added nothing to the statement.

"Of course, Miss Lane, New York is a hard town to get a foothold in," Sargent Blake droned. "On the stage especially. And without stock experience—"

"Oh, I've no doubt there isn't a ghost of a chance for me," Patricia agreed.

Sargent Blake gave her a puzzled look; the girl was obviously a very odd dish. "But I'll do what I can, Miss Lane," he said. "How long will you be in town?"

"Until next Monday," Patricia said. "I'm taking the four-five from Grand Cent—"

"Where are you located in town?"

"At Bachelorette—"

"Never mind. Wait a minute." Sargent Blake pressed a buzzer and the secretary appeared. "Miss Klavis," he said, "take Miss Lane's address and put it on the 'Immediately Available' list."

Miss Klavis smiled cynically as she wrote it down.

"Glad you stopped in, Miss Lane," Sargent Blake said, as he stood up.

Patricia saw, then, that the interview had definitely ended. She was sorry to leave. It had been nice.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Blake," she said, holding out her hand. She smiled at him as he took it. Then she smiled at Miss Klavis as she went out the door.

Miss Klavis turned to Sargent Blake. "Just as a suggestion, Mr. Blake, but that girl looks exactly like what Mr. Hammill has been demanding for 'Hey! Hey! Hey!' You know, unsophistic—"

"Miss Klavis," Sargent Blake said, in a tired voice, "Slick Hammill is going to take Margot Manning and like it. See?"

"I see, Mr. Blake," Miss Klavis said, "but I don't think Mr. Hammill does—yet."

PATRICIA stood in front of the Swing Club on 52d Street, gazing raptly at the brightly lighted marquee, although people walking by continually nudged into her. She thought about all the times she had read of this place in George Hammill's column. And fastening that memory in her mind, she managed to suck every ounce of thrill from the bright yellow reality of it, here before her eyes. "George Hammill might be inside right now!" she thought. "He writes about being here so much." Then she sailed inside.

She'd already seen nearly everything in New York, thanks to George Hammill's instructions.

"After I leave here," she thought, exultantly, "I'll really and truly *know* New York City."

George Hammill had stated explicitly in his column that ladies could enter the Swing Club unescorted and that, for the price of a single cocktail, they could sit at the bar and watch the floor show. That suited Patricia perfectly because she most certainly wanted to see a New York floor show *but* she didn't want to drink more than one cocktail.

She made her way inside, gingerly. She went to the bar and sat down.

"Yes?" the bartender said, crisply.

"What cocktails do you especially recommend?" Patricia asked.

"The old-fashioneds are very okay."

"Then I'll have that," Patricia said, with a pleased smile.

She became aware that the gentleman on her immediate left had half turned on his stool and was glancing at her, covertly. So, as she turned toward the dance floor, she glanced at him. She felt a tiny shock at the familiarity of his profile. Because she knew no man in New York except Sargent Blake and this was not he. This man was quite young and slim and good-looking.

The bartender placed her cocktail on the bar, in front of her. Then he put the long white billet, that proved to be the check, next to the cocktail. He glanced at the man on Patricia's immediate left and said: "What's new, Slick?"

"Nothing, Joe," Slick said.

THE bartender whistled and began to polish one of the overpolished glasses with a cloth. Patricia picked up her check, read it carefully, and then began to rummage through her pocketbook for money. She knew that the man in the powder-gray suit, called Slick, was watching her intently. And then, suddenly, he spoke:

"Look—you don't have to pay the barkeep yet," he said. "Wait until you've had all the drinks you want."

"But I've all the drinks I want, right *now!*" Patricia said.

He was sizing her up with genuine delight. "Now wait a minute," he said. "There's no one in this world who knows how many drinks he's going to want until *after* he's had the first."

"But I do," Patricia said.

"I marvel," Slick said. "Have you been here before?"

"Never. I came here because George Hammill recommended it."

Slick's eyebrows shot up.

"In his column," Patricia said. "I read it every night."

"Well!" Slick said. "And speaking of

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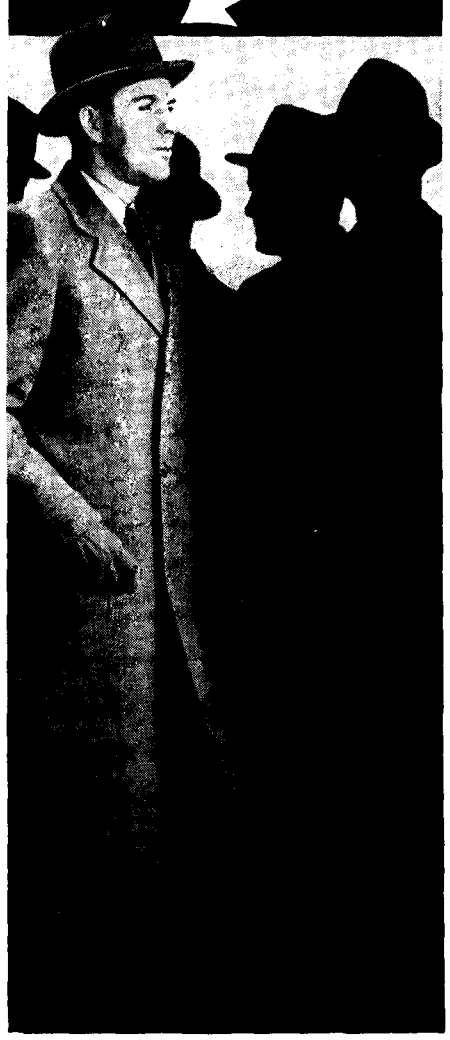

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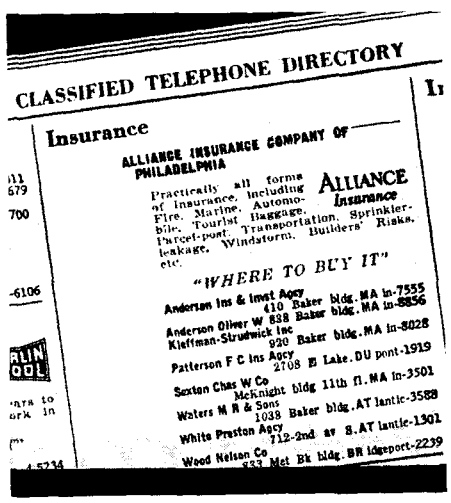
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the great George Hammill, it may interest you to know that—"

She grabbed his arm, excitedly. "Is George Hammill here *tonight?* Where? Is he young or old? Does he—"

Something fine about this conversation, Slick Hammill decided, would be immediately destroyed if he told her *he* was the gentleman in question. "I don't see George around just now," he said.

"This is his—his hangout, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," Slick said. "And a fine fellow he is, too. George Hammill is the salt of this earth. Everybody likes him. His friends are legion. Why, even his enemies like him."

"His column is certainly a jim-dandy, isn't it?" Patricia said.

"It's meaty. Very, *very* meaty. By the way, my name is Slick—Hanley."

"And I'm Miss Patricia Lane."

Slick smiled at her. "Shall we dance?"

"I think that would be lovely," Patricia said.

AT THE end of three turns around the floor, Slick had come to the conclusion that this girl was about the sweetest thing on high heels. "She's so sweet," he told himself, "she hurts."

And Patricia decided she had never met a young man who smiled that nicely and talked so engagingly and knew so much about everything. He capped the climax at the finish of the dance by pointing toward a table of four and saying: "See that man with the long, purposeful face?"

"Yes," Patricia said, breathlessly.

"He's a talent scout for the movies. He—I've got to see him a minute about helping me cast a—about business. I'm going to sit you back in your seat at the bar, see? But I'll be right back. So don't go away. I don't want to lose you."

"Oh, I won't go away," Patricia said. "I have to stay and see the floor show."

"She just isn't true," Slick said, under his breath. "She *can't* be true."

Patricia watched Slick thread his way through the maze of small tables until he reached the talent scout. Then, as she looked away, toward the entrance, she saw Sargent Blake.

He was coming through the door. On his arm was a dark, languid lady in a wicked black net dress. Patricia turned excitedly to the bartender whom she now considered an old friend.

"*Who*'s that gorgeous lady with Mr. Blake?"

The bartender squinted. "That's Margot Manning, the actress. A little bit of all right to look at, isn't she?"

"She's stunning," Patricia said.

As Sargent Blake strolled by, with Margot Manning, Patricia leaned forward and said: "Hello, Mr. Blake!"

Sargent Blake glanced at her, puzzled for a moment. Then he recognized her face. He nodded politely.

"I never expected to meet *you* tonight," she said.

"Oh—I get here and there, now and then," Sargent Blake said, backing cagily away. Then he turned and strolled on, with Margot Manning.

"NO, SLICK," the talent scout said, in conclusion, "offhand I can't line up anything for that 'Hey! Hey! Hey!' role. I'm sorry."

"Well, keep it in mind," Slick said.

"I will."

"Thanks." Slick moved off, eagerly, toward the bar. The prospect of a whole evening with Patricia had him up in the clouds. The things she said, the way she said them, the bubbling earnestness of her, all delighted him. "I didn't think they grew that kind any more," he told himself, reverently.

He stopped suddenly, at the bar side of the Swing Club, as though he had been brought up with a jolting left to the chin. The familiar figure of Sargent Blake loomed a few yards ahead. Blake was talking to—*Patricia!* Her face lighted up as she spoke. Then, swiftly, Sargent Blake moved on down the room with Margot Manning on his arm.

Slick could feel small muscles in his jaw tighten. A surge of anger and dullness swept over him. "I *knew* it," he said to himself, bitterly, "she *is* too good to be true. Just another of Fatso's frame-ups. The lousy louse. She's nothing but another phony Margot Manning."

Slick felt plenty burned up at Sargent Blake, but his strongest emotion at the moment was an ache of disappointment that Patricia was not all she appeared to be. She was pulling a clever act because she wanted the part in his play. "Damn this town," Slick said, sullenly, to himself.

He slid onto the stool beside her. "Well, I'm back."

He decided he'd teach her a lesson. She deserved one.

Patricia smiled and slid as close to him as she could without falling off the stool altogether. She was glad he was back. She had missed him. It was not so much fun being alone after you had got used to being with someone like Slick, who was heaps of fun.

"Is the talent scout looking for talent?" she asked.

"No. He's drinking black coffee."

Patricia looked at him. There was an edge to his voice that was different than before he'd gone to see the talent scout. Sort of cold. Almost hard.

"I suppose," Slick said, "that—strangely enough—they have a dramatic organization in your home town?"

"Oh, yes," she said quickly.

"And by an odd coincidence," Slick said, bearing down hard on the ironic inflection, "*you* belong?"

SHE nodded, puzzled by his tone. "Yes. But I'm really not much of an actress."

"In that case, I don't suppose you've thought about trying to land on Broadway?"

"Not really, no," she said. "Although I *did* have a little talk with an agent. Do you know him—Sargent Blake?"

"Just to bow at." Slick frowned. "And what did Fat—Mr. Blake say?" This is neat stuff she's giving me, Slick thought.

"Mr. Blake didn't give me much encouragement," she said. "He said I needed more experience. But I didn't mind. I don't really care."

"No, of course not," Slick said, dispiritedly. Under his breath, he added: "Not much you don't, Toots."

"Oh, look!" Patricia cried. "Here comes the floor show!"

Slick said, "Maybe you can listen to the pale guy with the dinky piano after all."

Slick gave her a night of it. He didn't exactly know why he took her to all those places—from the elite night clubs to the spaghetti joint on Sixth Avenue. "She's probably covered them all before—plenty of times," he told himself, angrily.

He wouldn't have admitted to himself, even if the thought *had* occurred to him, that subconsciously he was staving off the moment when he'd have to tell her just what he thought of her. Because the girl continued to delight him. He decided that she was the smoothest phony he had encountered in some time. Why, she could even out-naïve Margot Manning, and Margot had been pretty good.

At 2 A. M. she said she had to go home. She was terribly sorry because she had had a wonderful time.

As Slick hailed a taxi, he said: "Where to now?"

She smiled a trusting smile at him. "Bachelorette Hall."

He choked back a sarcastic reply.

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Fatso, he thought, you have certainly done it up brown this time.

All the way home, she talked at a furious clip. It had been a wild, thrilling evening. She had seen so much. . . . Morosely, Slick chipped in an occasional "umph" or "uh-huh" and that grudgingly. But she didn't seem to notice his silence.

In the lobby of Bachelorette Hall, she took his hand and squeezed it and said: "I've had *such* a good time. I know there isn't any use trying to tell you what a good time I had."

Warmth came from behind her eyes somewhere—warmth that he could feel. But even as he felt it, he shut it off. It and her speeches and her gestures all flowed from the same well-regulated faucet. So . . . he let himself go. He had held himself in check for a good many hours. Now he outdid himself.

"Listen, you," he said, roughly, "it's been a very nice night and I admit you certainly are a master of the wide-eyed, sweetie-sweet stuff. But I am just'about fed up with the sweetie-sweet stuff by now. So take it easy, Toots."

He jammed his hat angrily on his head and moved toward the door. Then behind him, he heard her voice—small and kind of choked up. He turned, sullenly. There were no tears in her eyes yet, but there was the promise of them. He felt his own resentment begin to get engulfed by a wave of remorse. But he snapped himself out of that.

"You—" she said. Her hands became two small, tight fists at her sides. "You're horrible. I thought you were the nicest—why, you're *horrible!*" The tears were there now, blurring her eyes as she looked straight at him. "Why did you have to say those things? Why did you have to go and *spoil* everything?"

She turned, then, and fled. He saw the swirl of her skirt as she rounded the corner of the stairway. Then she was gone.

"What a wind-up!" Slick said. "What a performance! Can that girl *give!*"

THERE was confusion in the office of Sargent Blake the next morning.

"Miss Klavis!" he roared, pressing the buzzer four times.

Miss Klavis appeared, out of breath. "Yes, Mr. Blake?"

"Listen, Miss Klavis! Did we *ever* have a client named Lane? Patricia Lane?"

Miss Klavis thought hard. "I can't recall the name. I'll look in the files."

"Miss Klavis, do you think Slick Hammill could have gone nuts during the latter part of this week?"

"Well—I always considered him a *very* peculiar person, Mr. Blake. He gets that wild look in his eyes sometimes."

"He just telephoned me," Sargent Blake said, "and—*get this,* Miss Klavis—he said: 'Okay on Patricia Lane. I'll take her. I ought to shoot you for pulling the same trick twice, but she's the goods. I'll take Patricia Lane.' " Sargent Blake stared at Miss Klavis. "And that's *all* he said. No, not all—he said he'd be over in an hour to sign the papers. Then he hung up."

"What did you tell him?" Miss Klavis asked, anxiously.

"Tell him!" Sargent Blake roared. "I told him to come ahead. When a man tells me he'll *sign papers,* then *I* want to see him."

"But we haven't any Patricia Lane to give him."

"Then we'll get one. Never let it be said that Sargent Blake—listen, look in the files, quick. There *must* be a Patricia Lane in our files. There's *got* to be one."

When Miss Klavis scurried back, a few minutes later, her face was beaming. "I've found Patricia Lane, Mr. Blake!"

"Who is she? *Where* is she?"

"She's that one, the sweet one, that came in to see you from Cold River, New Hampshire, this week. She had a letter of introduction, remember? She—"

"*Now* I remember!" Sargent Blake said. "And she's the same one I saw with Slick last night, at the Swing Club. Miss Klavis, I don't know what it means, but if Slick wants the girl, he'll have her. I'm sick to death of arguing about this part. She's our client. So—get her over here *right away!*"

"I'll telephone her," Miss Klavis said.

IT WAS less than half an hour later when Patricia was ushered into Sargent Blake's office. She paused uncertainly before his desk and said:

"Did you want to see me about something, Mr. Blake?"

Sargent Blake looked her over with a professional eye. "Can you act?" he demanded.

"Well, I—"

"*Can you act?* I've got a part in a play for you. If you can act, it will help."

His voice bristled with impatience. He folded his arms and waited.

"I—I'm sorry, Mr. Blake," she said. "I don't think I can act."

"Well, we're not licked yet—"

"I was cheating when I came to see you," she said. "I didn't want a job on the stage. I—I just wanted to meet you."

"You just wanted to *meet* me?"

"Yes. Because you're famous."

"What kind of nonsense *is* this?" Sargent Blake roared.

"Honestly, Mr. Blake, I'm sorry and I hope I haven't caused you any trouble," Patricia said, meekly. "Right now I've got to go because I've got to catch a train. On account of something—something unpleasant that happened to me last night, I'm going home—"

Slowly she had backed toward the door, but there she suddenly collided with something. When she turned around, she found Slick Hammill staring into her eyes. There was an expression on Slick's face that made him look as though he were groping for a word to fit in a crossword puzzle.

"You!" she cried. "You've no right to eavesdrop on people—"

"But I didn't eavesdrop," he protested. "I just stood here about five minutes waiting to get noticed." He wheeled toward Sargent Blake. "Listen, Fatso—you honestly didn't plant her on me at the Swing Club last night?"

"SLICK," Sargent Blake said, "I don't know if you have gone nuts or if I have or if Miss Klavis has. But I did not plant this girl anywhere. I saw her once before, this week, and I forgot her as soon as she left the office. I—"

"You let me go!" Patricia cried, trying to push past Slick. But he thrust his arm across the doorway, and blocked her. When she tried to duck under his arm, he dropped it and frustrated her frantic rabbitlike attempt.

"You're not going anywhere just yet, beautiful," Slick said, softly. "You can't come in and upset my life like this, and then run out on me."

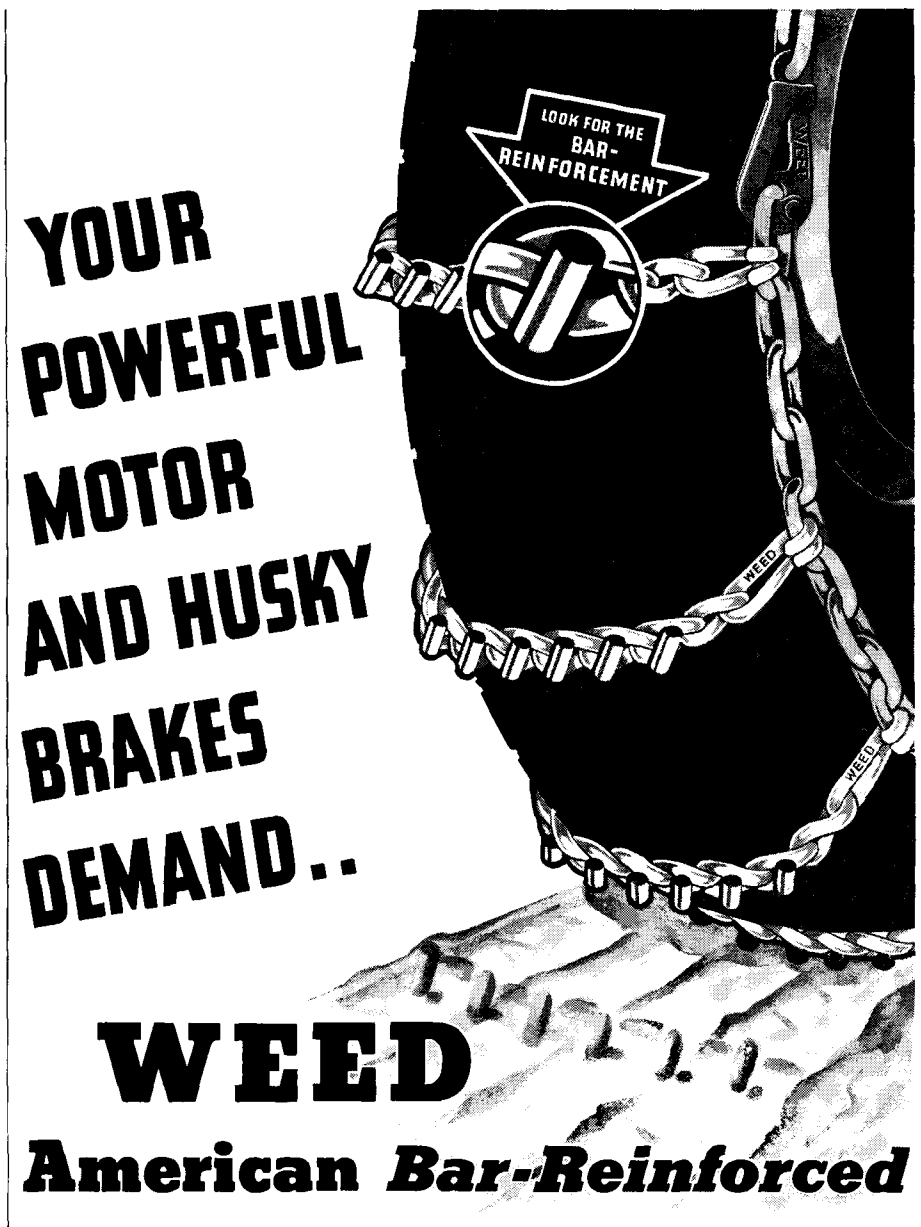
"I've seen everything I came to see," Patricia said, hotly. "So now I'm going home. And—"

But the rest was muffled against Slick's shoulder.

"Miss Klavis!" Sargent Blake roared. "Come in here! Slick Hammill is kissing a girl and he won't stop it. This is a business office!"

Miss Klavis came, on the run. She stopped at the door and took one look around and then said: "What Mr. Blake means is, won't you step into the anteroom? You'll have more privacy there."

Slick looked up. "A very fair suggestion, Miss Klavis," he said.



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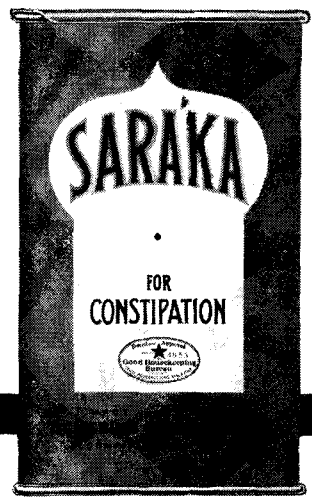

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Mutiny in Pachong

Continued from page 21

drink or two. Perhaps they were just talking about Japan: possibly they might have known one another there. The next day Vries went back, and after that he made several calls.

The Englishman who had the tobacco agency knew about Vries and was also watching him, wondering what action such a competitor would take. When he saw the Eurasian making these trips to Rand's house the Englishman spread the rumor in the foreign community that Vries was no tobacco agent at all, but undoubtedly a drug peddler. It was a bad thing to say, but all, and those missionaries especially, were willing enough to believe that Rand was buying opium or heroin from the Eurasian.

You know, sir, I sometimes think I am a very stupid man to have been an intelligence officer in that place. So many things that were obvious slipped me by. For instance, after that on one or two occasions I chanced to see that Japanese woman Gyo entering the big red gate to the general's *yamen,* yet I swear that I did not think much about it until later. I am astonished that I attached so little importance to it.

WELL, one evening I was playing cards in my quarters with Voltov and Pokrovsky. It was a warm evening and we had our tunics off and were enjoying ourselves. Then along came a Chinese soldier, very excited, shouting to me that the foreigner who lived by the north wall was trying to murder the Eurasian who was staying at the inn by the east gate. We put on our tunics and went in rickshas as fast as we could.

The Eurasian, Vries, was lying on the *k'ang* inside the door, and his eyes were glassy. You could see that he had been strangled half to death, but he was gasping for air. A lieutenant with a Mauser in his hand was standing in the middle of the room and Rand, with his clothing torn pretty badly and with some blood on his mouth, was sitting in a chair. He was tied into that chair with a long rope.

When they saw us come in, the Chinese soldiers and the officer all began to talk fast to us. I could understand most of it, however. They said the American had come to the inn and found the Eurasian in a small room, and they had talked and then begun to argue and soon the innkeeper and others heard them fighting and yelling. They managed to separate the two men before the American could choke Vries to death.

Rand seemed to pay no attention to all these explanations, but when they were finished he said to me: "Tell these damn' fools to untie me, Koznuichef. They think I'm drunk, but I'm not. They think I was going to kill Vries, but I wasn't, though it would be a very good idea. But they won't listen to me."

I looked at him and did not think he was drunk, so I told the officer to let the man go.

When Rand was untied we took him back to my quarters. I noticed that Vries was all right, though he did not have much wind inside him.

When we got to my rooms I sent Voltov and Pokrovsky away and gave Rand a drink and told him to wash the blood off his mouth. He was breathing hard and appeared very upset and angry.

"My friend," I said, "why did you attack that Vries? He may not be a good man, but he is a friend of General Cheng. You are not tactful."

Rand stopped walking around and he took a dirty scrap of paper from his pocket. It had characters—Japanese—scribbled on it.

"You see that?" Rand said to me. "Vries wrote that to my Gyo. I found it there today in my house. I can read only a few of these characters but I can read enough to know that he is compromising her through that famous Vulture of yours. That Eurasian who has been coming to my home is no good, I know. For a long time I have been suspicious of him. I did not know just who he is or what he wants. I hear the bazaar gossip, the same as you, and I knew well enough that he has business with your boss. I don't care about that. He and that yellow devil at the *yamen* can plot all they wish for all I care, but when my wife is involved in their dirty plots, I do not like it. You understand that?"

I cannot tell you these words as he spoke them in English, sir. You understand the difficulty in translation. He said many other things. But I told him that I understood him. Rand had been thinking about it and wondering if Vries had drawn his woman into the affair to help negotiate with the general in some way or other. Perhaps he was jealous, supposing that Vries might have had some personal interest in that girl. Anyway, he was very angry, though he had said nothing to the Japanese woman Gyo. When he found the note, it was enough, though in itself it was unimportant. He rushed off to the inn.

"I did not argue with Vries very long," Rand told me. "I put him on the *k'ang* and choked him and then I let him go and he told me all about it. He admitted to me that he was negotiating with your Vulture to sell out Pachong and this whole region to the Japanese. And Cheng is going to do it and then get away. I made Vries tell me about my wife. He says that she is helping him. Do you know why? I'll tell you. That precious Cheng has had his eye on her for a long time and would like to include a pretty Japanese among his girls at the *yamen!* Probably to take her away with him to Tientsin later. He wants Gyo, and that Vries has been trading on her popularity with the general to get the negotiations carried out through her. You understand that, too?"

What was I to say? You can see for yourself, sir, it was a sorry mess. And yet I am convinced that Rand knew as well as I did exactly what she was doing. I am not unacquainted with the Japanese, and he had lived in their country. It was so simple to see what the Eurasian was up to. He had failed in his own attempts to bring those negotiations to a conclusion. Probably it was because of the greed of the general, who wanted more money than the Japanese were willing to give. And Vries had taken advantage of the opportunity he saw in the presence of this pretty Japanese girl in Pachong. The Vulture wanted her and she would have influence with him. So he had appealed to her, in the name of patriotism, for he was a clever man.

IT IS sometimes difficult for men like you and me to understand those Japanese. They have, perhaps, a sense of racial unity we do not know, even though I fought in Siberia after the revolution. I think I knew why that woman Gyo went to the *yamen* better than Rand knew, though he had a vague idea. Patriotism is not a part of that kind of man, such an individualist, if you follow me, sir, and certainly he had long forgotten any loyalty to his own people. And he was overwhelmed with jealousy.

But I thought I knew what was in that woman's mind. I did not venture any remarks. I sat there watching him and listening to him. He talked some more and had another drink or two. Then he went out. He went directly to his own house by the north wall. He was probably a little drunk. The woman Gyo was not there when he arrived.

He waited for her until about midnight; at least, I cannot account in any other way for the time that elapsed. But by midnight I suppose he was in such a condition that he did not care what happened. He then went directly to General Cheng's *yamen.*

The old bandit was sitting at a table waiting for the foreigner. He had called in the three Russians of the guard who were on night duty—Mikhailov was one of them—and they were standing in the shadows in the corners of the room, their hands on their guns. Mikhailov told me these things afterward.

Rand saw the guards when he entered but he did not stop. He walked right up to the table behind which the Vulture was seated, and he looked at him across the candle flames.

"Where is my wife?" he said.

The general lifted his eyebrows and

"I never used that chair, so I sublet it"

said blandly: "Your wife? I did not know that you had a wife, *Shen Shung.*"

Rand started to walk around the table and the guards stepped forward.

But General Cheng did not move, except to smile a little.

"*Shen Shung,*" he said easily, "I know nothing of your Japanese—er—wife. I have not seen her. She is not here."

Rand looked at the Vulture's button eyes. Finally he shrugged.

"Show the gentleman out," the general said to the guards.

Mikhailov and the others went with Rand back through the courtyards toward the outer gate. No one said anything.

Then suddenly they all heard a woman's voice, calling Rand by name, and the voice come from a window in a wall near by. The voice, Mikhailov told me, held a distinct note of panic. Rand stopped and turned. The Russians grabbed him by the arms and some of the Chinese soldiers behind shoved their bayonets at him. He struggled very hard but they forced him across the courtyard, fighting, and threw him out of the big gate. Mikhailov said he did not know what else to do.

Now what Rand did after that I know as the truth, sir, for I spoke to men that night who had seen him.

He got up out of the dirt there and

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walked to his house. He had four good servants who had been with him for several years, ever since he had come to Pachong, and they were loyal men as such servants go. He talked to them at his house, and then they went out into the city to the barracks where the general's troops were quartered.

AS SOON as they had gone Rand walked into the center of the city again to a branch office of the army wireless, which was apart from the *yamen* itself. He had a gun with him. He went in there and found two Chinese operators asleep. He woke them up with kicks and made them get in touch with Tunghsiangfu, which is three hundred *li* south of Pachong and the headquarters of General Liu Fu-hai. You know about that man, of course. His name is here in your newspapers. He is a very popular and powerful general in that district adjoining the Pachong region, and he is loyal to Nanking. And he and the Vulture had been archenemies all their lives—ever since they were bandits together, at least. But he is a great war lord, you understand.

Rand sent a message to that General Liu, and then he went back through the city to his own house.

His servants, at this time, were talk-

GEORGE LICHTY

ing to the sentries at the barracks. They told the sentries that they had authentic information to the effect that General Cheng was planning a *coup*, and would double-cross the army the next morning, selling out to the Japanese and fleeing to the coast. They told those sentries that the Vulture was taking with him all the taxes and loot he had collected in former years, and that he was not going to pay one copper *cash* in wages to his soldiers, who had won all this wealth for him. They said that the Japanese would come and kill all the soldiers in Pachong, and all their families in that region, and those who escaped would be nothing better than outlaws and bandits, hunted down in the hills by government troops.

Rumor gets around very fast in a Chinese city at night, as you know, sir. The troops had been restless for many weeks, for they had not been paid, and the town was full of strange stories.

The sentries went into the barracks and spread the news. In half an hour those barracks were seething with armed men. In a short while the whole city was rumbling dangerously behind its walls.

I was sitting in my quarters, smoking, and I heard that sound. It was strange and truly terrifying, sir. Some of the Russians of the guard were awakened and came to me. The city seemed to be in turmoil. We went outside and I saw a Chinese officer in the middle of the street, surrounded by soldiers and civilians carrying torches. He was shouting that General Cheng was running away, leaving them all to the mercy of the Japanese. He said the general was taking with him all the ammunition and the troop trains and the money, so that their retreat would be cut off.

It was not loyalty to that general that made me run to the *yamen* then. I thought that the *yamen* would be a safe place. Some of the other guards went with me. We realized that we had been betrayed by the Vulture just as the soldiers had, but the troops now regarded us as their enemies because we had been Cheng's personal bodyguards. While I was running I thought that perhaps we could barricade the *yamen*. Then I thought that if I could get one good shot at that old bandit I would be satisfied. I also thought that we would all be lucky if we could escape with our skins fairly whole.

We came up to the huge red gates of the *yamen*. I looked back and saw, at the end of the street, a mob coming, moving slowly. The gates were shut. I pounded on them and shouted and someone threw a rock against the wood.

There was a big man standing beside me and I looked at him. In that half-light I recognized Rand. But we did not have time to say anything. There was a curious sound inside those gates, and in a moment I knew that it was the roar of flames, because a red glow rose in the sky above us.

The gates were swung open then, very suddenly, and they looked like the mouth of a furnace, with the fires burning inside. Before we could move, General Cheng's big motorcar came roaring across the compound directly at the gate, and we plunged aside just in time. As it passed I saw a funny sight, so that I nearly laughed. The general was driving and behind him were piled several large leather boxes which I have since heard were full of his most precious loot. And on top of those boxes were three of his favorite girls.

He drove that bulletproof motorcar of his full speed ahead out of the gate.

I saw Mikhailov and the other guards running across the compound for the gate, and Mikhailov had that Japanese woman Gyo in his arms. Rand stepped forward and caught her from Mikhailov.

The *yamen* was no good then. We knew we must escape out of the city. The mob was coming on again and we ran down a narrow *hutung* in the dark.

"The general shot her in the shoulder," Mikhailov yelled at Rand while we were running. "She refused to go with him in the motorcar."

WE CAME to a corner and Rand turned aside, toward his own house. I stopped and shouted to him that we must all escape outside the city but he shook his head.

"I am going home," he said, holding that Japanese woman Gyo in his arms. "They will not hurt us." We all began to argue and then some soldier at the end of the *hutung* fired and hit Mikhailov in the calf of the leg, so we began to run again and Rand went alone up another street and I have not seen him since, though of course I have heard about him. He was right, sir. They did not hurt him, nor that woman either. Perhaps the officers told the rabble who he was and what he had done, I do not know. Perhaps he was charmed. . . .

We reached my quarters safely then, and put on some coolie clothes we found in the servants' rooms and darkened our faces with stove soot, hurrying as fast as we could. When Mikhailov was bandaging his leg I asked him who started the fire in the *yamen*, because I thought it was that Japanese girl. But

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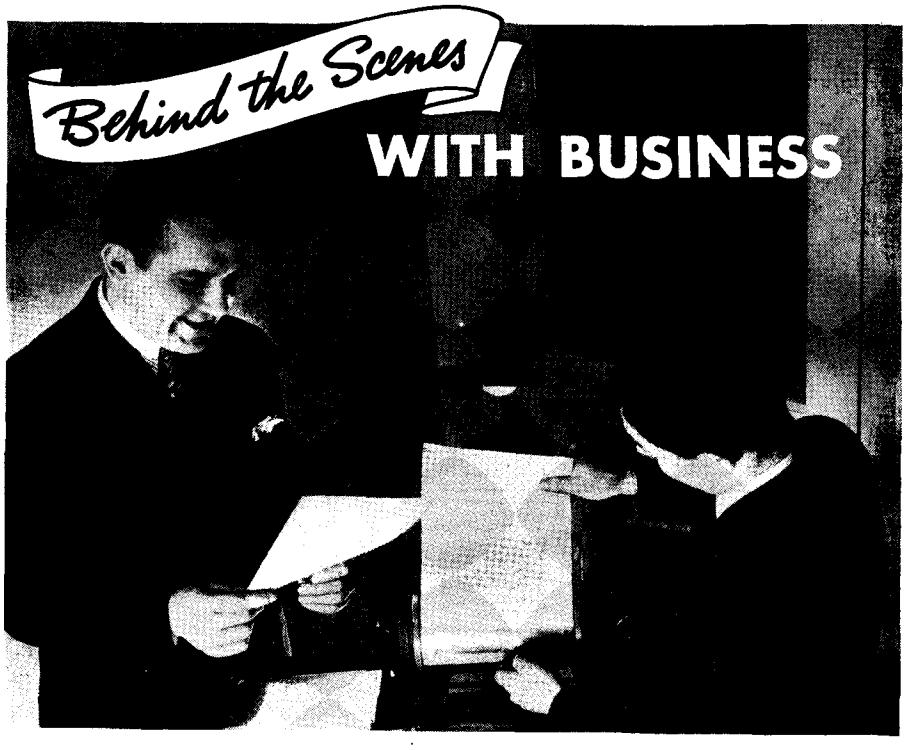

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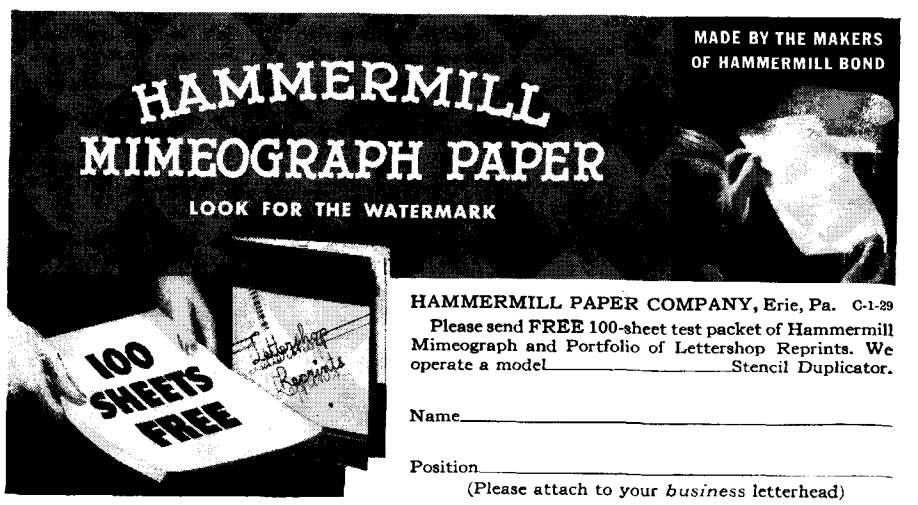

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he said she had not done it because she was talking with the general all the time. He said it was started from outside. And I had not seen anyone outside that gate except Rand.

Then we went down the *hutungs* again, staying away from the main streets of the town. It was easy enough to avoid those streets: they were jammed with people, soldiers and civilians, who had torches and guns and were all shouting and running, and all over the city was the red glow from big fires they had built and from the burning *yamen*.

We heard later that the other foreigners in the city barricaded themselves in their club compound, and no one was injured—these newspapers of yours are right about that, sir. But the legations made a very big fuss.

Well, as for us, we went to the east gate in the city wall. Right near the gate is that small inn. There was a big crowd in the street before the inn and they had built another fire there. It was very hard for us to slip past and get through the gate, which was wide open. The street was packed with refugees moving out into the country with their goods in wheelbarrows, on donkeys, in rickshas, on their backs. They were afraid the Japanese would come, though actually the Japanese were hundreds of miles away.

We walked in those crowds of refugees.

When we were passing the inn we saw a strange sight. You will believe this, sir, for you have lived in this country for some time. I have seen many things, but nothing like that. Some soldiers had stuck a big iron bar through the stomach of that Eurasian, Vries, from front to back, and they were carrying him out of the inn like a sheep on a spit. It would have been better for him if that Rand had strangled him. . . .

And right at the buttress of the gate, inside, was the wreck of General Cheng's big motorcar, where he had smashed it against the corner of the wall. The soldiers had torn the doors off and pulled him out and shot him. He was lying beside the rear wheel. The leather boxes and the three concubines were not there.

Just as we were going through the gateway some refugees near us recognized among themselves some foreigners in Chinese clothing, and they set up a great shout. But it was dark outside and we got away.

Let me see—about the rest of it, these newspapers tell it well enough. That General Liu Fu-hai and his staff arrived at Pachong in a squadron of bombers at daylight. They made a triumphal entry and Cheng's army acclaimed them. Liu gave out full pay all around, promised steady resistance to the Japanese, and said a division of his own troops would come to the garrison as soon as they could march that far. I know this all for truth, because there was a member of the old Vulture's staff in Hankow, a refugee, who told me himself. And he said that when General Liu came in the east gate, he saw the Vulture's body lying where the soldiers had thrown it and ordered it buried.

THAT is really the way it was, sir, and you can see for yourself how unfair those other foreigners were to Rand. Nanking sent the Order of Brilliant Jade to show what the government thought of those absurd reports, and they called Rand *Shen Shung* the savior of that entire region. And did he appreciate it? He said he just wanted to be let alone to live in peace in Pachong. And that is true. He is still there, I am informed. With that woman Gyo.

He is a strange, queer fellow, sir, but she was even stranger, I think. I don't believe even now that he understood her at all. He was one part of her and her own people were the other part, but it is too much to ask that he realize such a thing. But I should like to drink one more to him, and then one to her, if you will do the honors. . . . And then possibly one to the guards, and after that we might even consider myself as a toast. . . . And if you do not mind, sir, just one more to General Liu Fu-hai—we will omit General Cheng—because that General Liu is a smart man and I think that I will go back to Pachong soon because he might be needing a captain or an intelligence officer for his guard, don't you think?

"George got tired of running up and down stairs" GARRETT PRICE

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East of Broadway

Continued from page 22

her own daring . . . and there was a faint scraping of chairs as sedate gentlemen in evening dress hitched themselves around for a better view; and there was the sound of knives and forks being placed delicately on dinner plates so that no sound would destroy the amazing illusion of the intensely personal which this young lady was so successfully creating.

Honey whispered, "They're eating it up. It's like the Nifty-Fifty, only more so."

The applause which greeted the conclusion of Linda's number was spontaneous and prolonged. It was free from the polite restraint with which the other acts had been rewarded, and Linda thanked them with the shiest and most virginal of smiles. She did another number then—and an encore—and when she had finished her chore the room buzzed with laudatory comment. Honey said, "I'm plumb thrilled."

"You ought to be," grunted Tiny, "knowing a celebrity like Linda."

Ten minutes later, Linda—having changed from the beige dress to a simple black dinner gown—joined them. Honey said, "I'm still trying to get it straight, Dixie Kid. When I think of how green you were a few months ago—and look at you now—I just can't get it, that's all."

Linda said, "I've been wanting you to come up. You haven't been here once."

"Seven bucks," explained Tiny. "Our exchequer has been suffering from pernicious anemia."

"And when you say them words," counseled Honey, "be doggone sure you don't smile."

"We're staying a long time, Linda," announced the mountainous Mr. Martin. "The bill of fare says there's no cover charge for diners after ten-thirty. So you sit right here with us and order anything your little heart desires that don't cost more than six bits."

"I had dinner—early."

"With that van Dorn lad?"

"Yes . . ."

"Good egg. He sure got you a break here." Honey never skirted a topic. "What's he expect to get out of it?"

LINDA ignored the question. She leaned forward and said, "I'm awful sorry you picked tonight to come up."

"Why?"

"Because Andrew North is having a little party at his apartment. Not a party exactly—just sandwiches and beer. Eddie will be there and I promised to go. How about you two?"

Tiny polished off his salad. "Are we invited?"

"You will be. He's coming for me any minute. I know he'll invite you and Tiny. Won't you-all please come?"

Honey said, "Why not? Maybe it'd be fun seeing the lion in his den."

"Den we'll accept," stated Tiny, "and please don't heave nothing at the poor comic. He's doin' the best he can."

Andrew North did arrive, pink-cheeked and innocuous-looking in immaculate dinner clothes; and he did invite Honey and Tiny and they did accept. By ten o'clock they were in his apartment, and Eddie arrived a few minutes later for the brief party which—because of their professional engagements—had to end before midnight. Honey sat on a couch with Tiny and said, "Some jernt, eh?"

"Nice," agreed Tiny. "The murder-and-blackmail business must be boomin'."

It was a four-room affair, quietly and tastefully furnished. It might have been the home of a moderately successful bachelor with Wall Street connections.

Eddie and Linda were in high spirits. North was courteous and friendly. The instinctive distaste which Tiny and Honey felt toward their host was not proof against his expansive cordiality. They guiltily commenced to enjoy themselves. "I don't know what he's like when he's out murdering folks," whispered Honey, "but at serving sandwiches and beer, he's a wow."

At ten-forty the buzzer sounded and Andrew North opened the door. They heard him say, "Well, Vern—come right in. Some friends of yours here."

"Poison ivy," murmured Honey, "thar he blows."

Vernon Gregg tossed hat and coat and cane unceremoniously onto a chair in the foyer. The hat fell to the floor, but he didn't pause to pick it up. He walked to the living room and posed in the doorway.

"Drunk," stated Honey. "Drunk as a coot."

"Even slightly inebriated," amended Tiny.

VERNON GREGG was arrogant. He moved forward to where Linda and Eddie were standing, and said, "'Lo, Linda." Then, to Eddie, "Hi, Smalltimer." His eyes were unnaturally bright, his sleek black hair somewhat touseled, his manner insolent. He slipped his arm around Linda's waist and said, "Still layin' 'em out up at the Skytop?"

She withdrew from the circle of his arm. "Please don't Vern."

"Why not?"

"Well—honest and truly—I don't like it much."

"Aw, be yourself, Sweet. When did you start going ritzy on me?" His arm went around her again, and Honey said, "Where are his wandering hands tonight?"

Linda's voice was just a thought sharper: "Vern! You mustn't! Really!"

But he didn't stop. Eddie moved forward and took Linda's arm. His voice was flat—but definite. He said, "About time to be going, isn't it, Linda? Better get your wraps."

He took three steps with her, but Gregg moved after them. He grabbed Eddie's arm and whirled him around. Then he swung. His fist landed high on Eddie's forehead, and at the same instant Eddie struck. Vernon Gregg upended violently, and his head crashed against the floor. Tiny said, "Lawson by a knockout in the first round."

North came forward and apologized. Eddie and Linda and Tiny and Honey said good night and left. In the taxi Linda put her head on Eddie's shoulder and sobbed. Eddie patted her shoulder. "Take it easy, Linda. I'm just as sorry as you. But it's all over now."

In the apartment they had just left, Andrew North looked down impassively on the prostrate figure of Vernon Gregg. He had waited long and patiently for the breaks. And now his chance had come.

Definitely and finally he had decided what he was going to do.

Andrew North had decided to commit another murder.

ANDREW NORTH said, "Snap out of it, Vern. I'm taking you home."

Gregg's humor was not of the best. Eddie's blow had cleared some of the liquor fumes from his head, but had left a definite physical pain which, however, was inconsequential beside the shock to his overweening pride. He permitted Andrew North to take him downstairs in an elevator, deposit him in a taxi, and

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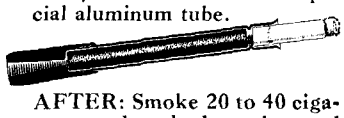

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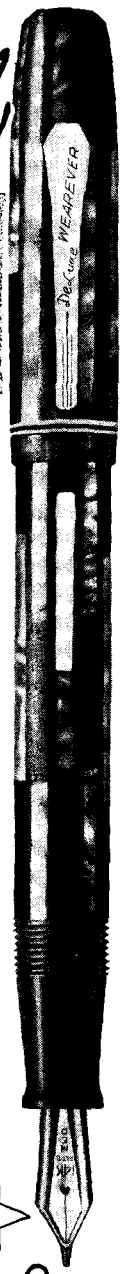

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convoy him to his apartment on East 56th Street.

The apartment house was neither large nor pretentious. Just off the diminutive lobby was the tiny room which contained the telephone switchboard—at this hour being operated by a young man of colorado-maduro complexion. This young man knew Andrew North, since Mr. North had once had an apartment in that same building and had been lavish with tips . . . and the operator looked after the two men who stepped into the elevator and said to himself, "Well, hush my mouf! Looks like Mustuh Gregg got hisse'f on the wrong end of a poke in the jaw."

Gregg fumbled for his keys, inserted the right one in the lock and stumbled inside his apartment. He slumped into a chair and said several things—all profane—concerning Eddie Lawson. North said, "Be yourself, Vern. You were drunk. You asked for it—and you got it."

"Think of a punk like that . . ."

"Stick yourself under a cold shower. You've got a midnight show to work."

North grabbed him by the arm and propelled him into the bedroom. "Do you take those clothes off, or do I take 'em off for you?"

"I'll do it . . ." Gregg commenced shedding garments. "But can you imagine . . ."

"Yeh! I can imagine a lot of things. Hop to it!"

North returned to the living room. Through the half-open doorway, he saw Gregg fumbling around, and then saw him lurch into the shower. He heard the splash of water, and then a sharp *Oooooooh* as the icy spray struck Gregg's naked body.

Andrew North knew just what he wanted and where to find it. He didn't hurry, nor appear in the slightest degree apprehensive. He moved across the room to a little desk that stood against the wall, quietly opened the drawer . . . and permitted the thinnest sort of a smile to crease his lips.

His amazing memory had stood him in good stead once again. Queer how the thing had registered. Only once—months before—had Andrew North caught a glimpse of the inside of that drawer. He remembered that Vernon Gregg kept a revolver there. North glanced briefly toward the door leading to the bedroom, and swiftly transferred Vernon Gregg's gun from the desk to his own pocket. He closed the drawer, strolled back across the room, lighted a cigarette and—as he heard the shower turned off—called, "Feeling better, Vern?"

GREGG returned to the living room, garbed in slippers and a cream-and-crimson dressing gown. Without a word to North, he seated himself at the desk, slid the telephone toward himself and dialed a number. He made no pretense of masking the nature of his call.

"Hotbox? . . . Bill Shannon there? . . . Vernon Gregg speaking. . . . 'Lo—Shannon? . . . Yeh—Gregg. . . . Look, I want you to do something for me and do it tonight. . . . Yeh, tonight *sure*. . . . Now grab this: I got Eddie Lawson his job there, and now I've changed my mind . . . That's my business . . . I know . . . I'll get you another . . . I want him to get his notice tonight . . . the minute he comes in . . . Got it? . . . I'm not explaining anything . . . Yeh, we agreed that when you took him on. . . . Tonight? . . . Thanks . . . S'long."

Gregg seemed more content when he replaced the instrument on its little stand. North, who was thinking fast and clearly, said, "Meaning what?"

"Meaning that Eddie Lawson is out on his ear. He gets his notice tonight."

"So I caught. But where do you come in?"

"I got him his job at the Hotbox—that's where?"

"I still don't understand. When did you turn philanthropist . . . getting Eddie jobs?"

Gregg's smile was not pleasant. "I like to do favors for people," he said. "Especially Linda Waring."

"S-o-o-oooo! I'm surprised at Eddie letting you do it."

"Eddie don't know. It's a secret between Linda and me."

Andrew North was an opportunist. The situation was already clear to him—and he determined to play on Gregg's stupid ego to further his own purpose. He said, "Take your brain out of cold storage, Vern."

"I don't get you."

"You're still interested in Linda, aren't you?"

"Sure. But—"

"But nothing. You can always let Eddie know where he stood. Keep it quiet for a couple days longer."

GREGG shrugged angrily. "You're talking in circles."

"Then I'll shift." North came straight to the point. "You and Linda framed up to get Eddie this break. It's the first real good job he ever had in his life. Tonight he gets his notice. So what?"

"You tell me."

"Linda finds out. Eddie don't know what's happened, but Linda does. She knows you're holding the aces. And for the first time, you are. She'll beg you to forget and forgive."

"Swell chance of me doing that!"

"Of course you won't. But she doesn't have to know—not right away. And she'll most likely talk your kind of turkey."

North's approach was shrewd. Vern was obviously interested.

"You don't know that dame," he argued, in the manner of a man wishing to be convinced—"I haven't even been able to get her into this apartment."

"That's just my point. She'll come now—to ask this little favor—provided you refuse to talk to her anywhere else."

Gregg nodded. "You got something there." He became briefly confidential. "Here I spend my whole life surrounded by classy broads . . . and I'm all fed up with 'em. Then a zephyr like Linda comes along and starts me looping."

"Not seriously?"

"Oh, hell, no. But that don't say I haven't gone off the deep end."

"Well . . ." North rose. "The cards are all stacked for you. For some reason we don't either of us understand, Eddie Lawson means a lot to Linda. She don't want him out of this job. She'll talk to you here—or anywhere else—if you insist . . . which don't alter what you'll really do afterward: about Eddie, that is."

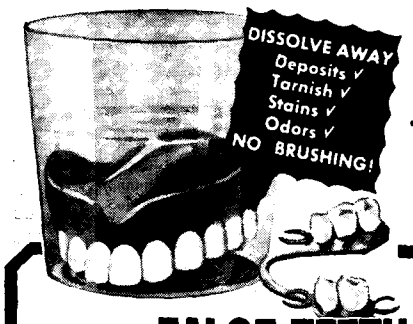
"You're right!" Gregg's smile was not a genial one. "I think maybe she'll come. Now, lemme figure—Eddie gets his notice tonight. Linda will hear about it tomorrow most likely. She'll probably want to see me right away . . . North, I've got a pleasant hunch that I might have a little conversation with Linda Waring up here tomorrow night."

"Good luck. And you'd better be on your way, Vern. 'Most time for the midnight show."

North went downstairs again. He was smiling when he left the apartment house.

Meanwhile, Linda Waring had reached the ultra-ultra Skytop Room in time to dress for her supper show. She was trembling and frightened.

Eddie's job at the Hotbox had worked all the miracles she had hoped—or almost. He had climbed higher than he had ever climbed before. There was now no pinnacle which seemed beyond reach. His manner had changed. He had reverted to his old effervescent,



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unself-conscious personality. A new note of intimacy had crept into their personal relationship.

Now it was about to end. Linda knew that it was. She didn't really care about the job. Personally, she thought Eddie much too fine for it. But she was afraid that the loss of it would smash his new morale. She wanted Eddie to feel like the boss of the universe, and she knew what would happen if he were kicked out of the Hotbox and forced back into the miserable dives east of Broadway.

She wasn't surprised when Eddie visited her dressing room later that night to tell her that he had received his notice. She was only surprised that the blow had fallen so swiftly.

Of course, Eddie didn't suspect any connection between Gregg and the loss of his job. He didn't know Gregg was interested in the matter at all. He only knew that something terrible had happened—something that made more distinct the line of cleavage between himself and Linda. And at a time when he had begun to hope. . . .

"Out on my ear," he said with simulated lightness. "Headed east of Broadway again."

He was hurt . . . and rubbing salt in his own wounds. He laughed and said, "Well, since it had to come, I'm glad it came tonight. I still feel good over that sock I gave Gregg."

Linda put her hand on his arm. "That isn't like you, Eddie. I wish you and Vern would make up."

"Make up? With that louse? Why?"

"I'm serious, Eddie. Honest, I am."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Go to see him."

"And apologize?"

"Oh, goodness no. You haven't got anything to apologize fo', Eddie. You only did what was right. But he was drunk, an' not hahdly responsible."

"You're a sweet gal, Linda—but absolutely nuts. Me trying to straighten things with Vern is out."

"I'm sorry." She said it simply, but with such sincerity that he reached out and grabbed her by the shoulders. He said, "Hey, Half Pint: What's eating on you? Why does it mean so much to you for me to get straight with Vern?"

"Because I don't like fightin' an' qua'llin'—because I've been happier heah in New York than I've ever been in my whole life, an' because I like all the folks I've met. Yes, I even like Vernon Gregg. I like him heaps, an' I'm grateful to him."

"My—oh my!" Eddie's grin broke through his expression of sadness. "Little spitfire! You surprise me."

"Well, I do—sho' 'nough, Eddie." She moved forward and stood close to him—so that their bodies almost touched . . . so that she had to look up into his eyes. "Please, Eddie . . . Let's just clear up the atmosphere. This is the first favor I ever asked you."

"It is—" Eddie chuckled. "Sho' 'nough. Though I still don't understand it."

"You don't have to understand *ev'ything*, do you?"

"No, I guess not. And if it means so doggone much to you . . . I'll do it. Though I'll feel like a prime sap."

"Oh, Eddie . . ." She reached up on tiptoe and put her arms about his neck. Still laughing, he bent and kissed her.

Then he stopped laughing, released her suddenly, and turned away. His voice was very solemn.

"I shouldn't have done that," he said. "I'm sorry."

LINDA and Honey were eating a one P. M. breakfast in Linda's Central Park South apartment when the buzzer announced the arrival of Eddie Lawson. Honey said, "I knew it. The minute I see enough scrambled eggs all in one place, that guy has to come along to claim his share."

Linda walked to the door, pulling the folds of her negligee about her. Eddie breezed into the room. "No, thank you," he said, "I've had breakfast."

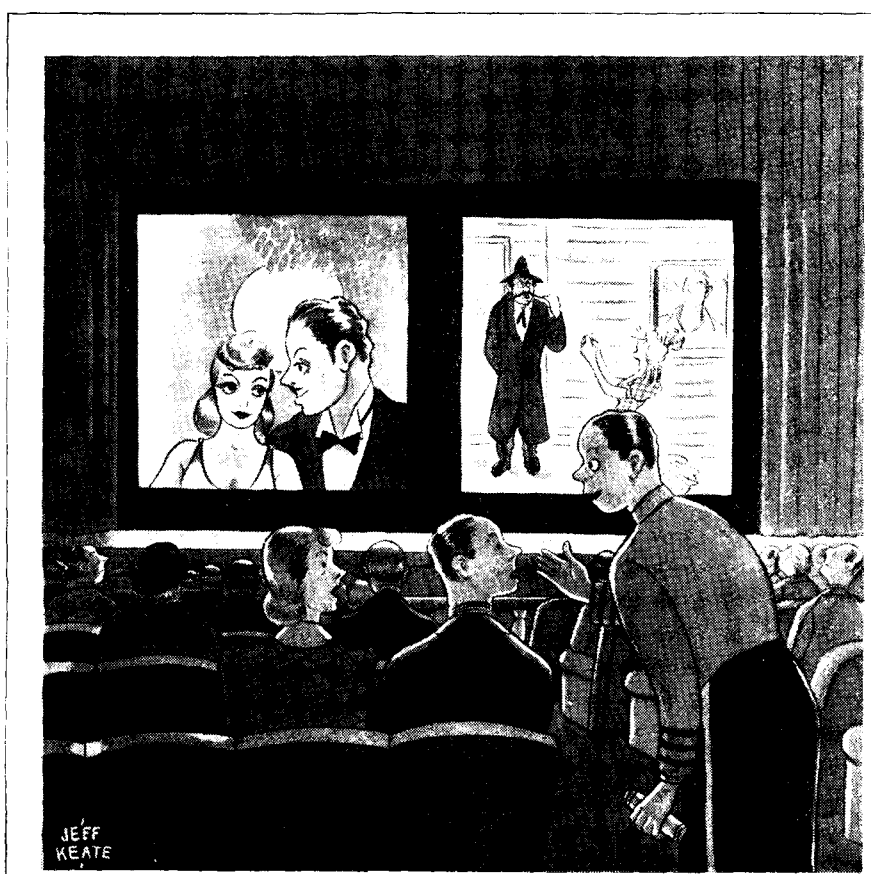
"What news of the peace conference?" inquired Linda.

"As a negotiator, I'm a bust," stated Mr. Lawson, flopping into a chair. "Maybe I'm not a diplomat and maybe I just don't like that guy."

"What happened?"

"Conversation—and this." Eddie displayed the right sleeve of his coat on which there was a little streak of red paint. "But it seems that whenever I go up against Vernon Gregg, I come off second best."

"If it ain't blood," said Honey, "why does it look like it?"



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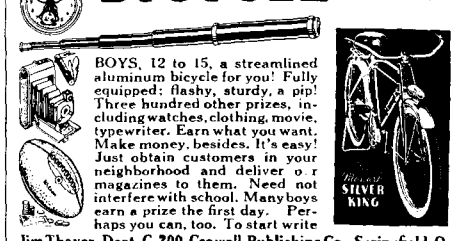

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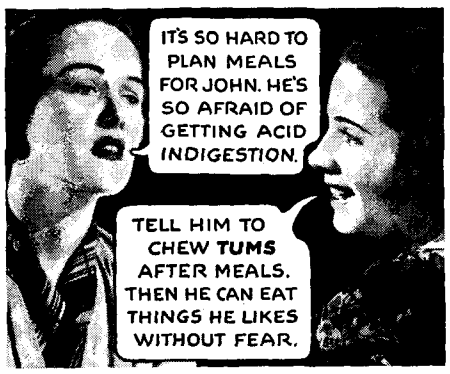
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"Because red paint usually does." Eddie chuckled. "It was funny—no foolin'. I didn't know what to say and Vern didn't know twice as much. We tried being nonchalant—wondering every second when we'd start trading punches again. We strolled out on his terrace, and I postured against that little iron railing. Gregg knew that some guys had been putting red lead paint on it the day before, but he never opened his yap until later. Then he said, 'I'm afraid that isn't very good for your coat.' So I said, 'And I guess it isn't so healthy for *me* to stick around much longer, either. But don't say I didn't try to be a gent,' and he said, 'I wouldn't have to say it,' and so I scrammed."

Linda said, "Did you really try, Eddie?"

"Yes, my little chickadee—I tried like hell. But it seems that Vern and I just naturally weren't born to be buddies." He made a gesture, "I sacrificed me pride for you, fair maiden—and the net result is lots of no soap."

Linda sighed. "Then take off your coat."

"Am I about to be chastised?"

"You're about to be saved a cleaning bill—that's what you're about to be, Mistuh Lawson." She vanished into the bathroom and returned with a little can of cleaning fluid. She took the coat and labored industriously over the stain on the right sleeve. Eddie gazed at her approvingly. "Golla—you're domestic. It makes me think."

"About what?"

"Socks. My socks. They have holes in 'em."

"Lovely," murmured Linda. "All my life I never wanted to darn socks."

Eddie said, "Paint no come off. You've lightened its complexion, but it's still there. Gimme—and I'll go."

"Where?"

"Job hunting. I'm about to acquaint all night-club managers with the exciting news that I shall soon be at liberty. Eddie Lawson—plain and fancy m. c.-ing. All work neatly done or your cover charge refunded."

Honey said, "I'll take an elevator ride with you, Eddie. I've et all Linda's eggs and crunched her toast. So why should I stick around any more?"

Linda held Eddie's hand. She said, seriously—"Thanks for trying, Eddie."

"I *did* try—cross my heart."

"I know . . ."

ON THE street Honey said, "For the nonce, Eddie—you're not going job hunting."

"Well, of course if you put it *that* way. . . . What's on your mind?"

"Ducks, swans, park benches and conversation. Pilot me carefully through traffic because I'm full of language."

They found a bench in the pleasant fall sunshine. Honey said, "Gimme ear. Gimme both ears. The words I'm about to spill are full of wisdom. First—did you think Linda was surprised when you told her that you and Gregg had reached what is humorously called an impassé?"

"Well, it didn't seem to bowl her over."

"You know why? Don't guess. I'll tell you. Gregg had already telephoned her."

"Considerate lad."

"Yeh—ain't he? I might say that he's considerate enough to have designs on Linda's fair name."

"He won't get to first base."

"If you gotta get technical, Mister Wise Guy—we'll admit that he won't score, but he'll get to first base all right."

Eddie frowned. "Meaning what?"

"Meaning that Linda is visiting him in his apartment tonight after the dinner show."

"No. . . . Now listen, Honey—"

"*You* listen, Smart Pipples. I'm talking. For some reason I can't dope out, Linda is all chopped up over your scrap with Gregg. Whether it's gratitude for the break he gave her, whether it's a Karnak complex of kindheartedness—or whether it's something else, I don't know. But I *did* hear her end of the telephone conversation. The poor kid was jittery. She kept saying, 'But why can't we talk somewhere else?' . . . and more of the same. Obviously Gregg was pressing his point, and she finally gave in. So tonight she will be entertained—more or less royally—by the lad whose jaw bruised your knuckles last night."

Honey watched Eddie closely. She saw that he did not look boyish or carefree, but that his fists were clenched and his body was taut. And she was pleased. She said, "What does it take, Mister Lawson, to make you get the lowdown on yourself?"

"What you driving at? What do you want me to do?"

Honey rose. And she wasn't laughing. "I want you to get the lowdown on yourself—and Linda. That's what I want. I don't like this Gregg business. Not even a little bit. You don't either. But the difference between us is that I can't do anything about it, and *you* won't. With the further difference that you should. Think it over, Mr. Lawson."

EDDIE did think it over. He tried not to—but he couldn't help it. Things were happening that he didn't understand. And things were happening, too, that he didn't even know about.

Andrew North, for instance, had risen early that morning. He was in a cheerful mood, because it seemed to him that his patient vigilance was about to be rewarded. The fact that he was contemplating murder had no visible effect upon him. He had never felt better nor thought more clearly. His only concern was lest something happen to defeat his plans.

His initial movements that day were interesting in the extreme even if, to a disinterested person, they would have had no great significance.

From a neighborhood hardware store he purchased a chain key ring. At his apartment he took a key of standard size and shape from his own key ring and placed it on the chain. He dangled this loop in front of his eyes and nodded approvingly. To the casual observer it looked exactly like the chain on which was kept the master key of the apartment house where Vernon Gregg lived. Only close inspection of the two together would have revealed the difference.

Andrew North had for two years been a resident of the house in which Gregg lived. He knew all the employees and their habits. And so—quite blithely—he started down the street. He paused at a pay station and telephoned Gregg. There was no answer. He waited a few minutes and telephoned again. Again there was no answer. Accepting this as a favorable omen, Mr. North strolled through the minute lobby of Gregg's apartment house and wandered into the cubicle where the lone operator sat at the switchboard.

Dangling on the side of that switchboard was a chain and key similar to the one in North's coat pocket. North inquired for Vernon Gregg—knowing perfectly well he was out—and while the operator was busy making that discovery, Andrew North removed the master key and chain from its hook, and substituted therefor the duplicate chain and the dummy key. When North left the building a few minutes later, he had the master key in his pocket.

For the next couple of hours he realized that there was one chance in a million that the key might be missed. Some tenant might lose a key and demand the master. In that event the discovery

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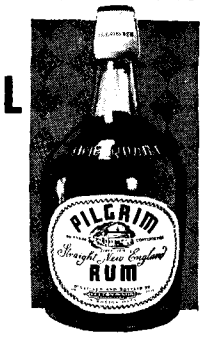

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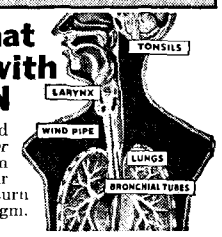

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would be made that the key on the chain in the telephone room was not the house key. But that, reflected Mr. North, was a slim danger, and since his profession—at odd moments—was that of a gambler, he was not at all reluctant to take the chance. He was playing for stakes amounting to more than a quarter of a million dollars, and that appeared to justify risks. Besides, the discovery of the substitution would merely postpone his plans. There was certainly nothing damning in what he had thus far done.

He rode the subway to Brooklyn, removed the master key from its chain, located a small locksmith shop and waited while a duplicate master key was made. Then he put the original master key on the chain, placed its mate in his pocket, rode back to Manhattan and once again entered Gregg's apartment building.

North asked, "Has Mr. Gregg come in yet?"

The operator nodded. "I believe so, Mr. North. Just a minute . . ."

THE operator plugged in and waited for an answer from 12-A. Deftly, Andrew North removed the chain and key which he had left on the hook two hours previously, and returned the correct master key to its accustomed place. He breathed more easily when that simple task had been accomplished and was even pleased to hear the operator say that Mr. Gregg was in and would Mr. North please go right up. Mr. North went right up.

Gregg was resplendent in a dressing gown of midnight blue satin, with a white ascot around his throat. "You look happy," commented Andrew North.

"And how I am," replied Gregg.

"What's up?"

"Well, first of all, our friend Eddie Lawson visited me this morning."

"So . . . ? What was on his mind?"

"He wanted to make friends." Gregg laughed. "I had a swell time. Naturally, Linda ribbed him into coming and the poor sap didn't know just why he was here. He was doing something to please the gal friend . . . and didn't know how to go about it. He'd have died if he'd found out why Linda had sent him to make up."

"Go ahead," prompted North.

"Well, I had a big time. I kidded him along. He was miles up in the air—I could see that plain. Then—after he left—I phoned Linda, and suggested that she better talk it over with me personally."

"Smart lad."

"Oh, I'm not so dumb. She stalled, of course, but I made it plain that the only place I'd care to discuss it would be right here. Just the two of us."

North kept his eyes lidded. "What did she say?"

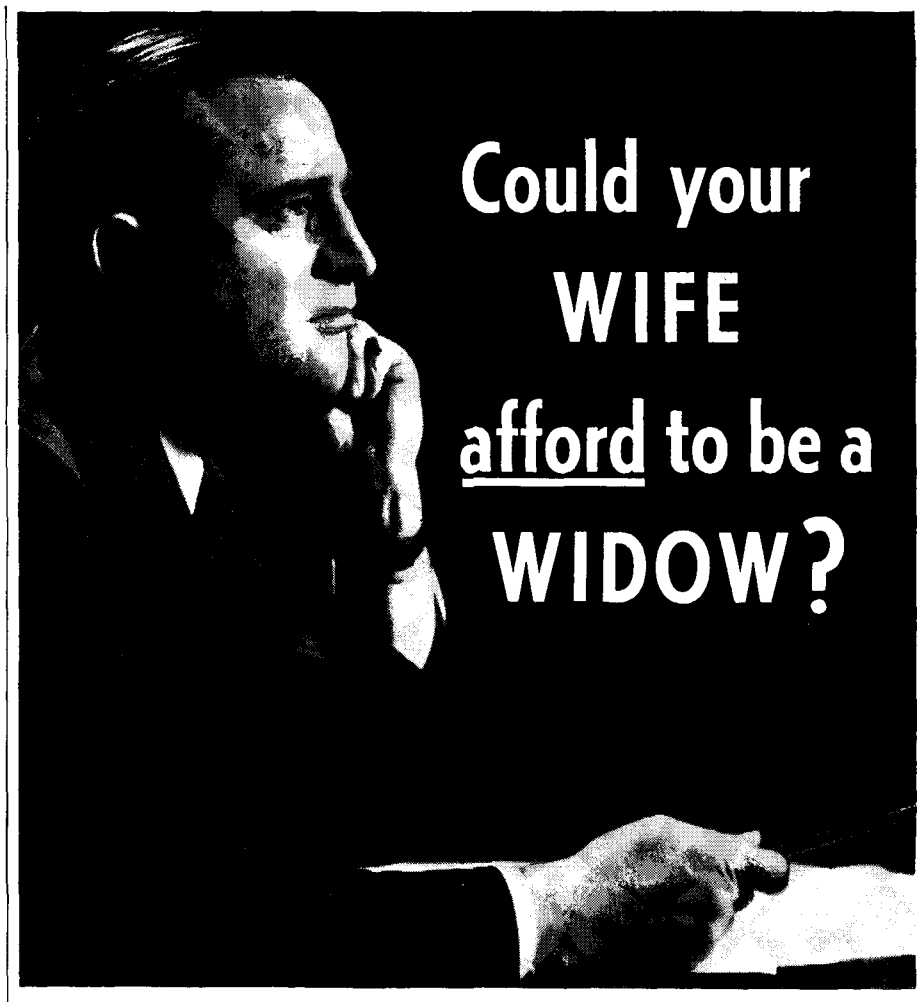
"What *could* she say? For some reason it means a lot to her for Eddie to keep that job at the Hotbox. So she gave in. And so, North—the reluctant and exclusive Miss Linda Waring will visit me here at about ten o'clock tonight." Vernon Gregg posed magnificently. "What do you think of that?"

Mr. North was thinking a great deal about it. He was thinking that things were pretty nearly perfect. He was remembering that he had Gregg's revolver, and also that he had in his pocket the key which would admit him to the apartment which adjoined Gregg's—*and which, he had observed, was vacant.* He was remembering that Gregg wasn't the sort to have his manservant on duty on a night when he was entertaining a girl, and that Gregg and Eddie Lawson had battled the previous evening, and that it was generally supposed that Eddie was fond of Linda and could conceivably be jealous of her.

But all Andrew North said was, "I was thinking, Vern—that you're liable to have a mighty interesting evening. I really wouldn't be surprised if a lot of things happened."

(To be continued next week)

"A table for one, temporarily—I hope" GREGORY D'ALESSIO



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Mind Readers Wanted

THE memorable words of the tough sergeant to the tough captain in What Price Glory, "Think fast, Captain, think fast," need revision for the benefit of 1938 statesmen.

Lots of thinking is going on among the politicians. Everybody in the ranks shows furrows above the eyebrows suggesting deep thought. Those in office and those out are trying to find the words to express what they hope is in the popular mind. Power to rule is the prize.

Republicans, Democrats, coalitionists, conservatives, liberals, are holding what the football coaches call skull practice. One group may guess the right answers. The party wisest in its estimate of the drift of majority opinion will be given the new lease to power as the terms of the present officeholders expire.

The need is more for straight thinking, however, than for lightning calculation. As a nation, we have the time now to apply the best intelligence we have to our common problems. Nobody is going to improvise the answers to our major problems. Glib tongues may win votes, but useful solutions to real issues are not found in slogans or bright phrases.

We had enough patent-medicine politics in the dark days of the beginning of this decade. Every loud-mouthed rabble-rouser had his own pet slogan for making everybody happy and prosperous. The appetite for miracles has become jaded. We know now that we have to sustain ourselves the hard way—by thinking and working.

As a start to approaching 1938's problems in a fresh spirit, a group of senators, including both Republicans and Democrats, drew up a statement of the principles in which they believed. This group is not a political coalition. The Democrats among them are classed as conservatives.

Politicians require many words to say what they have in mind. They have to think of how rivals may twist their utterances. The long creed of the Senate group, however, can be fairly and accurately boiled down to something like this:

Jobs must be provided by private industry. Consequently, the liberal investment of private savings in productive enterprise must be encouraged by the government.

To expand business, to increase employment, and to stimulate consumers to buy goods, the capital gains tax and the undistributed profits tax should be revised. But the tax revenue must not be reduced.

The federal budget must be balanced as soon as practicable to preserve the public credit. Upon the maintenance of a sound public credit the welfare of all classes depends.

Collective bargaining must be accepted by employers and employees and the right of labor to organize must be recognized. But the business of government is to preserve law and keep the peace without favor or partiality.

Government should not discourage private industry by unnecessary competition.

Reasonable profits are proper rewards of efficient industry. The competitive system is better for Americans than either private or governmental monopoly.

The credit policy of the government must be prudently exercised.

The prices paid by consumers for farm products and other commodities are too high. Tax reductions would be an effective method of lowering prices.

Uniform wage and hour standards are impracticable in a country so extensive as the United States.

Relief by public work must be provided where actually necessary but only where private employment is not available.

The American system of private enterprise and initiative must be preserved.

In the light of all that has happened in recent years, these principles have a conservative flavor. In 1928 such a creed would have been almost radical. As late as 1932, and possibly 1936, it would have been considered liberal.

This creed sounds conservative today because of the estrangement between business leaders and members of the Administration. Political differences recently have been measured by group loyalties rather than by well-defined principles.

Frankly, during the emergency, consideration of principles was suspended. Men were asked to support this or that because a critical situation required instant action or because their friends wanted it or their enemies opposed it. Cumulatively, many of the more radical members of Congress have spread the impression of hostility to private enterprise.

Nobody outside an avowed Socialist has said so much in plain words but the intimations have been clear.

The senators' creed is plain enough.

Events and emotions of the past year have given new colors and new meanings to old controversies. No great political party has openly espoused any new principles. But it is a safe guess that during the next twenty-two months, in one form or another, the items in the creed written down by this coalition group will draw the lines by which political groups are separated.

Already the Republican leaders are searching their minds and their souls to find the words which express their beliefs for America. Democrats, being in power, can afford to wait.

Beyond all doubt we, as a people, shall make new and important decisions this year and next. It is none too soon to attempt to think out the meaning for us of the many confused events which have occurred both in the United States and abroad.

A democratic people must make their own fundamental decisions or cease to be democratic. The most that parties or factions or leaders can do is to express simply and vividly the actual issues at stake so that the people may understand.

The opportunity for statesmanship of the highest type is very great this year. Seldom in our history has time called more imperiously for men of sympathy and strength and understanding. Their job will be difficult. For the demagogues who love to fish in troubled waters can be counted on. A new crop of Huey Longs and Father Coughlins is sure to rise. We confront a future greatly different from anything we have ever known. The leaders and the parties who can interpret to us our own unexpressed will are certain of honor and reward.

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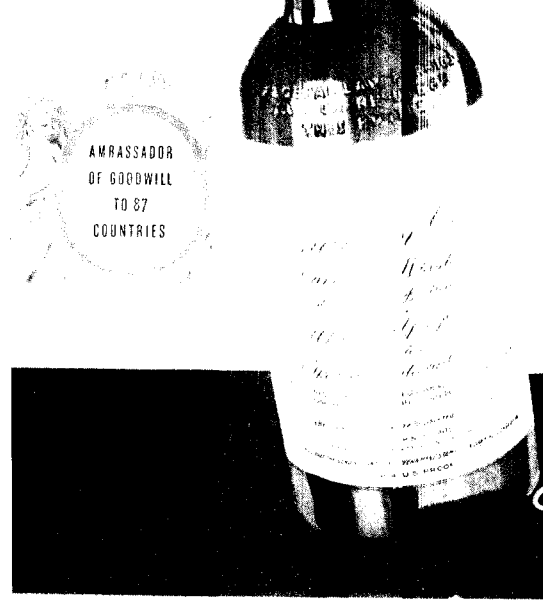

Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"

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One for the ladies... one for the gentlemen

The recipes are in the bag!

First we have *Orange Blossom Cake* — for a party dinner, a shower, a pre-wedding supper, a buffet luncheon — golden, sunny yellow with a soft, velvety frosting — an unusual, truly delightful cake, surprisingly low in cost. Then we have *All-in-One Supper*, a hearty, easy-to-prepare, appetizing meal — especially for masculine appetites, but a treat for the whole family. It combines meat, starchy vegetable, fruit and bread, all in one dish — actually a better dinner at a lower cost! The recipes are in your Pillsbury's Best Bag!

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